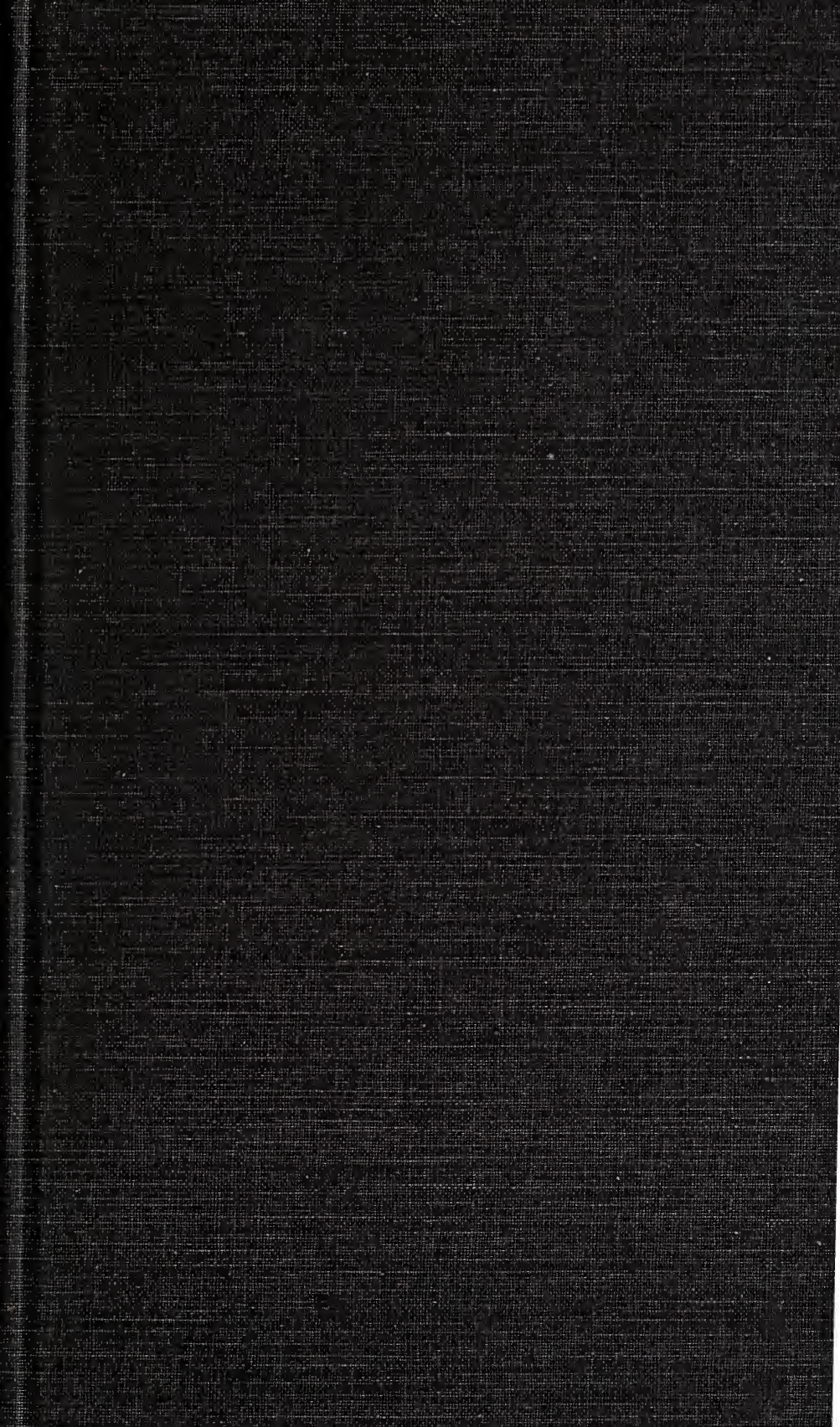
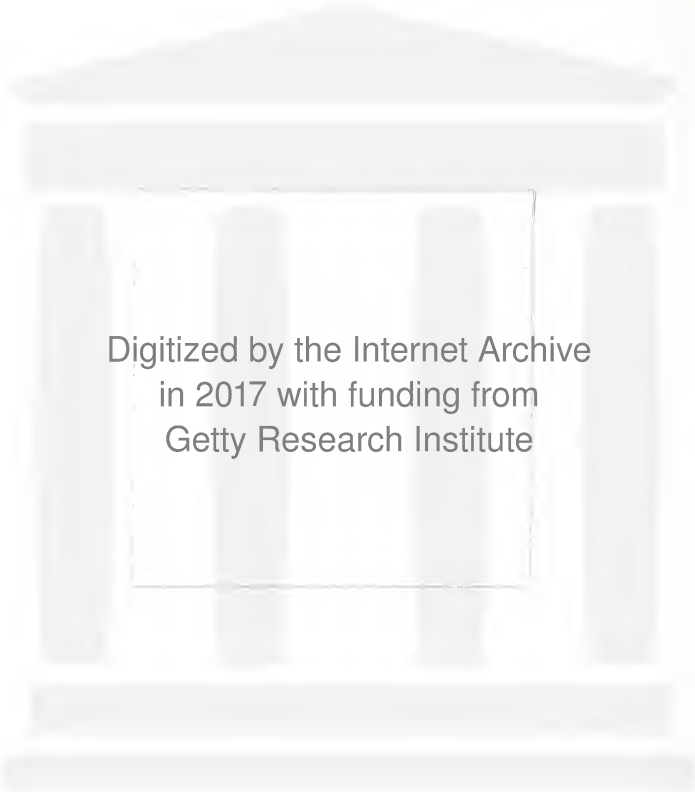






Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Getty Research Institute

THE

Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME 293

JULY — DECEMBER 1902

AMS PRESS, INC.

KRAUS REPRINT CORP.

NEW YORK

1967

Manufactured in the United States of America

CONTENTS of VOL. CCXCIII.

	PAGE
Aird, Thomas, Journalist and Poet. By THOMAS BAYNE . . .	262
Amy Robsart at Cumnor. By PHILIP SIDNEY . . .	93
Art Sales, Some Early. By GERALD P. GORDON, M.A. . . .	369
Beaconsfield, Viscountess, The Strange Story of. By JAS. SYKES. . .	124
Beetles, Life-saving Appliances used by. By Rev. JOHN ISABELL . . .	319
Bird-Courtship. By ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D. . . .	78
Bodleian Library, The. By REGINALD V. LENNARD . . .	327
Bridge, The Exposition of. By J. S. MCTEAR . . .	16
Brittany, Summer Days in. By J. QUIGLEY . . .	543
Chivalrous Jardine, The. By JAMES L. GALBRAITH . . .	313
Churchwardens' Accounts, 1555-1608, Notes from. By Rev. ARTHUR E. T. NEWMAN . . .	254
Crown, A Last Grasp at a. By A. SHIELD . . .	40
Dissent, Early, in the Peak, Some Sidelights on. By JOHN HYDE . . .	67
Douarnenez, Wild, With the Fisher-Folk at. By J. QUIGLEY . . .	282
Ecclesiastical Licensing, The, of Teachers in the Past. By FOSTER WATSON, M.A. . . .	553
"Edinburgh Review," The: its Origin and Early Days. By W. FORBES GRAY . . .	530
Education, The Advice of William Petty on. By FOSTER WATSON, M.A. . . .	28
Elizabethan, An, and Two Modern Dramatists. By J. KINDON . . .	401
Feeding, The, of the Soldier. By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, M.D. . . .	601
Fells Sketches, Three. By WILLIAM T. PALMER . . .	417
Fells, Storm and Calm among the. By WILLIAM T. PALMER . . .	33
God in Nature. By CHARLES LUSTED . . .	203
Guernsey Folklore. By Mrs. BARTLE TEELING . . .	168
Hillel. By Rev. Dr. STRAUSS . . .	149
History of a Peculiar Stage Curtain. By W. J. LAWRENCE . . .	53
"Holy Experiment," The, of William Penn. By E. E. TAYLOR . . .	38c
Hymn to Varuna. By E. M. B. . . .	99
I go Sailing. By FRANK E. HALL . . .	142
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. By MARY DORMER HARRIS . . .	443
Last-Century Tourist, A. By CHARLES C. OSBORNE . . .	157
Last Grasp, A, at a Crown. By A. SHIELD . . .	40
Laura Lee, The Making of. By ALISON BUCKLER . . .	209
Life-saving Appliances used by Beetles. By Rev. JOHN ISABELL . . .	319
London in Verse. By BENVENUTA SOLOMON . . .	234
Madame, Monsieur, the Sister, and An-na. By CHARLES OLIVER . . .	164
Making, The, of Laura Lee. By ALISON BUCKLER . . .	209
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley. By MARY DORMER HARRIS . . .	443
Naxos, The Duchy of. By WILLIAM MILLER, M.A. . . .	428
Nebular Hypothesis, The. By J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S. . . .	178
Nonconformist Schoolmasters, Unlicensed, 1662 and Onwards. By FOSTER WATSON, M.A. . . .	286
Nora Wilding. By JOHN STAFFORD. Part I. . . .	I
Part II. . . .	105
Notes from Churchwardens' Accounts, 1555-1608. By Rev. ARTHUR E. T. NEWMAN . . .	254
Old Mare's Tale, An. By CAMPBELL WYNN WILLIAMS . . .	476
On the Highway to High Savoy. By S. BEACH CHESTER . . .	186
Over the Hills and Far Away. By F. P. DELGADO . . .	521
Penn, William, The "Holy Experiment" of. By E. E. TAYLOR . . .	380
Petty, William, The Advice of, on Education. By FOSTER WATSON, M.A. . . .	28

	PAGE
Phantom Puppets of the Stage of Shakespeare. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	460
Phineas Pett, Naval Constructor. By E. W. WILLIAMS. Part I.	223
Part II.	389
Players and Plays in the Sere and Yellow. By ARTHUR GOODRICH	193
Pyrenean Playground, The : an Appreciation. By R. W. AUSTIN	510
Robsart, Amy, at Cumnor. By PHILIP SIDNEY	93
Rosamond, Fair, The Strange Story of. By PHILIP SIDNEY	454
Savoy, High, On the Highway to. By S. BEACH CHESTER	186
Shakespeare, Phantom Puppets of the Stage of. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	460
Some Early Art Sales. By GERALD P. GORDON, M.A.	369
Some Sidelights on Early Dissent in the Peak. By JOHN HYDE	67
Stage Curtain, Peculiar, History of a. By W. J. LAWRENCE.	53
Storm and Calm among the Fells. By WILLIAM T. PALMER	33
Strange Story, The, of Fair Rosamond. By PHILIP SIDNEY	454
Strange Story, The, of Viscountess Beaconsfield. By JAS. SYKES	124
"Strong as Iron." By S. M. CRAWLEY BOEVEY	333
Summer Days in Brittany. By J. QUIGLEY	543
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN :—	
English Amusements in the Eighteenth Century—Gladiatorial Combats by Englishwomen—The Legend of Bluebeard—A Supposed Prototype of Bluebeard—Human Monsters of Cruelty—The New "Encyclopædia Britannica"	101
The Licensing of Plays—Indiscretion of the Censorship—Literary Protest against the Action of the Censor—Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna"—How far is Modern Change in London Adequate?	205
An Authorised Text of Shakespeare—"Bibliomania"—Treasures of which the Collector still may Dream—French Books of Interest—A Veritable Find—The Third and Fourth Volumes of the New "Britannica"	308
Mr. Morley and the Acton Library—Responsibility of a Large Library—The Joy of Book-collecting.	415
Memoirs of Casanova—Jacques Casanova de Seingalt—Eighteenth-Century Charlatanry—Character of Casanova's Memoirs	518
A Sanctuary for the Owl—Love of Animals and Their Destruction—Mr. Merivale's "Bar, Stage and Platform"—Stories of Palmerston, Westbury, and Merrywether	618
Teachers, The Ecclesiastical Licensing of, in the Past. By FOSTER WATSON, M.A.	553
Thomas Aird, Journalist and Poet. By THOMAS BAYNE	262
Three Fells Sketches. By WILLIAM T. PALMER	417
Tourist, A Last-Century. By CHARLES E. OSBORNE	157
Unlicensed Nonconformist Schoolmasters, 1662 and Onwards. By FOSTER WATSON, M.A.	286
Upper Classes, The, under Former Edwards. By HENEAGE H. JEBB	273
Warrior-Saint, A, of the Nineteenth Century. By E. PERRONET THOMPSON. Part I.	344
Part II.	483
Part III.	574
"Web, The, of Empire." By E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL	298
Wild Flowers. By CHARLES HARVEY KILBY	60
With the Fisher-Folk at Wild Douarnenez. By J. QUIGLEY	282
With the Winterbourne Sheep-Shearers. By A. HUGH FISHER	570
Yalding Lea, On	412

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1902.

NORA WILDING.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

By JOHN STAFFORD.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

“**D**ID you say you wanted me to leave the Rectory butter, Leah?”

The voice came from the cool yard-place, where the pump was. There had been a sound of vigorous swilling, succeeded now by a low ostler-like hiss. Leah, through the leaded window of the dairy, saw a head working with towelled agitation. She pushed her long white arm through the mouth of the barrel-churn, and drawing forth a handful of golden richness dropped it into a wide tray of water beside her. Then from a smiling mouth she said: “Come here, Master Dick; I want to speak to you.”

She looked up as the long figure darkened the doorway.

“What is it?” said Dick, rubbing his muscular neck to a fine ruddiness. “I shall be off in a few minutes, and there’s no time for talk, little gypsy.”

“Well, Nora can take the butter for that matter; an’ she wants a run this morning. Her’s ready to jump out of her petticoats wi’ May madness. You know what to-day is, I rackon?”

“I do, Leah”—their eyes met an instant—“and I hope she’ll have many another. But what of it? and why should she be so——”

"What of it? Think you a girl turns the corner o' seventeen an' thinks no more of it than passing from Saturday to Sunday? Nora's a woman grown, an' it was time to tell her so—she with her hair down like a yearling's tail, an' her frocks showing her calves like a circus-dancer! But to see her stare an' colour wi' the rushing thoughts of it—cornflowers among the poppies! I said a word about dressing the part, an' out she bounced to do it. She's upstairs now, getting into my Sunday gown—the white 'un; an' old Deborah's doing her hair up—trying to, anyway, for not a gross o' pins will keep that mop in order. There's the postman's whistle; run to the gate, Dick, an' take the letters, and I'll be stamping the pats."

But at the sound of the mercurial whistle Dick had started as if it had blown in his ear. There was a subtle changing in his tanned face; and instead of doing Leah's bidding he strode down the yard to the saddle-room, there to finish his toilet. The postman would be some few minutes yet in reaching the garden-end, and doubtless someone else would be there to meet him; it generally was so; and so it fell out this morning. It was a young girl in white, and very red of face, who held out her hand to Silas, the postman, for the usual morning's mails.

"Bless me! that's never Miss Nora!" said he. "What a change, to be sure! an' all in a night too!"

"Give me the letters, Silas; and don't be rude." She tried not to laugh, but only blushed the more.

"No offence, miss—you know me; but, you see, I left a slip of a gell larst night, an' now I finds a beautiful young leddy. Beats caterpillar an' butterfly, s'help me if it——"

"How dare you compare me to a caterpillar! Give me the letters at once, and be off!" And, as maidens do, she stamped her foot.

The man, who was neither young nor old, but had known her from her baby days, gave a grin and closed his wallet.

"Here they be—four for the master and two for you, Miss Wilding."

The name was less strange to the eye than to the ear. She sent him a quick glance, saw his sideward leer, frowned, and turned to examine her letters. One, in a neat feminine hand, bearing the Blackhurst postmark, she knew to be from her old governess, Miss Somers; but the other—she stared hard at it, turning it over and about with brows of speculation. Same postmark—handwriting masculine and spreading; it might be a doctor's, a clergyman's, or

a farmer's even. This last word lingered with her, making a key. It *was* a farmer's, or, at least, a farmer's best man; for now she recognised the hand, and retiring to a little arbour, which gave shaded sitting-space in the garden corner, she laughingly tore open the missive. Dick was ever at his games: what was he up to now? She began the scrawled lines with a smile, proceeded with mounting brows, ended with a face as white as milk. Then the colour rushed back, and, with odd perturbation, she read again her letter.

"That you may have all day to think of it, dear, I remind you in this fashion of our talk in the orchard on this very day of last year, when, half in jest and half in earnest, we plighted our troth, our joined hands bridging the little stream—but with this saving condition in the binding, that it be subject to confirmation at the same time and place after twelve more months had gone over us; then, so it was arranged, it was to remain final for ever and ever. Not a word since then have we spoken of that hour and its memories; and few are the times, I fear, when you have even thought of them. But every, every day, my Nora, have I been recalling our bargain; and like the brook in the Dene which swells in power and volume as it draws nigher the sea, so has my love been for you. Look into your heart for once, my dearest, and tell me to-night in the orchard what it is you have found there. And if it should be only the old friendship, then not another word shall I say; but if it be something deeper and stronger, and as different from the other as sunrise from moonlight, then I'll slip a little thing on your finger, and all the world shall know that it's just the love of our Nora for her cousin Dick."

Her first love-letter. A third time did she read it; and on the sweet April face came and went many maidenly things. Then, though she was sitting there in the cool tree-shade, she felt, all at once, as if she had stepped into a sunbeam; and, wondering why it should be so, Nora leaned back and looked into her heart. . . .

Some few minutes later Leah pricked ears and glanced up at the sound of a singing, low and sweet, like a hedge-bird's:

"O'er the moor to the cliff by the sea,
'Twixt the gorse aflame and the heather dead,
There are twain that go hand in hand with me,
Though the earth hears not their rhythmic tread,
One sings in my ear all sweet——"

"Leah! where's grandfer, Leah? Here are some letters for him."

"Come in, Nora; I'm waiting to see how it fits."

"The frock? I'd forgotten all about it." She entered the dairy, and stood smiling in the light from the door. "It's a little too big—you're fuller than I am; but how do I look, Leah? It feels so funny;" and she kicked a leg, showing a tip of toe; then, glancing at the other, "Why, what's the matter? What a stare and a glare! Isn't it all right?"

Leah turned her head, and took up her butter-stamp, biting her lip for that her jealousy had so tripped her up; but she had to look again, and this time with honest admiration.

"A trifle too big, it may be; an' Deborah's done your hair too slack; moreover, that shaped hat ought to have a little cock to one side—ay, that way. Now you look—but I mustn't tell you or it'll turn your head."

"Little danger of that," laughed Nora; "but where's grandfer? Shall I let him see me, Leah?—let him see the new woman of Brereton?" She laughed again, and drew herself up, squaring her shoulders, and puffing her young bosom out like a pigeon; and the black-browed Leah had to laugh in her turn.

"Yes, let him see you—why not? It'll do his old eyes good. You'll find him down by the Mill, or in Coney Bottom. An' you can take these on to the Rectory, if you don't mind. You've frightened Master Dick away somewheres. But walk steady, or you'll have all your hair down. What hay-bands to be sure!—here, let me pin it firmer." And Leah did so, with a growing brightness of eye which perhaps her muttered words explained as Nora passed lightly down the garden-path to the little green wicket opening on to the lane.

"He'll soon find the difference now. Why, they're as far apart as dray-horse and Arab pony, as thistle and rose. Whoever her father was, he was no ploughtail hobbledehoy. There's blood in her—blue blood—as different to the Warrens' as cream is to whey—an' she's showing it more an' more—can't help it. Nature's grace an' grace nature w' Nora. There's a mystery somewheres. Look how they've brought her up—like a squire's daughter! An' him to dream of her as a farmer's wife! Why, all she can do is to feed the hob-lambs,¹ an' gather eggs o' mornings. I've nothing against her; she's a good little soul. All the same, she's not going to marry Dick Warren—not if I know it! I'm as comely as she is, or the glass tells lies; an' if I can't squeak a fiddle, or tinkle a pianer, I'm worth a dozen of her on a farm like this. An' Dick'll come to see it; I'll make him see it! An' I'll make him wed Leah Brading, as sure as to-morrow's sunrise!"

¹ Sussex for pet lamb.

Saul Warren, making his slow way up the Mill lane from Coney Bottom, pulled up under some over-arching alders, and wiped his bald head with a flaming handkerchief. And gazing across at the rise and fall of downy landscape with the fixed firm look of the old and long-sighted, his brows drew suddenly down, and he made a shade of his hand to look the clearer at something which had come into his vision ; so, for a good half-minute. "Then that explains it !" and he sank down on the slope of the bank as if he needs must. "There's some sorrow in the morning ; I've felt it ever since day-dawn, an' wondered why, an' there it be writ on them feathered things in plain black an' white. Morning, Miss Povey ; I were looking th'other way an' didn't see yer. Nay, don't you look too—don't you, now ! Wait till they be gone."

"What are they, Mr. Warren ?" said a high thin voice, but with an odd catch in it.

"Two magpies, miss—down there anigh the pollards ; an'—but what's this?—eh? eh?—our Nora ! There's only her can laugh like that. Well, well ! what freak is this, ye little elf? None so little either. You be coming up, lassie ; but I don't know as I like to see yer tricked out in this woman's gear—gives me a pinch at the heart like. Nora, lass !"—with a sudden twist of face—"you're never going to grow up an' leave us, are yer? There be those—eh, Nora? you'll never fly from th' old nest? Is that the sorrow in the——"

She stopped the rest in a way he well knew ; and her arms went round his neck, and she looked close at him, half laughing and half in tears.

"I will never, never leave you, grandfer ! and that *wasn't* the sorrow in the morning ! I'll go home and take them off, and be just your little Nora, as though the tenth of May had never been. There's another for you, and here are four letters. And now I must go on my errand."

"Tenth o' May—your birthday, Nora ; an' I never give it a thart ! But so it is, for Dick's to see the Squire this very morning, an' date were fixed for tenth. How old now, Nora?—fifteen or sixteen, is it ?"

"Seventeen, grandfer—seventeen and nine hours—for I looked it up in the old Bible, and—oh, I had forgotten ! *Do* forgive me, grandfer ! I didn't read the other, but I ought to have remembered. Poor mother !"

"Ay, ay, lass ; but she could never be to you as she was to me. She died the same day, did little Eunice ; an' she's been seeing

God ever since, if the text be true, for a purer-hearted creature never lived in this world. Letters? I must read them presently; nart of much account, I rackon. Well, dear, I wish yer all that wishes may. Time goes apace, an' my love for yer seems to grow with it. The Lord bless my Nora!"

He turned and kissed the soft cheek which, kitten-like, had been rubbing against his, and he watched with bemused eyes the slim figure step on towards the church and village. As it drew farther from him his vision of it became clearer, and something in the gait and bearing generally this morning struck him as new, and not a little painful; for once again his lines and wrinkles made a ruthful face. With a big sigh he leaned forward on his staff and gazed at the opposite bank, as he of the old poem did who saw the pictures on the "dead wall." At last he rose, and, the letters falling at his feet, he stooped to pick them up; but instead of going on he sat him down again, and, taking out his spectacle-case, adjusted his glasses, and proceeded to read them.

Meanwhile, Nora pursued her way in a more thoughtful mood. She was a stranger to such, and her young face had been so uniformly bright, as of one listening ever to pleasant inner music, that, as she entered the churchyard after calling at the Rectory, the old incumbent, just making for home after the morning prayers, started at the sight of her; and then curiously watched her as she tacked from the path towards a headstone over by the Palm Cross. Bringing up in front of the grey, lichened upright, Nora stood gazing with thoughtful eyes at the last sculptured words which chronicled her mother's name and date of death: "ALSO OF EUNICE MARY WILDING, WHO DIED MAY 10TH, 188—, AGED 19 YEARS." They were the last words on the stone, and space for more there was none; but now, for the first time in her life, the girl began a wondering filling-in of what might have followed had room permitted the recording chisel: "Relict of something Wilding, of somewhere, in such a county." She actually knew nothing of her father, save that he had died abroad, that his name was Wilding, and that he was never by any chance mentioned at the Manor Farm. She had grown up, and slid through the years, taking life and herself very much for granted, and though she had had her sombre and dour times, as she well knew, she had lived on the whole as blithely as a summer bird, and hardly less careless of her inception in the world. Yet she had been born of a woman, and a man had been her father, and in her were living on those two unknowns, and but for them and the love which, before God, had

made them one, she, Nora Wilding, had never been. And to live for seventeen years and hardly give it a thought ! A queer creeping sense of shame went about her, and she felt her face warm under the wide shade of her hat.

"Alas, my dear, that you should never have known her ! She was the sweetest and gentlest of women."

The Rector looked down at her flushed surprise, the "alas !" lingering in his kindly eyes.

Nora gazed away up the vale ; there was a slight quivering at her lips.

"You knew her, then, Mr. Povey. It's so hard to realise that you have been here so long—and never once before have you mentioned her. But, tell me, did you know my father ? I was thinking of them both at the moment."

"Only from hearsay, and that from your own people ; he had left the country some months when I came to Brereton Dene. But it's about time you knew. How old are you, Nora ?"

"Seventeen to-day, sir."

"Bless me !" Mr. Povey looked away, wrinkling with thought. A half-minute passed, and then slowly his soft brown eyes came round again and met the blue of hers. It was she who spoke.

"But why should it be held such a secret ? I don't want you to break it, sir. I must talk with grandfather ; but tell me one thing : What was my father, and where did he come from ? Was he a gentleman, a tradesman, a farmer, or what ?"

"He was a gentleman—I can tell you that—and sprung from a famous line of such."

Nora smiled, and her head lifted, but she said nothing, only seemed to grow taller under the musing regard of the other.

"He was what they call a cadet—the youngest of three brothers—all as wild as young horses, and as quarrelsome as game cockerels, as Warren would say ; and your father, I have heard, was the worst of the trio. He fell in love and married your poor mother ; had high words on that account with old Sir Justin ; sold his commission straightway, then took up another in the Austrian army. He was shot in a duel just as Mrs. Wilding was about to join him. She returned to her home and you were born."

"Sold his commission ? He was an officer, then ?"

"A captain in the Dragoons."

Nora's eyes lit again, and very pretty was the proud curve of her lips.

"I seem to understand myself better now," said she, after the

little silence. "We are such mysteries to ourselves till we begin to realise that we are made up of other selves, and that, in a way, they live on again through us. I think I know now why I'm so often divided in two, why, as grandfer says, I can be such a tomboy and such a little nun in one round of the clock. But, oh, Mr. Povey—I wish I could tell you everything! I love Charlton, and the downs, and the sea, and the great spreading sky—it's all so large and spacious. Yet there are times when I feel as if—as if—but how silly it is to talk about it! I *must* stay here now, and—and—I think I'll get home, Mr. Povey."

"Perhaps I ought not to have told you," said the Rector, a trifle troubled; "but I think we agreed that you should know when you were old enough, and your grandfather left it to me to speak first. Your mother, I may tell you, bequeathed me certain responsibilities concerning you; but I've been in no hurry to exercise them, for it was Mrs. Wilding's wish that you should be brought up very much as she was herself, simply and naturally, but not without a view to future possibilities as Captain Wilding's daughter. And we have not made such a bad job of you"—beaming down upon her—"not at all a bad job. But now—dear me! how the years have flown! I really must speak to Warren," he added to himself; "his affection is one thing, and her future is another. There are only two lives—or is it only one?—between her and the—what is it, my dear?"

Nora had come to a stand, pulled up by a sudden thought.

"Sir Justin—my other grandfather—is it part of the secret that he would have nothing to do with me? And is that why his name has never passed?—why till to-day I had never even heard of him?"

Mr. Povey wrinkled again.

"The fact is, Nora, Sir Justin is a very peculiar man; not a bad man by any means—you might even like him. But when you were born, when I had informed him of the fact, and of your mother's wishes concerning you, he simply wrote, in effect, 'Very well; I have nothing to say against it; but if anything should go wrong, remember that I have my obligations too.'"

"Then he was *not* a bad man!" said Nora, her face clearing. "He saw how it was, and just left grandfer and you with free hands. Nothing has happened; but, oh! I wish I had known! I wish—no, I don't—how wicked of me!"

"Quite true, my dear, and I see we have done well. For some day, when you are well out of the Happy Valley and in the great world beyond—you can't always be here, you know—you will look back on your earlier years at Brereton as probabl the happiest you

have ever known. And now good-morning, and tell Mr. Warren I shall be calling some time this evening. By the way, I've sent to ask him for the loan of your Jenny ; Laura wants her for a run over to Blackhurst and back with me. You don't mind ? Thanks. Good-bye."

He watched her as she passed up the path to the lych-gate.

"It was time she knew ; but it won't spoil her—she rings true—and I'm glad enough Sir Justin hasn't interfered. Probably he has forgotten all about her ; but she must be brought to his mind again, and then—well, what then ? *Quis omnia prævidere potest ?*"

A few minutes later there sprang up against the skyline of the down which lifted its broad, rounded back above the Manor Farm the figures of a horse and rider. They were the young, taper-legged mare which the Rector has just bespoken, and Nora Wilding, her white straight-up form almost gleaming against the deep blue of the beyond. She waved a hand to someone below, loosened rein, gave a sharp hark-away cry, and away with long glad leaps the good horse sped. Dick, from the stable doorway, stood and watched them ; nor was it a wistful look which shone from under his straight dark brows. From the shadow of a stall-place he had seen Nora enter by the steading gate, had seen her run up to Hugh, who was tightening Jenny's girths, with much strong English at her friskiness, had seen her put her little foot on the man's ready hand, and, regardless of Leah's Sunday gown or a fine show of ankles, spring laughing to the saddle ; for it had been patent to them all that Jenny much needed a sobering spin to fit her for the timid Miss Povey. And so away they had gone. And as Dick watched the dear white figure till it disappeared over the shoulder of the hill he gave a great lift of his chest and turned to the yard-man. "Hugh, go and find the governor ; he wants to see me before I set out, and told me to wait. I'll see to Diamond."

He looked up again to the down, tapping his leggings with his stock. "Now what can grandfer mean by sending me to the Squire on this errand ? Wants the first refusal of that land, and says the words with a writ in his pocket for that last lot of bone-dust ! And what does Nora mean by changing from a dogrose to a full-blown damask between a sunset and a sunrise ? And what does Dick Warren mean by being the blithest son of Adam that ever lost heart to a maid ? Nora shall tell me to-night."

And at that very moment Nora was resolving once again so to do. For by that "persistence of vision" so peculiar to young hearts when love is at game with them, Dick's comely up-gazing face and

tall well-knit figure were in the girl's mind now as something good to look in upon, good to think about. For love, long making ready for this revelation of itself, had given her its magic lenses, so that commonest, most familiar things stood out in a new light—so that Dick, who but yesterday had just been her rollicking big-boy cousin, was become all at once a being transfigured, a full-grown moustached man, and the beautifullest man on all the earth ! And thus thinking, with the wild whirl of the wind in her ears, the delicious feeling of a brave horse beneath her, Nora seemed to spring with every bound farther and yet farther into the new life which these last hours had brought her.

But after some minutes Jenny felt a tightening at her bit, and slackened to a stand, breathing in, as her rider did, great lungfuls of the rich, rare air which swept up from the sea far beneath. The mare pulled to be off again, pawing at a purple patch of wild thyme, then sniffing the fragrant consequence ; but in the riot of Nora's thoughts one among them had taken the lead, and she was searching the landscape for a figure familiar to her, that of Seward Brading, the shepherd, who in his time had been a soldier—an officer's servant. Had not her father been an officer, and might not Seward tell her something of his life which might help her the better to see that paternal unknown ? Nay, perhaps among the concourse of his memories he might have more than one of the Captain of Dragoons who had wedded her mother !

Neither shepherd nor flock could she see ; but, working up a rise to her right, she came to a long stretch of level, and beheld Seward and his sheep on a slope some mile away. She gripped her pommel for a further flight, and cried again to Jenny. The rush of wind drowned all sound or she had heard the shout behind her. She had long since lost her hat, and now the last pins of her hair gave out, so that Seward from his slope found her an object to smilingly gaze at. Suddenly he raised high his arms as men on railways do. Nora stared, wondering at such a stopping-signal. Then when she saw him point with his crook to something behind she gave a quick backward look and saw Dick in hot pursuit of her on his long-legged Diamond ; but her glance was too short or she had seen the wild gesture he made at sight of her face. She called again to Jenny, and with her eyes on the miles of rolling course ahead decided—little madcap—to make a race of it. For what purpose other than the triumphant overtaking of her was Dick up there, riding like a Turpin too ?

But a race for love it certainly was not, and plainly did the shepherd see it ; for once again he lifted his arms, beating the air

with his crook, and shouting lustily. But only when she was flying by him high above did Nora happen to glance again towards him. What was amiss with the man? Once more she looked back at the other one behind her. Then Seward saw her tighten rein, saw Dick come up with her and pull Diamond on to his haunches, saw him wrench Jenny forcibly round, saw them both fly homewards at a pace even swifter than before—and Seward wondered what might be the matter at the Manor Farm. He wondered till sundown, then asked his dog if he'd like a run. Rough said "Yes" as plainly as could be. Whereupon Seward took from his pocket an old letter; tearing a piece from it, he wrote with his pencil some three or four words; next, he emptied his tobacco-box, and, placing his message within it, snapped the lid. Rough barked again, for well he understood this odd proceeding. In another moment his teeth had closed on the little despatch-box and he had bounded away. In fifteen minutes the tin thing was dropped at Seward's feet, and Rough stretched panting. The shepherd found a fresh supply of shag, and on the top of the same his scrap of paper. Beneath his own question he read:

"Old man had stroke this morning in Mill Lane. Better now. Nora gone to London with Povey. Mysteries afoot. But never fear, dad; you shall be foreman yet, and I shall be Mrs. Richard Warren.—L."

CHAPTER II.

SOME two months or more passed by at Charlton Dene; and the year was arrived at that vague and trying time to a farmer of active mind and habit when Nature, after the exhausting strain of spring and early summer, seems to pause, as at labour ended, and, with drowsy breathings of large content, spread herself out under the sun-blaze to rest and ripen to fine fruition. Saul Warren, leaning one evening on the gate of the steading, from which he could see, sloping down to the hollow and climbing the uplands beyond, the best of the land that was his, was smoking a thoughtful pipe, and by the set of his walnut face his musings were as crooked and twisted as the smoke-wreaths which grimaced in the still air above him. Walking up the field-path from the village came Mr. Povey, and the bent black figure, catching Saul's eyes, gave them a sudden outward look—one not all of charity.

"Head hangs like a parched poppy," he grunted, "an' little wonder, so loaded wi' conscience as it be. The meddlesome man!

If he hadn't interfered with his 'sense of duty' an' 'social obligation,' an' suchlike rant, Nora had a' been here now, an' as content as a pullet in a carn-bin. She needn't a' known of it for a year or two more; but he must go an'—— Good evening, sir; you look tired like; its the lowering weather, an' th' heat sags down there like a dead weight—heavy as conscience, it be,” and he blew a big cloud.

“Yes, you are cooler up here,” said the Rector, unconscious of the thrust and wiping his brow, “and I've come to comfortably breathe for a space—to tell you some news also. Laura has just returned from Blackhurst with tidings of Nora; she saw her old governess, Miss Somers.”

“Ay, sir, an' what's the news? She's alive of course, an' well of course—nothing's ever the matter wi' Nora; but when is she coming to Charlton Dene again? Has she deserted us quite?”

Mr. Povey frowned. “Why such impatience, Warren? You agreed that she should be away as long as she liked, and you know how Lady Wilding has taken to her. She certainly might write at times; it's impossible to think that she has forgotten us. But in that whirl of London——”

“What's the news, sir?” Saul almost snarled. “She were born an' bred an' loved here, as never lass was, an' she's gone an' given us the go-by for the gew-gaws an' fallals of that set—she as was brought up in the very lap o' Nature to go an' turn her back on it an' us to choke week an' week on end in reeky London! Is it news as she's coming back to us all—coming back to th' old nest at Charlton? That's all the news I want.”

“She's come back some of the way, at any rate. The family are staying at Southbeach—at the 'Imperial;' their names are in the visitors' list.”

“Southbeach!—but ten miles away! an' she not tell us!”

Saul's clay snapped in two; he spat the end out, and the old gate vibrated as he grasped it. Mr. Povey looked away.

“They are doubtless there because of Sir Justin's health. Nora will surely write or run over, being so near. If not, I think I'll take a ride that far myself; this seeming indifference is so unlike the girl.”

“How d'ye know that?” cried Saul, the gate still a-shake. “How do we know it's not been in her all the while, as the vixen's in the cub? She's a Wilding! We've been nursing and fondling a Warren, as we thart, an' the Wilding has bit us! It's in the blood! Look at Sir Justin—one o' Satan's own. Shuts his gates on the lad for marrying my Eunice; fires his gun at him for show-

ing a second time ; an' when Eunice, wi' thoughts o' the baby to be, seeks him out, poor child as she was, he orders her away—disowns her, sends a lackey with her to see her off the grounds. It killed her—ah, far more than her birth-pains did it kill poor Eunice !”

He stood very still, and the gate shook no more. Mr. Povey waited ; it would do Saul good to get it all out.

“ I curse the day the regiment ever came nigh the place, sweating an' puffing an' falling off their horses at a touch o' sun as wouldn't brown a codlin' ! He comes up at the rear—been marching since day-dawn—begs a drink o' water. Eunice hands it to him—their eyes go an' come, an' the lass stands all of a tremble. Says he can't go another yard—must get down ; an' here he stays for a fortnight, in the best room too, an' Dr. Lancem up every day to help along the fraud. An' in less than three weeks, mark ye, he'd stolen my lassie ; he'd lured her to Belchester, where they was in garrison ; an' there, while she were staying at Jem's—Dick's father that was—he secretly married her ; an' never more did I see her till that night of April when she comes an' lifts the latch of the door an' falls into Deborah's arms like a dead thing. If she'd only listened to me ! I wouldn't let her write to him, you see. I didn't trust him—an' so it fell out. That's what the Wildings have done to the Warrens.”

Saul's voice had sunk, and he leaned heavily on the bar of the gate. The Rector stood silent ; he had heard something of the story before, but now two or three new points seemed to make it a rounder thing. He murmured something about, secrecy apart, there had been honourable dealing.

“ Ay, it were honourable enough, as far as the lines went ; but it was the way it were done—an' then for the father to go an' help kill her ! An' now—spawn o' Satan !—hush ? I won't hush ! Now they've got my Nora, an' they're turning her agen us, poisoning her mind, hatching the Wilding in her ! An' that after seventeen years o' dumbness an' neglect ! Why, but for that old letter o' yourn as Sir Justin come across, when he were looking through his papers, thinking he were going to die—but for that they might never have thought of her more ! He reads it—gets curious-like to see the daughter of his son—gives the word to Lady Wilding (she's his second, as, maybe, yer know—I've nothing agen her), an' she writes to me, just as though about some filly they'd put out at grass—writes to me to send Nora off first train ! Little wonder I dropped down in the lane as I did—and by the Lord ! if I'd come to in time never a soul of ye would a' seen that letter ! Well, she went—you took her—she wasn't for leaving me ; but you'd been talking to her,

an'—well, you thought it best—we'll let that pass. What I complain of is that from that day to this she hasn't sent e'er a one of us a word o' writing. Every blessed morning I've waited at that gate and taken the letters in, but ne'er a one from Nora—ten weeks o' dead silence! She can stay with 'em! I never want to see her more! An' Dick's of the same mind. She's fair ruined the lad; made a gammut¹ of him; an' he goes about as nunty² as a beaten beagle; but he's coming to his senses again. He might do worse than take to Leah, so handy as she is an' winsome o' ways—ay, he might do worse."

Mr. Povey humped his brows. "That makes it still more strange. Do you mean to say they were lovers?"

"I mean to say"—and Saul set hard eyes on him—"that if you hadn't a' taken her off in such a hurry Dick an' Nora had been plighted that very night of May. It was as good as done; the lad was as sure of her as night is sure o' morning. But in the scurry an' bustle o' going the word wasn't said, an' something in her manner at parting made him think that second thoughts were coming to her, she being a baronet's grandchild, which he'd never known of. An'—well, his suspicion grew big, every day of her silence giving it a fresh meal; an' now the lad's heart—as bright a thing that morning as ever danced to a wench's piping—is no better than a Sodom apple, an', saving your presence, sir, he don't care a damn for anything. Farm's going to rack—the men all doing as they please—laughing at me the minute my achey back is turned—an'—— What is it, sir?"

For Mr. Povey, staring about half distracted with the overflow, had made a tube of his hand and was looking steadily at the long ridge of upland on the valley's other side. The farmer's question brought his head round.

"Two people on horseback; but they are gone now. Poor Richard! But he'll doubtless find himself again in time."

He spoke absently, and gazed away again to the distant height, his wiry brows at the pucker. Saul started off again, but to a careless ear. Beyond those downs, some ten miles away as the crow would fly, was the fashionable watering-place of Southbeach, whence equestrians would ride just so far as that comb of hill, then canter back on their grassy homeward way. The pair the Rector had just focussed had been a lady and gentleman—both young; but the former, he was sure, had, in the act of turning her horse—how long they had stood there he knew not—kissed her hand and then waved it, as if in last farewell to Charlton Dene, which the Rector had thought was curious.

¹ A lout, or stupid fellow.

² Sulky.

"Leah," said he, turning again at the word, "ah, yes—fine young woman—and fond of him, you say? He might do worse, certainly—of course. And now I must be off. Good-evening, Warren, good-evening."

And thoughtfully he descended the slope, Saul glaring after him; the tail of his querulousness had been docked. But the Rector had found something to think of; and instead of going straight on he struck off to the left, making for the quiet spinney at the field-bottom, through which a track led to the derelict mill by the brook; and there, to the low chatter of the stream as it twisted by the broken and mossy wheel, he sat him down on an old netherstone and thought.

He had done the like there many a time before; but this evening there seemed something wrong about the place, and there were other sounds in the air than that of the garrulous brook. Half annoyed, he doubled an ear to listen. Then his face turned to the old ruin as if it had spoken to him; he sat as if listening to a marvellous tale, his brows arching like kittens' backs. Suddenly they came down, showing between them a tuck of anger; this disappeared in turn and they ran up again, while through a widening mouth came a deep double breath something like "Aha-a!" His right hand lifted as if to strike his leg; instead, it stopped short and silently joined the other, to fondly rub it. Then through the bending withies he saw two figures come out from the roofless mill—the one burly and rough of aspect, the other slim and graceful, and so neat of waist that no wonder an arm was about it. And belike the face was pretty, for the taller head bent to it, and there was a low sound as of meeting lips. The light was dusky in that leafy hollow, and only a weasel might clearly see through it; but Mr. Povey could just discern a wide hat on the tilt over masses of dark gypsyish hair, and he was sure he had seen a thin red line adown a trouser leg. For the rest, as was often the case, the postman was in mufti.

Then, when they were gone, the Rector rose with face all different, and his clenched right hand met the palm of his left with a resounding smack which made a passing bat squeak with fright. "Br-r-r-h!" And the reverend man, with long purposeful strides, made for the Rectory.

[To be concluded.]

THE EXPOSITION OF BRIDGE.

ALTHOUGH Bridge has been with us for more than seven years, no attempt has ever been made, either in book or magazine, to prove its claims to be a scientific game. They simply have been received without question, and accepted, as if established, without test.

This is strange, especially as the game did not spring from the soil like Whist and Cribbage, but reached us by an accident. It is also regrettable, for it is to be feared that when the annals of Bridge come to be written into the social history of the kingdom, the page, if not actually black, will not be pleasant reading.

The reasons for anticipating such a record are threefold.

In the first place, Bridge has turned the calendar back to more than a century ago, when the deplorable mania of card-gambling was rife among the classes, which everyone thought had been stamped out of them by their twentieth-century common-sense. That the failing happened still to survive in a very small clique was looked upon as the exception that proved the rule.

Next, because for the first time in our history the gambling vice resuscitated by Bridge has spread to our girls. The gravity of such a state of things, and its far-reaching effects in undermining our social life, of which woman is the head and guardian, need no enlargement. Everyone can realise it.

Lastly, we have covered the nation with a reproach by completely and abruptly throwing over our renowned and everywhere-played national card-game for an unknown, untried, and untested pastime. Those who ought to be authorities say that Whist is dead in this country, never to be revived. If our popular and worthy King had been suddenly dethroned from his ancient dynasty, to give place to a foreign interloper whom nobody knew, it would have been an exhibition of the quality of our patriotism scarcely more surprising.

But is Bridge a gambling game? Have we not frequently and positively been assured by the men of light and leading in it that it is not? To the latter question the answer is—yes, undoubtedly.

From its very inception, advocates have laid particular stress upon the freedom of Bridge from the gambling feature. Results, however, do not uphold their view. Can it be possible that while reasoning to convince others they were seeking at the same time to persuade themselves? At any rate, they have proved unreliable guides. One has only to look around in society to realise that. The affirmative must also be the answer to the first question; and it is that topic to which the main argument herein will be directed.

I might expatiate by entering into an ethical discussion upon gambling, and the injury Society brings upon itself when it countenances it, with the baleful effect to the nation through the bad example. Also upon the great mistake in permitting it to have a footing in our homes and a part in our recreation, besides the pity of employing a delightful and stimulating pastime like cards for such a purpose. An appeal might be made to Society in general to take a leaf out of the American book, and follow a good example by banning all money-play, especially with cards, at home and in social circles,¹ and a still stronger appeal to the individual members—through their own reminiscences of the many happy-hours added to their joys of childhood by these most abused but most innocent implements—to keep their old playfellows free from taint, and prevent the pollution for their children of a stream that was pure for themselves. But I will confine my remarks to the character of the game of Bridge, and incidentally to that of the game it has supplanted.

Unlike Bridge—which has no history, no country, and no parentage—Whist has had a most honourable career, and one particularly free from the gambling blemish, to which it does not readily conform. It has been in existence for three hundred years (from about the time of Shakespeare), and in fashion and the leading game for about half its life. It was born and bred in England. It was raised into a science by our forefathers, and was constantly played by them and by us. It was a favourite with hosts of our celebrities, and it has made for itself a world-wide reputation. No other game has spread so widely, or possesses so large a literature. Every nation claims its own national native card-game: the French, *Écarté*; the Germans, *Skat*; the Spanish, *Hombre*; the Russians, *Vint*; the Americans, *Euchre*; the English, *Whist*. And the English game was at the top of the tree. Fellow-countryman, think hard upon this single comparison between both the games, and then pause to ask yourself a question.

¹ The motto of the American Whist League, the greatest card organisation in the world, is "Whist for its own sake."

If the Americans or Germans had been in our shoes, would *they* have discarded that national game? You might just as well propose to them to give up their national flag.

What is this wonderful new game that has done so much and promises to do so much more, that so many Englishmen¹ rave about, and so many assert to be the best and most scientific game ever produced upon the cards? Are they judges? Have any of them, for instance, ever looked at the game fairly and squarely in the face, and pulled it to pieces to see whether it was made up of good honest material or only of shoddy? Not one. Advocates of Bridge have done no more than skim the surface, giving a few generalities that carry no weight; whilst whist-players have contented themselves with railing at the other card-players for deserting Whist for Bridge.

I will now endeavour to supply that deficiency; but before proceeding to do so, it will be convenient to readers not *au fait* with the game to state briefly its salient points. There is no new principle in Bridge. It is culled from other games. There have been in vogue for many years on the Continent various forms of Whist which embrace the naming of the trump-suit by the players instead of having it dealt, and the placing of different values on the tricks according to the suit adopted. The idea was taken from the more than a hundred-year-old game of Boston, which again is founded on the older games of Quadrille and Hombre, as well as on Whist. The novelty in Bridge simply consists of applying those features to the *dummy* instead of to the *ordinary* Whist. That has been carried out by its framers in this way. All the pack is dealt unexposed. After the players have looked at their cards, the dealer's side makes the trump by naming the suit, or it may exercise the option of playing the hand without any trump. The dealer himself has the right of selection, but if he does not care to exercise it he may pass the right to his partner. When the selection has been made, which fixes the value of the trick simultaneously with the naming of the trump or no trump, the other side may double that value; and if they double, the original side may redouble, and so on from side to side indefinitely. When the doubling, &c., is finished, the eldest hand leads in the first trick, and thereupon the dealer's partner, without playing any of them, lays down his cards upon the table

¹ Here, and in other places, where I refer to the English, I mean the nation. Unfortunately, there is no word in the language that expresses a native of the United Kingdom—that is, an Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, or Welshman—indifferently.

as the dummy-hand—thereafter to be entirely controlled and played by the dealer, in conjunction with his own hand, without any interference or assistance whatever from his partner. The remainder of the deal is played accordingly. There are various other scores to be made, for honours, slams, &c., about which we need not trouble at present, beyond stating that the game, which is fixed at thirty points, can only be won through the score for the tricks. The normal scoring values of the tricks range as follows: two points in spades, four in clubs, six in diamonds, eight in hearts, and twelve in no trumps, for each trick above six.

It is manifest to anyone who considers the matter that when the playing-stage of the hand is reached the play resolves itself into Dummy-whist pure and simple. Now, every regular Whist-player knows by experience that Dummy-whist (that is, Whist for three players with a dummy-hand) is a game inferior in skill to the ordinary Whist for four players. No Whist-player ever plays it from choice, only from necessity. It is lopsided in the play. The advantage nearly always lies with the dummy, because that side works in thorough accord, being controlled by the one mind, who has the additional advantage of knowing what is exactly for him and against him. Where, then, does the superiority of Bridge come in? It can only be in the preliminary or declaring part of the deal—if it has any.

But there is no play, no contest there. Hitherto one has believed that it is in a contest that the highest interest and skill are evolved, but in this declaring there is none, for one side has it all to themselves. Where, then, is the virtue that places Bridge outside of and above its fellows? It does not possess it. It exists only in the imagination. What is assumed to be a virtue is simply a gambling instinct, created by the introduction of different values in the suits, for which there is no call or necessity in the game, so far as skill is concerned.

Let us examine more closely into this to make the matter clear. If the game had embraced a contest between the two sides as to which of them should ultimately fix the trump-suit, then there would have been an object in the differing values, in order that one suit might be bid against another—the highest prevailing. Here there is no strife, and varying values are consequently uncalled for, and without logical meaning. If a hand be given to a player at Whist, and he is informed that he will be allowed to make his own trump from it, his experience and skill will tell him that there is in it only the one particular suit, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for him to

select, if he is to proceed upon scientific principles. A scale of values makes no change in the science. He wins on the one suit and loses on the others, independently of the scale. If, therefore, he grasps at a higher and a losing suit, he gambles on his hand, and converts a game of skill into a game of hazard or gamble. Put it how you will, that is the outcome of the different values in Bridge—to enable the player to gamble on the suits. Otherwise, the natural and logical process in the frame of the game would be to make all the suits equal in value, with the right to the player to select the trump that is best adapted to his hand.

Again, one of the charms claimed in the game is the declaration of “no trumps,” by reason of its being placed in a higher class of value than the game with trumps. This, it is conceived, is also based upon a mistaken principle; for it is not hard to show that where there is in the hands any superiority at all, small or great, it is easier (instead of being more difficult) for the stronger side to win the majority of the tricks when there are no trumps at all than when they are present. Where a trick-game is played without trumps, every suit that is led in it is equivalent to trump, because then the suit, like trump, is invincible. That, in other words, means that the leader has the power of selecting his own trump every time he leads. The non-leader, who must inevitably belong more constantly to the losing side, cannot take the trick and gain the lead if he has none of the suit, nor unless he has a higher card of it. If there were trumps in the game his position would be materially enhanced, because he would have the chance of ruffing. Trump does not exhibit any power above other suits when it is led; it is only when it is used as a ruff against them that its power comes into force; and ruffing can only be done by a follower. Trump is, therefore, more the weak man's friend than the strong man's help, who needs it less; and its absence leaves the weaker side more bound up and helpless. Consequently, the place of the game with no trumps is below the place of the game with trumps, for the former is the easier to win. That order necessarily follows from scientific principles, and setting the face of Bridge *contrariwise* only pushes the game still farther into the gambling element.

So much for the logical construction. Now let us consider the mathematics. The honours in Bridge are the five highest cards in trump, or the four aces in no trumps, and, like Whist, score to the holders. They vary in value according to the suit of the trump, and according to the way they are held between the partners. It will not be necessary to go into the details. Suffice it to say that the highest

score in no trumps is a hundred points, and the lowest thirty points ; and in trump the highest, in hearts, is eighty points, and the lowest, in spades, four points. Honour values are entirely conventional. There is no logical method for deducing the correct values of honours by comparison with the tricks. But once a principle is fixed for them, the whole matter comes within the range of mathematics, as it does in this case. Now a mathematical examination discloses a conspicuous absence of the science from the whole table or scale of the Bridge honours. Comparing the values of the trump honours with those of the no trumps honours demonstrates that the highest score for the latter (four aces in one hand) is more than four times its proper amount. Again, four honours in trumps (any suit, it is all the same) divided between the partners is fifty times above its comparative value ; three honours, sixty times ; and so on throughout the scale, with more or less divergence from correctness. The mathematical particulars of the table to an exact figure have been worked out by me with the aid of Tate's Patent Arithmometer, and the results prove these discrepancies without any possibility of doubt.¹

Details of the other scoring need not concern us. It is upon the same trend as the honours. It is claimed for these scores, including the honours, that they are upon a most meritorious system in not being counted into the score that decides the game. Like other claims for Bridge, it is specious, but fallacious. In a game of

¹ The total combinations of the whole pack give the following mathematical results, the original numbers of which amount in each case to a row of fourteen or fifteen figures. They are reduced to percentages (carried to two places of decimals) and arranged according to the Bridge system of scoring :—

TRUMPS.		NO TRUMPS.	
	Per cent.		Per cent.
Five honours, all in one hand	0.20	Four aces in one hand	1.06
Five honours, divided, as four and one . .	1.43	Four aces divided . .	9.98 11.04
Five honours, divided as three and two . .	3.43 5.05	Three aces	49.94 49.94
Four honours, all in one hand	2.86	Each side holding two aces (no score) . .	39.02
Four honours, between partners	27.06 29.92		
Three honours, between partners . .	65.02 65.02		
	100.00 100.00		60.98 100.00

scientific pretensions any scores that are made which do not advance the game towards its conclusion are highly pernicious. They are just gambles. The game is held back by their not being included, in order that large amounts may be piled up that have nothing to do with the winning of it, but have a very material effect upon its value. So much is this so, that it happens at Bridge that the victors are sometimes the losers in pocket!

The first thing that impresses the cartophile about this game is the ignorance of the tradition and history of playing-cards displayed in the order of the suits.¹ That supplies the keynote to the whole construction—ignorance. Ignorance of history, ignorance of logical principles, ignorance of mathematics, ignorance of the constructive requirements for a scientific game, and ignorance in many other details of the game not previously trenched upon. Evidently what has happened is this: someone has been struck with the laudable idea of applying to Dummy-whist the methods of the Continental variations of ordinary Whist, but failed in his efforts to properly concrete that idea through his incapacity—having apparently neither the talent nor the knowledge necessary to determine what should be taken in, what should be left out, and what should be changed. The only bit of cleverness about the game, whether coming from design or accident, is the cloaking of its gambling nature with an air of science. The multiplication of all the values by two, and the thrusting up of the game of “no trumps” a step further above the natural scale of the numbers, alone indicate that the ruling idea in the game was the framing of it for gambling purposes.

Notwithstanding the cogency of the foregoing facts and statements, some readers may be content to rely upon the judgment of the nation, which is usually credited with common-sense, and which has given its verdict of approval to the game and pronounced it excellent. Do not rely too much. The nation may be wrong. That it is wrong it will doubtless find out in due time, much to its own chagrin. The plain truth is, that of all the civilised nations on the face of the earth, our people are the worst judges in a thing of this kind. They won't take the trouble of learning, and it follows that they have not the experience to make them competent. They can be judged on that point correctly and fairly by their treatment of their own game of Whist. They played it, certainly, but in a fashion of their own, which has been humorously termed *bumble-*

¹ Spades represent the nobility, clubs the peasantry. It is therefore unscholarly to place spades below clubs, when the order of the suits rests upon nothing more than a mere convention.

puppy. Did one in a thousand of them ever look at a book on the subject? Did one in ten thousand ever study its principles? Did one in fifty thousand ever go seriously to work to apply those principles in practice? Were they not satisfied with their bumble-puppy, and content to play it through a dim but mistaken sense of duty, or because Whist was the fashion?¹ Were they not content to let other nations outstrip them at their own game? The finest Whist-player that ever lived was a Frenchman; and if a hundred Americans casually met a hundred Englishmen, it would be found that over ninety per cent. of the former played a good scientific game of Whist, while not two per cent. of the English would be fit to touch any of them with a forty-foot pole. The Americans have their Whist clubs all over the country, and take lessons from professional teachers. They have their public and their social matches, and do all that they can to study and cultivate the game, and that without one coin passing from one pocket into another pocket—all purely for the love of the game. What did the English on their side do? They neither tried to learn nor tried to play, nor took any steps at all to promote a taste for the game. And latterly, when Whist was in low water, before it was snuffed out, they gave it the last kick into the mud with their Progressive-whist parties, forsooth! making a farce of the game, and carrying it back to the stage, several centuries ago, when it was fitly named *Whisk*, and belonged to the tap-room. No doubt it was done unwittingly, but it is the straw that shows the general bearing of the English people towards their common belongings; as well as their ineptitude to judge the suitability of a game, in trying to follow the footsteps of another nation about another game.² If you offer to teach a game to an Englishman, he will thank you and say no. Whist, Cribbage, Nap, or Beggar-my-neighbour, as the case may be, is quite enough for him. Make the same offer to an American or German, and he is eager to learn the details and to try it. Attempt to show a friend, man or boy, a game or puzzle that involves any mental arithmetic, and he will shun it like the plague. How could any nation following that course and adopting these attitudes acquire the necessary

¹ I am, of course, speaking generally. There were notable exceptions. It has been said, and repeated, that there are not more than ten really good Whist-players in the kingdom. Of course that is an exaggeration. But the fact remains that the card-players of the nation are far and away behind in their scientific acquaintance with the game that they called their own, and continually played.

² Progressive-euchre, which form of the national game has flourished in the United States of America for nearly twenty years.

knowledge and experience to become judges, let alone competent judges? ¹

While I am so hard upon them, and rightly too, I confess that I have some sympathy for these indifferent card-players. They lost touch with their game. They grew out of it, or it grew out of them, and got to be too scientific for their temperaments. Rule after rule of play was added to the science, until Whist became so bound up with iron-cast conventions and routine that the proper play of the whole hand could accurately be embodied in dummy-cards,² to deviate from the course set by which was to go wrong. No wonder, then, that a pastime they did not quarter understand was found to be monotonous and wearisome, and that at the first opportunity they were ready to throw off the yoke. They, however, acted like naughty children, and aggravated their previous fault by thoughtlessly rushing into another game *holus-bolus* without testing its character, and thereby have made themselves ridiculous.

To sum up the case of Bridge. As a game of skill it does not rise above the level of Dummy-whist, and therefore is inferior to Whist proper. The skill that might be added to it by the preliminary declaring is nullified by its unscientific foundations. The principal defects in the construction of the game are set out in an Appendix to this article. In this place, the gambling elements are only regarded. The reasons why Bridge must be classed as a gambling game are—

(1) Because of the unnecessary differing values of the suits.

(2) Because the value of the no trumps trick is not only raised above the natural scale, but it is also placed at the head of the values instead of at the foot.

(3) Because the whole of the values in the game are multiplied by two.

(4) Because of the abnormally high scores placed upon the honours, &c.

(5) Because the honours and other scores have no effect in

¹ We have a proverb, "Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are." Aptly and truly it might be extended and paraphrased into "Tell me a nation's pastimes, and I will tell you its calibre." Looking back through the vista of the last half-century upon this aspect of the national history, what do we see? Is it not the giving up, one by one, of games of intellect for games of less intellect, or for games of no intellect at all? Where is it to end, and what is the end to be?

² R. F. Foster's Self-playing Cards.

advancing the game, while they add materially to the stake to be paid for it.

(6) Because the trick values may be doubled at will, and to any extent.

(7) Because it is possible not only to win the game from zero, but to win it several times over, by a mere fraction of a trick.

(8) Because a player's pocket or credit may be pledged to any extent, without his having any power or control to prevent it.

Card-players have a perfect right, if they choose, to cling to the one game and reject the other. But in the future, please, let us hear from the votaries of Bridge less about its merits. As it suddenly sprang into life, so it will suddenly die. It is its fate. No building that is unsound in its foundations can be made sound again by its superstructure. It is the same with a game. Both are like the house upon the sand—ephemeral and of no value. The *principle* of Bridge is good enough; and if the game had been built up by knowledge instead of nescience, and purified of its gambling elements, it would have suited the Englishman of the present day, as a game of skill, better than Whist. The open hand gives more play to the judgment of the moment, and thus thrusts out the conventional science that must be acquired by study; and also affords the advantage of rendering the game more stable, by the difficulty of tinkering it with iron-bound rules of play, which proved the ruin of Whist in this kingdom.

The whole subject has beneath it a deeper meaning and a graver warning than appears on the surface. The national characteristics thus ear-marked by Whist and Bridge are carried into other things of more importance. The indifference about his national game discloses that there is some want of patriotism in the Englishman—or, at least, his patriot feeling is not equal in quality or quantity to that of the American or German. Association of birth, association in evolution, association with talent and renown, links with the past, historical repute, appreciation by contemporaries, pride of possession, and all such things that go to fire the patriotic heart, are carelessly and thoughtlessly cast away—not by the ignorant, but by the cultured. The differing attitudes of sections of the nation upon the Boer War are further illustrations, and point the moral. Compare the same with the attitude of the Americans upon the Cuban War, where it seems (at least to the Man in the Street) their interference was much less demanded than ours. They all kept shoulder to shoulder, just as the Germans did in their war with the

French, while we go any way and every way. And being a more homogeneous nation than either, we should have the most cohesion. It is not the war alone that demonstrates it. From time to time other questions crop up, as if for the express purpose of exhibiting to the world that the very last thing that many an Englishman considers is his own country.

It is clearly indicated by the Whist-Bridge episode that we have far too much general mental laziness and lethargy about us, and consequently our brains are getting dulled. If a workman, immediately after each day's physical work, goes to bed and rises only in time for his next day's labour, his muscle will grow stiff, or not retain its wholesome condition. To preserve it, he requires in his leisure to take "a hair of the dog that bit him"—some gentle exercise to keep himself in healthy training. Just in the same way, the man who during the day works with his head instead of his arms, if in his leisure he does not give his brain its proper stimulus, it will grow rusty too. One will end in being lazy in body, and the other lazy in mind. That, I believe, is the real root of why there is a lack of thoroughness about our wars, in our shipping, and with our trade. Other nations have it, because they practise a constant alertness; and why we are rapidly getting behind is, not from any present want of mental capacity, but because we have so cultivated the indolent habit that we would rather do anything else than trouble our heads.

APPENDIX.

A SCORE OF FAULTS IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF BRIDGE.

1. A disregard of tradition and history in the order of the suits.
2. Having different values for the trump-suit, when there is no contest in the declaring.
3. The hoisting up of the value of the no trumps game beyond the natural scale.
4. The unscientific placing of the no trumps game at the head instead of at the foot of the list.
5. Forcing a side or player to make a declaration.
6. Allowing the penalising of the declaration, notwithstanding that it is forced.
7. The system of permitting values to be voluntarily multiplied.
8. A partner having no control over the extent of his own liability.
9. The accentuation of lopsidedness in the usual play of a dummy game, through confining the declaring to one side.

10. Honours being scored through individual holdings, instead of by the total holdings of the partnership side.

11. The want of application of mathematical principles to the scoring scale of the honours.

12. The abnormally high values placed upon the honour scores.

13. Scores being admitted that do not advance the game.

14. The absence of good grounds for fixing the game-score at thirty points.¹

15. The possibility of winning the game from zero, several times over, by the mere fraction of a trick.

16. Having a fixed game-score at all, when, upon the lines of the game, it is impossible to have a logical one.²

17. The multiplication by two of all the normal values in the game.

18. The crudities in the manner of declaring, and the general ignorance of games exhibited in the technique.

19. The unscientific structure of the game as a whole, from want of compliance with logical and mathematical principles.

20. Improper and defective provisions in the code of laws.

¹ Better reasons could be advanced for other numbers.

² The game should have been the larger total score in four deals, after each player had occupied the position of dealer once.

THE ADVICE OF WILLIAM PETTY ON EDUCATION.

ONE point was clearly impressed on the writers of the Commonwealth period when they attempted to apply the philosophy of Francis Bacon to education—viz. that education must have some closer relation to life. The keener-minded amongst educationists, such, for example, as Charles Hoole, saw that education must be adapted to children's capacities—that it was not merely scholarship, and that the teacher was not merely a scholar.¹ William (afterwards Sir William) Petty showed his age that the training of young children could be accomplished without the aid of the classics—without even Latin grammar.

His pamphlet of 32 quarto pages is entitled "The Advice of W. P. to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, for the Advancement of some Particular Parts of Learning," 1648.

Again, Samuel Hartlib is the inciter to publication of this educational tractate. Petty says: "I have had many flying thoughts concerning the advancement of real learning, but particularly of the education of youth." He cannot but think that Hartlib's plan for an office of address, "to the end that, by such a general communication of designs and mutual assistance, the wits and endeavours of the world may no longer be as so many scattered coals or firebrands which, for want of union, are soon quenched; whereas, being but laid together, they would have yielded a comfortable light and heat." Petty then rises to the following incisive passage:

"For methinks the present condition of men is like a field where a battle has been lately fought, where we may see many legs and arms and eyes lying here and there, which, for want of an union and a soul to quicken and enliven them, are good for nothing but to feed ravens, and infect the air; so we see many wits and

¹ "For I think it one thing to be a good schoolmaster, and another thing to be a good scholar, though the former cannot well do his duty as he ought except he be also the latter."—*New Discovery of Old Art of Teaching School*, p. 229.

ingenuities lying scattered up and down the world ; whereof some are now labouring to do what is already done, and puzzling themselves to re-invent what is already invented ; others we see quite stuck fast in difficulties, for want of a few directions which some other man, might he be met withal, both could and would most easily give them."

So far in support of Hartlib's great scheme of an office of address. But what has this to do with education ?

Such communications, Petty argues, will produce and equip fitting labourers, who will have to find out arts as yet undiscovered, to show how to learn what is already known by simpler and better methods, and to "work in men an higher esteem of learning, so as to give occasion, encouragement, and opportunity to more men to apply themselves to its advancement."

In Education, Petty is perfectly clear as to what he wants. He asks for *ergastula literaria*, or literary workhouses,¹ i.e. schools in which profitable manual labour will be encouraged and required as well as school-work.

Petty's next point is important, as it is the distinct pleading for *universal education*. He urges that *no* children are to be excluded from this education by reason of the poverty and inability of their parents ; "for hereby it hath come to pass that many are now holding the plough, which might have been made fit to steer the State." He goes further and says that if any children are not sufficiently capable to earn their living by their work at the *ergastula*, and their parents can contribute nothing at all to make it up, "let them stay somewhat the longer in the workhouse."

As for reading and writing—especially foreign languages—Petty is quite content for them to be deferred. The first place is to be given to the observation and remembrance of all sensible objects and actions, natural and artificial, which must be "expounded" upon all occasions by their teachers. Physical exercise is insisted upon as essential. When reading and writing are learned, the most compendious methods are to be adopted. "In no case [is] the art of drawing and designing to be omitted, to what course of life soever those children are to be applied ; since the use thereof, for expressing the conceptions of the mind, seems (at least to us) to be little inferior to that of writing ; and in many cases performeth what by words is impossible."

Petty is thus in accord with modern theory (we can hardly say general modern practice) as to drawing. So, too, he is in demanding

¹ The word has not with him an ambiguous signification.

that the elements of arithmetic be required from all. But he also makes geometry obligatory. The ground on which he requires arithmetic and geometry¹ he states, to be not only for great and frequent use in all human affairs, but also as sure guides and helps to reason, and especial remedies for a volatile and unsteady mind. Music is only to be studied by those who have natural ability and fitness. *All* children, even those of the highest rank, should be taught some "genteel manufacture" in their minority.

The following are Petty's reasons, in full :

"1. They shall be less subject to be cozened by artificers. 2. They will become more industrious in general. 3. They will certainly bring to pass most excellent works, being, as gentlemen, most anxious to excel ordinary workmen. 4. They, being able to make experiments themselves, may do it with less charge and more care than others will do it for them. 5. The *respublica artium* will be much advanced when such as are rich and able are also willing to make luciferous experiments. 6. It may engage them to be *Mæcenates* and patrons of arts. 7. It will keep them from worse occasions of spending their time and estates. 8. As it will be a great ornament in prosperity, so it will be a great refuge and stay in adversity and common calamity."

Petty then recommends the establishment of (1) a *gymnasium mechanicum*, or technical college ; (2) a *nosocomium academicum*. As to the former, he considers that it would attract the ablest of mechanics, because it would afford "a market of rare and exquisite pieces of workmanship," for which there would be a ready sale.

In connection with the gymnasium would be the *nosocomium academicum*, which would include : "a complete *theatrum botanicum*, stalls and cages for all strange beasts and birds, with ponds and conservatories for all exotic fishes ; here all animals capable thereof should be fit for some kind of labour and employment, that they may as well be of use living as dead ; here should be a repository of all kinds of rarities, natural and artificial pieces of antiquity, models of all great and noble engines, with designs and platforms of gardens and buildings, the most artificial fountains and water-works, a library of select books, an astronomical observatory for celestial bodies and meteors, large pieces of ground for several experiments of agriculture,² galleries of the rarest paintings and statues, with the fairest globes

¹ Petty draws attention to Mr. John Pell's letter to Mr. Hartlib, on *An Idea of Mathematics*.

² A suggestion sure to please Hartlib, who wrote *The Compleat Husbandman ; or, a Discourse of the Whole Art of Husbandry, both Forraign and Domastica*.

and geographical maps of the best descriptions ; and, so far as is possible, we would have this place to be the epitome or abstract of the whole world, so that a man, conversant within those walls, would certainly prove a greater scholar than the walking libraries, so called, although he could neither write nor read. But if a child, before he learned to write or read, were made acquainted with all things and actions, as he might be in this college, how easily would he understand all good books afterwards and smell out the fopperies of bad ones ! ”

We are so much accustomed to the idea that the three R's are the right subjects for little children that even to-day Petty's plea for the exercise of the observing power of children as more important than and prior to even reading, writing, and arithmetic has not become realised in the schools, though there can be no doubt that his position will be more and more accepted. Petty, therefore, still has a future before him.

It is not necessary to follow Petty in his scheme for a hospital to cure the infirmities of both physician and patient. After this subject has been suggestively dealt with, Petty gives his ideas of the text-books needed for his proposed institutions. He wishes to see compiled a book which he calls *Vellus aureum, sive Facultatum Lucriferaarum Descriptio magna*. In this book should be described every kind of trade. Its “history”—i.e. a thorough-going account not only of its past but also of its present—should be given, including a full description of all manual operations in it, together with an account of instruments and machines used. Wherever possible these should be pictured, and colours added where necessary. Throughout, reasons are to be given for the different operations, and an entire theory of the trade to be given. Petty supplies a long list of advantages to be got from this monster book of trades.¹ The last one—the fourteenth—must be quoted : “Boys, instead of reading hard Hebrew words in the Bible (where they either trample on or play with mysteries), or parrot-like repeating heteroclitous nouns and verbs, might read and hear the history of faculties expounded ; so that before they be bound apprentices to any trade they may foreknow the good and the bad of it, what will and strength they have to it, and not spend seven years in repenting, and in swimming against the stream of their inclinations.”² He further

¹ The whole idea seems to have behind it an unconscious reminiscence of Bacon's Catalogue at the end of *The Advancement of Learning*.

² Cf. Herbart : “The sole question for us is, Can we know beforehand the aims of the future man, a knowledge for which he will one day thank us, instead of having had to find and follow them by himself alone ?”

suggests that if boys learn the theory of a trade before being bound apprentice, three years will suffice instead of seven. The other four may be spent in *travelling*, to learn breeding and the perfection of their trades.

Petty contrasts his suggested education in the study of things, and in this book of faculties, with the twelve years usually spent in a "rabble of words." He points out the natural propensity of children to active employment of their senses. This position he illustrates and emphasises in the following wealth of detail:

"For we see children to delight in drums, pipes, fiddles, guns made of elder sticks, bellows' noses, piped keys, &c., for painting flags and ensigns with elder-berries and corn-poppy; making ships with paper and setting even nutshells a-swimming; handling the tools of workmen as soon as they turn their backs, and trying to work themselves; fishing, fowling, hunting, setting springs and traps for birds and other animals; making pictures in their writing-books; making tops, gigs, and whirligigs, quilting balls, practising divers juggling tricks upon the cards, &c., with a million more besides. And for the females¹ they will be making pies with clay, making their babies' clothes and dressing them therewith; they will spit leaves on sticks, as if they were roasting meat; they will imitate all the talk and actions which they observe in their mother and her gossips. . . ."

Petty's conclusion naturally is that since children delight in "things" they will be most capable of learning about them. They have quickness to apprehend and unpreoccupied memories to retain. Their good-will is *to* them, whereas their will is *against* grammar and the ordinary school subjects, and their judgment unripe for them.

The more we consider Petty's "Advice," the more we are surprised at his keen insight into some of the problems of education. His view is largely utilitarian, it is true, but it is founded throughout upon a consideration of offering to the child that sort of instruction which, by exercising his faculties on adequate material, will give him the delight of being educationally economic and effective, gaining knowledge in the line of least resistance, and with growing powers of concentration finding his interest deepen as he proceeds.

FOSTER WATSON.

¹ How comes he, after bringing them in his illustration, to leave them unmentioned as scholars in the *ergastula*? They, too, need exercising of their senses.

STORM AND CALM AMONG THE FELLS.

I.—A WILD CROSSING.

THE rain had held off for a short afternoon, and we had wandered far afield—through the dale-head and over the pass to Mardale. Here were we, when at early sunset the storm re-asserted itself. As we had not intended to return until after dark, we had brought a lantern to help us keep the path among the puzzling slacks and scree of the pass-head. At ten o'clock, when we reluctantly left our shelter, there was no doubt it had set in for a wild night. We had tarried so late in the hope that the moon, rising early in the evening, would render us some assistance, but as the hours passed a greyer blackness only succeeded; the light could not struggle down, for mist-banks hung a short five hundred feet up the abrupt front of Branstree.

Clear of the buildings a storm was raging, but we had determined to cross the pass at all hazards, so, with heads bent to the gale and lantern flashing along the grass-road, we pushed on. After a few minutes we cleared the last thin plantation, and stood in the open dale-head. Against the full fury of the wind I could barely keep my feet; my companion, by daily vocation inured to all weathers, strode through the tornado with ease. The dancing lane of light showed but little of our surroundings: here a line of sheep taking refuge in a slight fold of the uneven ground, there a drop-dimpled pool gradually swelling to join others, and to cover, ere day-break, this upper valley with a shallow lake. We crossed scores of streamlets swiftly coursing towards the river, but when we reached the beck issuing from the dark yawning void of Gatescarth, so strong and deep was it that we feared further progress would be impossible. In summer this stream can hardly be traced as it trickles round or oozes under the huge rock masses in its course, while spreading bracken and wiry heather almost hide its clear, translucent pools; but now the deep, boulder-strewn depression could not hold

the huge volume crashing down the pass. Yellow waves surged over the rocks, and the point where mayhap the bridge still stood was covered with a race of foamy water. Our light showed no other place from which a crossing could be made, so after much hesitation we decided to trust the water-buried structure. The stream, though not deep, ran so strongly that we had great difficulty in keeping our balance. This formidable obstacle passed, we shortly breasted a small ascent—"one mile from Mardale," said my companion. We could still see the lights of the farm we started from, and a gleam from the steep field behind suggested that our friends were closely following our progress. We accordingly signalled "All right," and the distant light seemingly made reply.

The next mile or so was across wet grass stretches, where every tiny depression was occupied by a pool, and every gully poured with its tribute stream. At the top of a small bank we halted. Though its pressure was not so great with us, the wind was raging away above, the continuous rumble as it tore through unresisting cloud being varied by eerie shrieks and bellowings when the powerful currents encountered rugged crags and storm-jagged gullies. In the short, infrequent lulls of this battle of the elements, the dull thunder of a flood welled up from the narrowing glen above which our path was slowly rising. And all the while the rain fell with pitiless persistence. Our light showed no new feature, though a greater bleakness was everywhere perceptible: spongy patches of sphagnum, dripping beds of heather, and wet, tumbled areas of bent grass, with here and there the damp side of a lichened boulder, or the moist termination of a scree bank. Even as we watched, grey shadows, as of a phantom army, drifted across the shafts of light. Already we were in the mist-breath, and before long the clouds would close behind us. For awhile we met with nothing of interest; the downpour of rain had pierced our macintoshes, and at every footfall a fount of water spurted up from the sodden path. Upward, ever upward our route climbed, by slimy grass and between beds of drop-hung heather, over boulders and patches of scree. Now, succeeding the roar of the wind, a new sound clove the mist from our right; it was the beck from Small Water tossing down a series of precipices. For a score yards the stream rattles over a rock-strata too tough to be worn by its fretting, then slides down long inclines of slate into a darkened ravine, where by eddies and cascades it makes its way for awhile, till with a triumphant surge it emerges into the open to hurl itself in a million crystal drops over an abrupt rock edge. The wind pressure was not so great now we had reached the shelter of the hills, but

the clouds had so closely approached that our lantern barely showed the ground a couple of yards in front, and we had to go carefully to keep the path. When it touched a wetter place than usual—for the hillside was all streaming—we had to take to the rocks. Thus we gained a good way, finally coming hand over hand up a steep piece on to the lip of what we knew to be the basin of Small Water. At this considerable elevation we had to cross the path of the storm and resist its full fury. But now for some time it had been growing perceptibly lighter, and at last, during a strong gust which threw us on to hands and knees, the cloud-banks were torn asunder and bright moonlight streamed through, illumining our surroundings in a most impressive manner. It was but a glimpse, however, for the wind marshalled up fresh clouds to hide the buffeted mountains; yet this proved that the storm was temporarily abating. The torrents of rain almost ceased, though the note of the wind among the crags grew harsher. We were quickly again in the shelter of the ridges, but feared the blast to be encountered when our path reached the exposed pass-head. Wet to the skin, yet undaunted by the discomfort, we plodded on through ever-brightening gloom, finally clearing our (as we hoped) last patch of mist as we reached the tarn-side.

The gale seemed to be exerting its full force on the moonlit water: where we expected tiny ripples, mighty waves tossed; a succession of heavy squalls furrowed the tarn, throwing white cloudlets of spray yards up the grass and scree. To yachtsmen of the lakes these squalls in a milder form are a potent danger, but up here in the chill radiance their power was awful. Our struggle against wind and slope had left us so exhausted that we were glad to sit awhile under the lee of a big moraine. It was while we thus tarried watching the power of the gale on the distant clouds and nearer waters that a subtle change became apparent, and the wind, shrieking malediction on the unresponsive mountains, again hurled forward battalions of dark clouds. We saw them, at greyhound pace, rushing up into the northern sky; then in a moment grey masses were rolling deep over Kidsty Pike; a flash of pause, then Rough Crag, High Street, and Bleathwaite met them, and in the current roaring and yelling around us we felt the warning mist-breath. We watched the clouds wheel their grim array round the rugged rock basin in which we stood, then as they toppled over like a mammoth breaker the glen grew darker, our lantern again began to show its feeble power; the rain in heavy splashes struck down from unseen heights. During the long rainstorm of the past week the myriad streams from the uplands had been bringing down a huge mass of *débris*, and over

and through drifts of this our path had now to be traced. The wind was skirling among the weathered rocks above, and as we ascended the final stage of the pass its fury increased. Long before we reached the pass-head our progress had to be made in wild rushes during the calmer moments of the storm, for we could not withstand its wilder buffetings. We had got to within a short distance of the summit when my companion, in an untoward movement, slipped and let our lantern fall. It rolled down out of sight and could not be recovered for a minute or two. Of course its feeble light was extinguished, and there was no possibility of relighting it on that bleak hill-side. We accordingly had to grope through murky darkness for some three hundred yards, then debouched from a slippery soaking spit of bent on to a nearly level platform some hundred yards across. A complete freedom from shadow above showed that this was the Axle. The hurricane was awful ; it seemed as if the eternal hills must be strained to their lowest strata by its tumultuous shocks. The pauses in the strong current were brief and at rare intervals, but we managed in a while to get to the shelter of the caern. It is weird indeed listening to the wind sweeping among distant scaurs and aiguilles, but the effect is indescribable when the current is whirling above and around as you lie on the sodden ground, and it whistles and shrieks round the slightest out-crop of rock, making even the solid caern creak. As soon as the squall moderated we got to a less exposed situation under the crest of the hill. Here we relit our lantern, and through thick driving cloud began to descend the pass toward Kentmere. From every crease in the hill-side water was oozing, streams were collecting everywhere ; as we got lower down the slope the volume of these increased, and from a score of rock ravines came the thunder of falling waters. In a while we cleared the mist, and, keeping as much as possible under the shelter of Lingmell, got into the valley bed at the side of the tarn. From this we passed down the dale, with the wind howling among the heights above.

II.—AN ALL-NIGHT WALK.

Across the water came clear voices—rowers on Windermere singing at sunset. A slight swell passed over the surface, breaking the shadows of the boat and its occupants. I had left Windermere at 9 P.M. for an all-night walk to Scawfell Pike. Solitary work it promised to be, for few people care to be afoot for several hours in the hope of seeing a grand sunrise. The mountains seemed

"hushed in solemn conclave" as I turned round the head of the lake and made under Loughrigg for Langdale. Soon the dun twilight which passes for summer darkness settled around me, and, after the hot day, everything seemed to revive as the light failed. Birds and animals for a short hour redoubled their exertions to obtain food, while from the river the fish fairly leapt to reach the hovering clouds of flies. The silence of night gradually succeeded this activity, and a dense mist drew over the bosky river marge. A stray lamb bleated from the hill-side, and twittering bats wheeled around the leafy sycamores. From the depths of a dozen ghylls came the tinkle of mountain streams. The farmhouses shone whitely from the dale-side; the bold contour of Langdale Pikes dominated the valley-head. At 1 A.M. I was passing Middlefell, and then began the trouble. Two miles of slipping over cobbles and shales which the roaring torrents (now represented by so many dry gullies) had torn from the surrounding braes during winter brought me to the foot of Rossett Ghyll, and at the sheepfold here I stopped for a meal. Half articulate whisperings came up the dale, and straining ears and eyes frequently deceived me into expectancy. But no one came. The moon, some two hours risen, peeped over the rugged crags; so far I had been walking in the shadow. Over the summit of Stake Pass the night-glow shone fitfully, our nearest approach to the midnight sun. Rossett Ghyll is the pass which James Payn said could only be ascended on hands and knees. Whatever it might have been at that time, it is nowadays fairly easy by daylight, though the angle of ascent is severe. At night, however, care has to be taken in stepping among the rough boulders which constitute the path. In this ascent the climber can easily dispense with the puzzling moonbeams. It is sad that this night-light should be of so little service, yet the gross inability of the eye to appreciate heights and distances by moonlight is productive of many charming effects, chief among which is an utter contempt of man and his works as contrasted with Nature in her most gigantic mood. A tiny gully illumined swells to portentous size; the shallowest shadow seems deep to infinity. Near the top of the ascent is the Old Wife's Grave. Its story is recounted by an old native as follows: In the early days of last century, an aged lady, with relatives in both Langdale and Wastdale, was accustomed to pass her time between the two places. One mild October day she left Langdale for Wastdale by the Rossett Ghyll route. After winter her remains were found near the summit of the pass. She had evidently been taken ill and died ere she could get back to the

region of dwellings. All during the winter no one had crossed the pass, and the foxes and ravens had picked the flesh from her bones. The dalesmen did not take the trouble to collect the scattered remains, but piled large stones over the spot, for in those days a death in such positions was not uncommon.

At about 2 A.M. I was beside chill-looking Angle Tarn. The grey light was just spreading over the fell-sides. A curlew, startled by the clink of iron among the stones, rose from the tarn-edge, its wild whistle echoing over the valley basin. A few catspaws of mist whirled about the crags of Bowfell, and a miniature cloud hung along the distant Helvellyn. Passing Eskhause one autumn midnight, I was surprised to find several patches of light among the long stretches of grass. Close examination proved that there were small bog-holes, the black soil in which nourishes no vegetation. The weird light, most like the glow of damp rotten wood, is evidently a kind of putrefaction. I now crossed the head waters of the Esk, and reached Ill Crag. Here the path passes through a huge bed of lichenized stones, and reaches the ridge of the Scawfell range. In the half-light all was desolate and barren-looking; heaps of boulders and long lines of scree covered that portion of the nearer mountains which was not sheer cliff. Derwentwater and Wastwater, with half a score of mountain tarns, were viewed down long narrow valleys, while to the westward a pale green sea lay beyond the diminishing mountains. The mechanical "cheep-cheep" of the stone-chat—a dirty-grey little bird, with one patch of white behind its wings—was the only sound added to the sweeping of the wind. On Broad Crag is the worst of the long pavement of tumbled rocks, but as the first bright tints rose in the east I faced the abrupt climb up the Pike of Scawfell, the highest ground in England. In a short ten minutes the top was reached.

People who never see a summer sunrise are commiserated by all healthy ramblers; what should be said of those who never, when opportunity presents, see a sunrise from the fells, I know not. I occupied the minutes waiting for the first sunshine by picking out the "climbers" crags on Great Gable and about the various ghylls of Scawfell. This mountain, some two hundred feet lower than the Pike, is divided from it by a deep chasm—the Mickledore. As the sun rose—the east was now without a cloud—the scene around became more and more distinct. Indefinite patches of blue and purple resolved into river estuaries and low ranges of moors, but one of the finest things to watch was the shadow on Wastwater. Three thousand feet below us, this lake brooded long in the darkness;

then the sun peeped over a guardian height and gleamed on its surface. In a moment all was transfigured. Derwentwater was a flash of light in the distance, its densely wooded islands only adding to the beautiful effect. To mention the glorious mountains by name would take long, but away over the sea to the south-west were the peaks of Snowdonia; to the north, across a wide channel, the Scottish hills; and in the west, the Isle of Man, and a few summits of the Mourne Mountains. This peaceful scene was in strong contrast with once when snow lay deep all round, and the rising light tinged the white of the distant fells with rose. Our dalesmen found nothing of beauty in the scene, and passed the time grumbling at the depth of snow which buried the caern completely, masked the difficulties of the long "pavement" of rocks, and gave slippery, laborious approach to the summit.

The full warmth of day was long in coming, and the shelter of the caern was insufficient against the chilly blast, so I turned for Langdale again before five o'clock. At Eskhause the route for Bowfell appealed for auld time's sake, and I went along it. After passing the top of Hanging Knott, I dipped down into Ewer Gap, a wilderness of *débris*, and in a short time was on the top of the Bowfell. After a few minutes' rest and survey—and there is a lovely wild outlook over crag and scree, pike and fell—I turned down the rocks into Hell Ghyll, for I was tired of solitary ways, and there a shepherd with two dogs was looking over his flock. He came from Stool End, right at the foot of the Band, and was completing his morning patrol. Every few minutes the dogs rounded up a large body of sheep, which would be carefully scrutinised and counted. I asked if the figures thus obtained were accurate. "No, never within thirty or so in the fifteen hundred." I had from the shepherd many curious details of fell- and shepherd's-craft, which he was wont to use daily in his work. He also told me that sheep on these wide pastures were branded on hoof and horn with the initial of the flock-owner, so that anyone finding the animals astray could know where they belonged and return them. In some of the older-established churches among the dales books used to be kept and these marks registered, but such is no longer the case. The painted dots and letters favoured by the Southron farmers are of little use where sheep frequently lie for weeks with fleeces wet and bedraggled from passing through dripping bracken and heather beds.

Now we descended gradually to the sycamore-surrounded Stool End, an old-fashioned farmhouse among the boulders, and here my rough sketches of the fells may reasonably conclude.

A LAST GRASP AT A CROWN.

ON the evening of Wednesday, the New Year's Day of 1766, the weary pilgrimage of "poor old James Misfortunate," once the gallant young Chevalier de St. George, since his thirteenth year James III. of the Jacobites, came to an end ; nearly sixty-eight years of exile, disappointment, and sorrow ; of the bitterness of dependence, and perpetual waiting on the fluctuating sympathies and variable interests of foreign sovereigns. From his birth his life had hung by the slenderest of threads. All through his youth he had passed from one serious illness to another, with intervals between of consequent depression ; yet he had survived as if he had been the treasured darling of Fortune, though only to gentle sufferance of long years of invalidism. For the last two years he had never left his room. His memory had wholly failed, and his younger son, Prince Henry, the Cardinal-Duke of York, administered his affairs, with the assistance of his devoted secretaries.

The faithful affection of this younger and best-loved son had been the comfort of his dreary life ; the bitter enmity and angry self-banishment of the elder, its crowning sorrow. After his return from his Scottish campaign in 1746, Charles Edward had given himself up to the influence of intriguing, wrong-headed counsellors ; and to an influence more fatal still. For seventeen years he had lived *incognito*, heard of only now and then, by wild and distressing rumour ; still plotting and hoping to regain his lost crown, but acting always in obstinate hostility to his father and his father's truest friends.

The Pope, Clement XIII., showed every sort of kindness to his royal guest so long as the breath flickered in his body ; but he watched how the winds blew for advantage to the Holy See by continuance of its holy patronage to the House of Stuart. He encouraged Charles's forlorn hope under a screen of strictest secrecy, but dared not move a finger towards open recognition without the sanction of France. No Continental court made any outward and visible sign of gracious inward intention with regard to the heir of the Stuarts. The political aspect was wintry, cold, and cheerless, like

the waning year. Was it yet possible that anything might be done for the claim he would inherit upon the British throne?

It was Henry, always so jealously distrusted as a counter-influence, who now strained every nerve to fight against these hostile influences, and, according to Lumisden, his father's secretary, reopened relations with his long-estranged brother, and tried to persuade him to return to Rome before the King's death. To be on the spot might make all the difference as to his future position. Lumisden, in this, warmly praises the Duke's affection and disinterestedness, for it was quite against his own interest to have Charles in Rome, especially while the King lived. He worked on his behalf with such zeal that he induced the Pope, not only to invite the Prince, but to promise him the same treatment and honours which he had always given to King James. To facilitate the Pope's consent and remove the objection of expense to the Camera, the Duke himself proposed to resign to his brother the 10,000 crowns a year which the Pope had settled upon him in the event of the King's death. Under James's settlement of the previous year, all his savings, too, would have gone to the Duke. By the Prince's return, Henry would deprive himself of that money also, handing it over to his brother, as well as what had been saved since the making of the settlement.

On November 26, 1765, James was attacked by his old enemy, quartan ague. The Queen's apartments, occupied hitherto by the Duke of York, were hurriedly prepared for the Prince of Wales. Charles delayed, waiting to hear how the Pope would receive him. The Pope promised everything. "He is certainly coming," Lumisden wrote to Lord Alford (Sir John Graeme) on Christmas Eve, and happily assured him that the Prince's "prejudices" against the Duke were removed.

On New Year's Day, then, the King died. The Duke of York was too much overcome with grief to write to Charles, and commissioned Lumisden to do so. He does not seem to have had much confidence in Papal promises already made, though he did not doubt that with prudence he would be able to procure everything his brother could require from the Roman Court. But "as it was a dilatory Court, and wedded to ceremonial," he asked Charles to stop at Urbino till all difficulties should be removed. Cardinal John Francis Albani, Protector of Scotland, sent directions to have the Albani Palace at Urbino made ready for him. It was considered better that until the Pope should have openly recognised him as King of England he should stay in a private palace, and not in the Papal castle of Urbino, in which his father had lived before marriage. He

must write a letter from thence to the Pope, thanking him for his kindness, and reminding His Holiness that he had come on his "holy and warm invitation."

The Duke, sensible that any countenance or recommendation to the Pope from France and Spain would remove every difficulty, wrote to both Courts to engage their support. Then he was advised by "persons of great distinction, not Italians," that Charles should come directly to Rome : his presence would force the Papal hand, though Lumisden warned him he would have much need for patience before all was settled. Lumisden was convinced that had Charles taken his brother's advice, and gone to Rome long ago, all difficulty would have been prevented.

In spite of his invitation and his promises, the Pope changed his mind, and could not see his way to giving Charles the titles he insisted upon. He called a council of Cardinals to discuss the matter. Cardinal Negroni, once in the Duke's service, was excluded as thereby disqualified ; but Alessandro Albani, accredited Minister of the Emperor and private minister and spy of the House of Hanover, was admitted, and the influence of the House of Austria preponderated. The Pope refused to receive the Cardinal-Duke's memorial, even though the French Ambassador was for the recognition ; which is suggestive, as compared with the movings of French diplomacy ever since the Revolution.

Sir Horace Mann, British Envoy at Florence, credited himself with the thwarting of the French Ambassador's sympathies. He referred to the conflict in a letter to Horace Walpole, September 18, 1784:—

"You may remember the struggle which I then had with the Marquis d'Aubeterre, the French Ambassador at Rome, which he never forgave me, and some years afterwards expressed himself to the Marquis de Barbautane, who questioned him about it, in these words : 'Hé! M. le Marquis, je croyais faire le plus beau coup possible, mais je ne fis qu'un pas de clerc. Ce diable, M. Mann, m'avait prévenu et gâta mon projet,' which was to take the Pope by surprise. But in my letters to old Cardinal Albani, which were read in the Consistory held on the subject, I asserted that the French Ambassador could not have received orders from his Court, whose engagements with that of England had made it inconsistent with its honour to insist upon it : that the Ambassador had laid a snare for the Pope, which he might avoid by only waiting for an answer from Paris, which I was very sure would bring a disavowal of the Ambassador's conduct. That encouraged the Pope to tell him that

if his master would be the first, he would be the second to acknowledge him under the titles he contended for. The answer from France was such as I foretold ; and General Conway, who was then Secretary of State, conveyed to me the King's approbation of what I had done."

France and England being officially at peace, the French Government of course denied all complicity. But there was rankling in the soul of France the recent memory of the Seven Years' War with England, which had resulted in the complete overthrow of French power in America and India. Canada had come under the British flag, and the Peace of Paris in 1763 bereft France of Louisiana, of several West India Islands, and of her African possessions. France was not likely to wait for retaliation longer than necessity compelled. Meantime, she largely availed herself of any opportunity which lay at hand of embarrassing the British Government, such as threatening invasion in the name of "the Pretender," who still had many well-wishers in the kingdoms. Futile as any such invasion must be, his name was strong enough to disturb and divide. But sympathy must be shown with great caution and secrecy. The Ambassador professed himself favourably towards the recognition, and hoped the Pope would grant so reasonable a demand.

"It is impossible to express the Duke's zeal and activity at this critical conjuncture," Lumisden writes to Lord Alford. In spite of his grief, and "the indecency of going abroad before his father's obsequies were performed," he sought and obtained an audience of the Pope on Friday night, the 3rd. The Pope repeated what he had said to the Cardinal Protector. He intended no injustice, but in present circumstances he could not take any definite step, though he allowed the Duke's memorial to be shown to the Sacred College. The indefatigable Duke went immediately, that same night, to Cardinal Rezzonico, the Camerlengo, and to Cardinal Torrigiani. He repeated what he had said to the Pope, but received the same answer. He then sought the Ambassadors of Spain and Naples. Next, he wrote to the Kings themselves, and the Ambassadors forwarded his letters. To the King of France he also transmitted a letter left by King James to be forwarded after his death, praying His Most Christian Majesty to continue to Charles at least the proofs of generosity he had himself so long enjoyed—his liberal though sometimes unpunctual pension.

Lumisden was sent to meet his new Majesty, King Charles III., to tell him of the Pope's change of front. They met on January 20 between Florence and Bologna. Charles was now exactly forty-five

years old, his birthday having fallen on New Year's Eve. Lumisden was agreeably surprised by his handsome, healthy appearance. Distressing rumours of sad disfigurement had reached the sorrowful Court at Rome—of pimples and other evidences of a debauched life. But Lumisden found him no stouter than was "jolly." The face that had fired the topmost peaks of Albyn was rosy, yet unpimpled. There is a remarkably fine portrait of Charles in the National Portrait Gallery at Edinburgh, drawn from life at Florence ten years later, by Ozias Humphrey, for a miniature; even then a man with his natural force unabated. A face with harsh lines and angry eyes, with the downward drooping lips and pendulous cheeks of long mortification and dissipation, of proud defiance and fierce revolt against fate, but a fine face, full of fire that might yet have burned for fame. He was now in high good-humour, in spite of the check; very affectionate, and pleased to hear that his mother's rooms had been prepared for him. He expected to arrive in Rome on Thursday, the 23rd, between ten and eleven at night. The roads were covered with snow and ice, and they risked breaking their necks every moment. Charles himself had been upset over a precipice two days before the meeting, but had taken no harm, though his legs were painfully swollen from the confinement and fatigue of the journey. As he could not be received at Rome *en roi*, he remained at Albano.

He behaved like a true Christian hero, says his enthusiastic friend, Oliphant of Gask. He told the Pope that he cared more about the loss of Culloden than any reverse that he might meet in Rome; but he added characteristically that, whatever titles he should take, neither Pope nor conclave could either confirm or annul them.

It really seems that Charles, now he had returned to daylight and home and found himself head of a royal house, was doing his best to turn over a new leaf. To gain the support of the Pope and of the old allies of his father, he must of course be on good behaviour, and his old affection for his brother no doubt influenced him strongly, seeing how much that brother was doing for him. Henry had renounced the world—in a measure—for himself, but he went on doing his utmost for the lofty claim of his forgiven brother and sovereign. He to whom had once been granted that mortifying precedence as a Prince of the Church over his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, now rode publicly through the streets of Rome with that brother seated on his right hand, a place due from a Cardinal in Rome to nothing less than a crowned head; "to the annoyance of Roman society," says Mann.

The Papal Court, casting about for an excuse for its inconstancy, found one by raking up that fruitless apostacy of 1750, when Charles renounced the Catholic faith in the New Church in the Strand.¹ There now was set about a report of the Prince's heretical tendencies. Charles angrily denied the charge. "Thus," laments Lumisden on the other side, "in order to conciliate this Court and the Roman Catholics in Great Britain, he was driven to professions ill adapted to forward his pretensions at home." So Charles petulantly complained that while in Rome he was scorned for a firm Protestant in England he was abhorred for a rank Papist. His conversion to Protestantism had been purely for reasons of temporal interest; his reconversion to Catholicism was no doubt little more sincere. He was pretty much without any religious belief at all, though his brother's affectionate remonstrances, working upon the remains of his early training, may have had some genuine effect.

There is a letter from an English gentleman on his travels to a friend in London, dated March 21, 1766, which describes Charles just as he was after his accession: "He has ever since [Miss Walkinshaw left him] appeared calm and composed, talked very rationally, and read much and been fond of music. As to his religion, there is not a greater bigot upon earth. He has his bottle for holy water at his bed's head; he never mounts a horse or goes out on a shooting party but he crosses himself many times, and is strongly attached to the grossest fooleries of the Romish religion. The Romans had conceived him to be a debauchee, but his behaviour at Rome has been perfectly sober and affable."

In June 1766, the Cardinal made over to his brother the rentes payable at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, which had been left to Henry by his father—16,575 livres which James had inherited from Prince James Sobieski. Charles himself was entitled to 4,000 livres of rentes, besides 4,000 included in the above. All outstanding French loans were consolidated at Paris on March 31, 1767, after which he was entitled to the capital sum of 80,000 livres, and to 150,000 livres capital sum from moneys of his father, invested by Cardinal Tencin in 1725-6.²

The Papal Court offered to continue to Charles the title of Prince of Wales, which was absurd. The Romans were not allowed to give him the regal title. As he would receive nobody who refused it to him, his society was thus limited to his brother and his household. The English and Scots Colleges, and the Irish Dominicans and

¹ St. Mary-le-Strand, consecrated 1723. St. Clement Danes was built in 1682.

² *Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports*, x., vi. (Braye MSS.), p. 222.

Franciscans in Rome, sang *Te Deums* for his accession and prayed for him by name ; wherefor the Pope banished their heads from Rome, though they were Charles's subjects and not his. Abbé Grant, who received him at the Scots College, was banished from the Pope's palace, and the pension he had from the Datary was cut off.

The patience Charles showed at first surprised everyone, and greatly increased the number of his friends.

For five of the first nine months after his arrival in the Papal States he lived in the country, almost in solitude, with no amusements beyond shooting and playing his beloved violoncello. In April he went to Palidoro for a month's shooting, where his brother visited him. "It is surprising how he resists fatigue," says Lumisden ; but at Palidoro he did for once over-exert himself. He not only had to do without recognition of his title ; he had not been granted the continuance of his father's pensions. He was so poor that he had to give up taking in English newspapers, and could offer no hospitality to Lord Caryll beyond board and lodging.¹

What wonder that the moral improvement did not stand the strain of mortification, disappointment, and want of occupation ! He went to Albano in August, intending to stay until November, "his only relief a little music and shooting ; but game was scarce," says Lumsden. "Few people go to see him," writes Sir Horace Mann, November 6 ;² then, on the 29th, we hear, more in sorrow than surprise, "he has committed great outrages against some of his people in a drunken fit, pursuing them with a drawn sword."³

This sad story is corroborated by friendly witnesses, but it may have been a temporary aberration, or at least kept secret from gossips, for on May 1 following (1767), Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador at Naples and husband of Nelson's Lady Hamilton, writes to Lord Shelburne, that though Charles was "hardly thought of even at Rome, the life he was then leading was very regular and sober."

On May 12, the Cardinal writes that "after much battling about trifles," he had carried his brother incognito to see the Pope, who was "extremely well pleased" with the courtesy, while Charles seemed "well enough content" with his visit. The Cardinal hoped all might yet be well, "if my brother does not obstruct all by his indocility and most singular way of thinking and arguing, which indeed passes anybody's comprehension."⁴ The Pope presented to Charles a rosary of gold and precious stones.

¹ *Life of Sir Robert Strange.*

² Lansdowne MSS., *Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports.*

³ Lansdowne MSS. ⁴ *Hist. MSS. C. R.*, p. 421, MSS. of J. Webster, Esq.

But a terrible time followed, to the deep distress of the Duke of York. Charles's temper had wholly broken down, and he flung all restraints to the wind. On June 10 the Duke writes: "My brother was here [at Frascati] last Sunday, and is to come again on Saturday to see the Ordination. I am persuaded we should gain ground as to everything, were it not for the nasty bottle, that goes on but too much, and certainly must at last kill him. Stafford is in desolation about it, but has no sway."¹

On July 7 he "deplores the continuance of the bottle; that, I own to you, makes me despair of everything, and I am of opinion that it is impossible for my brother to live if he continues in this strain." Yet Charles was all that was kind and affectionate—only behaved with "singular inflexibility and disregard for his own good," and the poor Duke was in despair.

In 1768 Pope Clement XIII. died. Charles waited in Rome till the long conclave came to an end, and he should see what the new Pope would do for him. Unhappily, he was drinking hard, though he attended public amusements, and had taken boxes at the Opera for the last Carnival. On December 8 a great scandal happened. He insisted upon going drunk to an oratorio. His gentlemen-in-waiting, Andrew Lumisden, Sir John Hay, and Mr. Urquhart, refused to attend him in such a condition. He flew into a fury of passion and dismissed them from his service.

The day before he left Rome, Lumisden went to take leave of the Cardinal, "caged up like a bird in the conclave." His Royal Highness had been pleased publicly to approve of the conduct of the equerries and secretary, and to thank them for their behaviour in the most gracious manner. A day or two later Charles commanded his servants' return, but the Cardinal advised them not to do so, and replaced them by four Italians, one of whom had been at the Court of Modena, as better fitted for such an undesirable post than Scottish gentlemen. He wished John Stuart, an Athol man, had been dismissed too, but master and servant were unwilling to part, and Stuart stayed with his King until the last. He and Wagstaffe, the Protestant chaplain, were the only Britons Charles had left with him.

This incident shocked Charles into good behaviour for a while. Lumisden says—only a few weeks later, it is true—that he had never been seen in the least drunk since.

In 1769 Clement XIV. was elected to the Papal chair, and he followed the policy of his predecessor and namesake with regard to the Stuarts. Sullen protest and furious resistance had availed nothing

¹ *Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports*, ii. (Eliot Hodgkin MSS.).

Charles, wearied of mortification, left Rome for Pisa, Siena, and other Italian towns. He assumed the incognito title of Count of Albany.

Though the last chance of recovering even the shadowy sovereignty of his father thus passed away, he by no means gave up hope of being restored to the substantial monarchy of his ancestors. He kept up royal state in his temporary abodes. He eagerly seized upon the next insincere pretence of France at restoring him in 1771, and took a wife to please his allies and to substantiate his position.¹ He insisted once more on being received in Rome with royal honours when he returned with his bride, temporarily reformed, once more in vain. Then he withdrew to angry seclusion in Florence, whose little Court followed the lead of the big ones and denied him the title of king. A weathercock bearing his royal cipher, "C.R.," still stands over the Guardagni Palace, where he lived—then called San Clemente.

Old and broken as he was, hopeless as his cause had become in England, opportunity beckoned again in 1775: this time it was his people over the Atlantic who called, supported by the usual French encouragement. Letters among Lord Dartmouth's MSS. even hint that Charles came to England that year, purposing to sail from Milford Haven for the revolting American colonies.² It was the year of Lexington, the first battle of the Rebellion. In 1829 Sir Walter Scott found among the Stuart Papers at Windsor a memorial addressed to Charles by his adherents in America, dated 1778, proposing to set up the Standard in the back settlements.³ The Stuart Papers had then recently come to England by devious ways, and Scott, with Lockhart and "Dodo" Gooch, were commissioned to arrange and report upon them. When, in 1850, Lord Mahon had access to those papers for his history, the document had disappeared. The story of its existence, however, is confirmed by the Abbé Fabroni, Rector of the University of Pisa, who assured the Reverend Louis Dutens, librarian to George IV. when Regent, and historiographer to him when on the throne, that he had seen, at the date of the American Rebellion, letters from Americans at Boston to the "Pretender," assuring him of their loyalty and inviting him to put himself at their head.

These stories are confirmed again by the mysterious Dartmouth correspondence. The Lord Dartmouth of 1775 was Secretary of State for the Colonies and President of the Board of Trade and

¹ Lord Braye's MSS., *Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports*, x., vi.

² Dartmouth Papers, vol. ii., *H. M. C. Reports*.

³ *A Visit to Abbotsford*, by Washington Irving.

Foreign Plantations in Lord North's Administration, therefore the Minister responsible for the rebellious Americans. In November 1775 he became Lord Privy Seal. He was grandson of the Lord Dartmouth who annotated Burnet's "*History of His Own Times*," and great-grandson of James II.'s High Admiral.

Letters for Charles Edward and his adherents were left with a Mrs. Leslie, a coffee-house keeper in Leicester Fields and regular Jacobite agent—the only person, it was reported, who knew the movements of "His Highness."¹ Mrs. Leslie acted according to the manner of Jacobite agents. She gave up the letters to the Government, who had been informed that Charles was in England. The Duc de Noailles in France and the Duchess of Queensberry—Prior's Kitty, now a very venerable conspirator indeed—in England were the heads of the plot. De Noailles promised money "at a moment's warning." Troops were expected to land in Milford Haven: or to embark. Wales was professedly a Jacobite country, and may have promised—once more!—to rise.

Of course, nothing came of it, the Government having such timely warning. Nothing ever came of anything after 1746. Charles probably went no further than France, if so far. There is certainly no proof in published Florentine correspondence, Mann's or other, that he ever left his home at that time; but neither is there proof that he was continuously in evidence. The seclusion of his life and his frequent illnesses would easily cover a secret absence. It seems to be after this date that he took to drinking again, harder than ever, as if a last disappointment had upset all resolution and reformation. In March 1776 Washington entered Boston in triumph. On July 4 the Declaration of Independence severed England for ever from her greatest colonies.

But Charles never abandoned the faith which had been the lodestar of his ruined life—a will-o'-the-wisp it was! A pathetic, a tragic tenacity, in strong contrast with the placid resignation of his father and brother. All through the remaining years of his wretched life he kept in a box under his bed a store of sequins sufficient to pay travelling expenses to England when the longed-for call should come—determined to die standing, standard in hand, as René Taillandiet touchingly says, to redeem the errors of his miserable life. He created his natural daughter a duchess, and bestowed a few lesser titles, and sometimes Orders, upon his faithful servants. To the last, in spite of all—that sad all—he kept his kingly air.

¹ See the correspondence in Lord Braye's MSS.

His life, like his father's, ended at Rome ; not wholly in gloom, no longer darkened by the clouds of bitterness and despair that had made stormy night of more than forty years. Sheltered by his brother's faithful care, blessed by his daughter's grateful love, the last Stuart Prince who ever trod on British soil passed away. Loyal hearts stood by his death-bed, with Caryll, and John Stuart of Athol. He died in the arms of the Master of Nairne. After the many aberrations of the past, he died fully reconciled to the Church of his baptism, attended by the Franciscan brothers, Father James and Father Michael M'Cormick. He received the last Sacraments "with every testimony of faith," and, in fulfilment of his last wishes, the friars remained by his body until his burial, saying the Office for the Dead.

He died at half-past nine on the evening of January 30. The date was so ominous that it was given out that he had lingered until the following morning. Not that his adherents could have saved any spar of hope from the wreck of the cause, but they kept their love and faith. The ship had gone down, but they would fain see light on the cold, cruel waters. And in spite of omens, and more stubborn facts, it is the light which has lived—the light of fame and valour and deathless love. Their King, for all their devotion and suffering, had died in exile, but he had reigned and he reigned on in faithful hearts. Once and for ever he had drawn to himself all the love and loyalty which centuries had gathered round the Stuart name, and his memory lives, green and undying as the pines of his own dear glens, shrined in the immortality of his people's song: faults and failings all forgiven for the sake of that brave, bright youth, that high courage, patience, generosity, clemency in success, gracious kindliness, joyous endurance of hardship and danger—all that goes to the making of a perfect knight, a stainless hero—Bonnie Prince Charlie !

As Charles III. had never been recognised by the Papal Court, he could not be buried with his father and mother at St. Peter's with royal honours. But in his own Cathedral of Frascati the Cardinal-Bishop, now *de jure* King Henry IX., was free to carry out his brother's wishes—in so far as anything short of Westminster or Dunfermline could have fulfilled them ! The ante-chamber of the Muti Palace was transformed into a *chapelle ardente* with six altars, where more than two hundred masses were said for the late King's soul. After thirty hours of prayer, his body was carried to the Cathedral of Frascati, cofined and crowned in royal robes, the George and St. Andrew upon his breast. The coffin was opened

upon its arrival for the purpose of formal identification, and then placed in another coffin of cypress wood ; then both were enclosed in a third coffin of lead, which bore his name, "Charles III.," with the royal arms and all his titles and mottoes. His heart was placed in an urn bearing the following inscription :

Di Carlo III il freddo cuore
Questa brev' urna serra,
Figlio del terzo Giacomo
Signor dell' Inghilterra.
Fuori del regno patrio
A lui chi tomba diede ?
Infedeltà del popolo
Integrità di fede.

On the morning of February 3, the solemn obsequies took place. The cathedral was hung in gloomy magnificence with black cloth seamed with gold lace and drawn up in festoons between the pillars, intermixed with gold and silver tissue. All over the great church countless wax tapers burned continuously during all the long, stately ceremony. A catafalque was erected on a platform three steps from the floor in the nave of the cathedral, on which the coffin was laid, covered with a superb pall bearing emblazoned the royal arms of Great Britain. On either side stood three gentlemen of the late Prince's household, in mourning cloaks, each holding a royal banner, while "round about in the form of a square" (a bit of description which suggests Irish reporting) burned a multitude of huge wax tapers. The militia of Frascati formed the guard of honour.

To each person who attended the funeral a wax taper was given, weighing three ounces ; those distributed amongst the clergy were of different weights according to their respective ranks. A vast concourse of people was present, which consisted largely of English residents in Rome, nearly every one of whom, in spite of their Protestantism, obtained a taper. The magistrates of Frascati also attended, with nearly the whole neighbouring population, "these attracted not so much by curiosity and devotion, as to testify their great respect for their royal Bishop, who lived constantly among them, and daily bestowed upon them temporal as well as spiritual blessings with a liberal hand."¹

Overhead, out of the funereal dark of the hangings over altar and portal, the golden record of his glory flashed and faded in the fitful flare of the tapers ; quivered and fainted through the tears of uplifted eyes ; set sad hearts thrilling with memories of the days that were. "Thy name went abroad to the islands far off, and thou

¹ See contemporary much detailed accounts in the *Annual Register* and *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1807.

wast beloved in thy peace. . . . When the Almighty was with me and myservants roundabout me. . . . For we are the children of the saints, and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from Him. . . . Thus did this man die, leaving not only to young men but also to the whole nation the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude."

At ten o'clock the royal Cardinal was carried into his cathedral in a sedan chair hung with black cloth, his household following in deep mourning. From his episcopal throne at the right of the High Altar he chanted the Office for the Dead with faltering voice, nearly choked by visibly streaming tears. The brothers had loved one another dearly in the old days, those days of hope and derring-do, which the old brotherly love and pride had called out of the dark, sorrowful years to glow in the golden Bible verses from the cathedral walls. The stress of memory nearly overwhelmed "poor Harry," the suffering of whose tender heart had been so anxiously remembered by Charles when he was hunted upon his Highland mountains with a price upon his head. The Cardinal nearly fainted, but recovered himself quickly and went through the function with his wonted dignity and reverence—a scene of profound pathos, such as has rarely been witnessed even in such a topsy-turvy world as ours.

In Frascati Cathedral, the nineteen years' rest of Charles Edward is commemorated by a mural tablet, to the left of the central doorway, erected by the Cardinal of York. In July 1807 the Cardinal died, and was carried to the Vatican Basilica to be buried with his parents. At the same time Charles Edward's body was brought privately from its temporary sepulchre at Frascati, and on the evening of July 16 the royal brothers were laid together,¹ far from the northern land they—or one of them at least—loved so well, where they would so fain have lived and died.

Over the tomb of the Stuart Princes, Pope Pius VI., assisted by a contribution of fifty guineas from George IV., raised the well-known monument by Canova—tasteless and dismal enough to turn pathos to bathos. The inscription runs :—

Jacobo III.
Jacobi II. Magn : Brit : Regis Filio,
Carolo Eduardo,
et Henrico, Decano Patrum
Cardinalium, Jacobi III. filiis :
Regiæ Stirpis Stuardiæ Postremis
Anno MDCCCIX.
Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur.

A. SHIELD.

¹ Note to Dom Marco Mastrolino's *Funeral Oration upon the Cardinal-Duke of York*, July 1807.

HISTORY OF A PECULIAR STAGE CURTAIN.

SO scanty and perplexing is the evidence in favour of the employment of a front curtain in the ancient Greek theatre that careful inquirers are inclined to leave the matter an open question. In Greece the usages of the curtain, if any, are purely conjectural, based on inferences and analogies. In the fifth century, when the theatre at Athens had no raised stage, and the "skene" at the back of the orchestra was little better than a hut or dressing-place for the actors, material aids to the imagination were so few that a front curtain was no more requisite than in Elizabethan non-scenic times. On the other hand, we find ourselves confronted by the circumstance that certain plays of Euripides, Sophocles, and Aristophanes open with a scene crowded with personages. This, to Dorpfeld-Reisch, implies the presence of a front curtain; but if such were employed, it is strange that in the comedies of Aristophanes changes of scene were effected while the characters remained in full view of the audience.

Nothing more definite is known about the methods of the fourth century, albeit that the arrangements of the Greek theatre during that period were better adapted for the use of a front curtain. The stone "skene" then in vogue had "paraskenia," or projecting wings, bordering a space that could have been readily occupied by a curtain.

When we come to the Hellenistic era the well-defined usages of the early Roman theatre seem to supply some analogy. It would appear that in taking over the Greek "aulaia" the Romans simply Latinised the appellation of the device. Still, in the Attic theatre in its latest development—what with the resort to revolving scenery, and the absence of act-divisions—there can have been little utility for a front curtain.

In dealing with the early Roman theatre we find ourselves on much safer ground. Hence from about 55 B.C. may be said to date the employment of a remarkable stage curtain, remarkable in a double sense, not only because of the irrationality of its working,

but from the fact that it long survived the downfall of the Empire. It differed essentially from the average modern curtain, inasmuch as it descended beneath the stage at the opening of the play, and was drawn up again when it was necessary to obscure the scene. As to the *modus operandi*, authorities differ. Donaldson (who may be taken as exemplar of the old school) argues that the device was a simple curtain, drawn down through a narrow slit in the boards of the flooring, and wound up on a cylinder beneath the stage. In proof of this he gives an illustration of the small theatre at Pompeii, showing the receptacle for the curtain and its roller.

It is to an eminent architect rather than to an archæologist or *savant* that we owe the chief objections to this theory. In discussing modern theatrical curtains in his work on "*Le Théâtre*," Charles Garnier takes occasion to traverse the contention in favour of the old descending curtain purely on common-sense grounds. Unaware that the device had been revived in modern times, he scouts it as utterly impracticable. Unless the cross-bar that supported the curtain was placed at a very high altitude, its presence, he says, would obstruct the view of those in the upper seats and prove an eyesore to all. No matter what the altitude of the cross-bar, the great breadth of the stage would have necessitated five or six connecting cords between it and the curtain, so that the latter might be properly drawn up when required. With the curtain down and the action going on, these cords would divide the scene vertically, and destroy the limited measure of illusion then procured.

Mindful of these matter-of-fact objections, French archæologists compromise the point in suggesting that the "*aulæum*" was rather a screen than a curtain, and that it was concealed in the double wall dividing the basement from the orchestra. According to them, it was at best but a makeshift, as when raised between the acts it merely served to conceal the stage from the patrician spectators in the lower seats. The commonalty above could see over it.

Poets and satirists have left us little doubt as to the nature of the old Roman curtain. The hint in Virgil's "*Georgics*" (iii. 25) as to the pictorial nature of the *aulæum* (it must have approximated in appearance somewhat to the tapestry curtain at Her Majesty's) enables us to interpret the allusion in Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*" (iii. 111-114):

Sic, ubi tolluntur festis *aulæa* theatris,
Surgere signa solent, primumque ostendere vultus,
Cetera paullatim, placidoque educta tenore
Tota patent, imoque pedes in margine ponunt.

The reference here is to the drawing up of the curtain at the close of an act, when the figures embroidered upon it would gradually come into view, as if springing up from the earth.

Conversely, Horace has an allusion (2 Epist. i. 189) to the curtain being down while the performance is going on :

Quattuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas,
Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ peditumque catervæ.

Hitherto it has been generally accepted that the double curtain, pulling up or drawing away on each side, was the device peculiarly associated with the beginnings of the modern drama. There can be no doubt that it was the one most generally employed before the advent of the roller curtain ; but abundance of evidence exists to show that the aulæum was revived at a very early period. As its reappearance cannot be imputed to its superior utility, one can only account for its presence in the modern theatre by the tidal wave of Roman influence which swept over Renaissance Italy. It was not sufficient to revive Plautus and Terence, and to constitute them models of form and style ; something of the original physical conditions had to be reproduced as well.

The earliest evidence of the employment of the aulæum on the modern stage is afforded us in the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto, the first forty cantos of which were published in 1515. As these were written at Ferrara, where the poet had some time previously taken up his residence, the allusion is apparently based on the theatrical observances of that Court. In his description of the reception given to Melissa at the Castle of Tristano (canto 32, stanza 80), Ariosto writes :

Quale al cader de la cortine suole
Parer, fra mille lampade, la scena,
D'archi, et di più d' una superba mole
D'Oro, e di statue e di pitture piena.

It is curious what stumbling-blocks these allusions to the aulæum in the ancient and modern poets have proved to the translators. Out of the difficulty presented by the passage in Ovid Addison only extricated himself by a paraphrase based on a popular analogy. Owing to the construction of the stanza, no such compromise could be effected by the translators of Ariosto ; and Harington, Huggins, and Hoole all stumbled over this fallen curtain. Among English renderings of the quatrain, the following ranks easily first :

Thus, at the curtain's gradual fall we spy,
 Amidst a thousand lamps, a prospect fair,
 Triumphal arcs, proud piles that threat the sky,
 Statues, and fretted gold and pictures rare.

Notwithstanding Ariosto's association with the Ferrarese Court Theatre as playwright and stage director, in face of the fact that this stanza crystallises the characteristics of Renaissance stage mounting, it might be argued that the allusion to the descending curtain was purely classical were it not for one arresting circumstance—the existence of the *aulæum* simultaneously in other Italian States. A pictorial curtain of the sort was certainly employed at Rome in 1518, when Raphael painted the scenery for the performance of Ariosto's "I Suppositi," as given before Leo X. in the Castle of St. Angelo. Among the crowd of spectators was one Pauluzo, envoy of the Duke of Ferrara, who, happily for us, wrote a letter on March 8, 1518, describing the prime features of the entertainment. I quote a passage from Campori's translation :

"Je suis allé dimanche soir à la comédie. Mgr. de Rangoni me fit entrer dans la salle où était le pontife avec ses jeunes et révérendissimes cardinaux, dans une antichambre de (Mgr.) Cibo. Sa Sainteté s'y promenait, laissant s'introduire ceux dont la qualité lui convenait ; puis, arrivés au nombre déterminé, nous nous rendîmes au local destiné à la comédie. Le Saint Père se plaça près de la porte, et sans bruit, en donnant sa bénédiction, il permettait l'entrée à qui bon lui semblait. Une fois admis dans la salle, on trouvait la scène d'un côté de l'autre des gradins sur lesquels était installé le trône du Pape, qui, après l'entrée des laïques, prit place dans son fauteuil, élevé de cinq marches au-dessus du sol, suivi des révérendissimes et des ambassadeurs. Ceux-ci s'assirent autour du fauteuil selon leur rang. Puis, quand les spectateurs, qui pouvaient être au nombre de deux mille, furent au complet, on fit descendre, au son des fifres, la toile sur laquelle on avait peint frère Mariano avec plusieurs diables qui folâtraient autour de lui. Une inscription tracée sur la toile contenait ces mots : 'Voilà les caprices de frère Mariano.' La musique se fit entendre, et le Pape, se munissant de ses lunettes, admirait la scène qui était fort belle et faite de la main de Raphaël."¹

Vasari, in his account of the "Apparato per le Nozze del principe D. Francesco di Toscano"—an event which took place at Florence in 1565—has a passage describing the fall of a curtain ("al cascar della tela") at the opening of a striking performance, which almost

¹ Cf. *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, 1863, p. 447.

reads like a paraphrase of Ariosto's stanza. In this instance a view of Paradise was revealed to the astonished audience, with angels seated on clouds and indulging in vocal and instrumental music.

The extraordinary conventionality of the aulæum not only lived long, but penetrated far. It even reached England. Jonson's "Masque of Blackness" was performed at Whitehall on Twelfth Night, 1605. In the first printed copy, of three years later, we learn that "first for the scene¹ was drawn a landschap consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; *which falling*, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth as if it flowed to the land, &c."

It is noteworthy that a copy of this masque in the handwriting of Ben Jonson, but differing essentially from the first printed quarto, forms one of the treasures of the British Museum. Under title "The Twelvth Night's Revells," it was first printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1848, in the volume upon "Inigo Jones." We may assume that this copy was the first draft of the masque, and therefore not authoritative as to stage directions; but if only to show that the "landschap" referred to was not a scene but a front curtain, the analogous description may be cited: "In the end of the designd place, there is drawne uppon a downe right cloth, straynd for the scene, a devise of landtscope, wch openinge in manner of a curtine, an artificall sea is seene to shoote it self abroad the roome, as if it flowed to ye land." There was here no question of a raised stage, as the sea flowed direct into the room, and brought with it Tritons and sea-horses. With such an arrangement a front curtain could be so manipulated as to fall directly on the floor. At any rate, we have no occasion to labour the point, as other and more definite evidence of the employment of the aulæum in England exists. Inigo Jones was the scenic artificer for the "Masque of Blackness," and he officiated in a like capacity eight years later when Campion's "Lords' Masque" was performed at Whitehall. In the mounting, however, there was little resemblance, as the later masque was provided with a raised stage and a proscenium border. But at the close of the first song "the upper part of the scene was discovered by the sudden fall of a curtain."

Although further evidence on the point is lacking, resort to the use of the aulæum in England at a slightly later period cannot have been uncommon; else, how to account for its employment in

¹ The word "scene" is here used in a restricted sense, peculiar to the writer, and means "front curtain." Compare the opening of the *Masque of Hymen*, 1606: "The scene being drawn, there was *first* discovered an altar," &c.

Edinburgh on June 15, 1633, that red-letter day when Charles I. made his entry into the Scottish capital? To mark the occasion, outdoor scenic spectacles of an allegorical nature were given on stationary stages, each with its proscenium arch. When the royal cavalcade reached one particular scaffold, "a courten falling, the theater discovered a lady attired in tissue, her haire was dressed like a cornucopia, &c."¹

What, it might be asked, was the nature of the mechanism of the modern aulæum? Whatever the validity of M. Garnier's objections to the principles of the descending curtain, viewed in connection with the arrangements of the antique theatre, they have absolutely no bearing on those principles as expounded in the Court theatres of the Renaissance. In the primitive modern theatre the stage was as narrow as it had previously been broad. Where the extreme breadth of the old Roman curtain would have demanded four or five connecting cords for its upraising, two in later days would have sufficed; and these, if placed at either end, could have been obscured from sight behind the proscenium arch. That this, together with the employment of a roller and counterweights for the working, was the method in Italy early in the seventeenth century is shown by the illustrated section in Sabbattini's curious treatise, "*Pratica di fabricar Scene e Machine ne' Teatri*" (Ravenna, 1638), under heading "*Prima Figura per far calare la Tenda à basso.*" The method here elucidated has little bearing on the stage of the earlier Renaissance, and practically none at all on the antique theatre. To glean how far it dates back one would have to determine when the principle of the modern proscenium arch was first instituted—obviously a difficult point. A necessary concomitant of elaborate backgrounds, its utility and its early splendour were probably suggested by the vogue and characteristics of the triumphal arches so frequently seen in Milan, Florence, and Venice at the dawn of the sixteenth century. Proscenia of a sort—and probably even the proscenium arch—had a place in the Italian theatre some years before movable scenery; and it may be that the friendly shelter provided by these picture-frames led to the breaking up of the Unity of Place, in showing how the background might be varied without disclosing the mechanism to the audience. When that typical Renaissance comedy "*La Calandra*" first saw the light at Urbino in 1508, the parapet, or base of the stage, represented a portion of a city wall, flanked by two towers at the extremities.

¹ Jackson's *History of the Scottish Stage* (Edinburgh, 1793), Appendix I. p. 5.

Between the latter was shown the sole scene of the play, a town in perspective. Here was neither proscenium arch nor picture-frame, so to speak ; as the auditorium was supposed to be the entrenchment before the wall, everything was in keeping, and made for illusion. Such an arrangement was only possible in a temporary theatre, constructed for a particular performance ; in saying which one indicates the limitations of the Renaissance drama.

When the scene was immovable—and that too at a period when it was customary to perform extrinsic interludes between the acts—there could have been little utility for a front curtain. It seems unlikely that much consideration can have been given to stage mechanism before 1560, when movable scenery began to be employed. For this reason, one perhaps would not be rash in conjecturing that prior to that date the modern aulæum (when used) fell at the beginning, to be seen no more. To arrange for its fall would have been a comparatively simple matter, but to raise it deftly in full sight of the audience would have presented difficulties to the inexperienced stage artificers of the earlier Renaissance. Of these, Serlio may be looked upon as typical, seeing that he was pupil of the Father of Modern Scene-painting, Baldassare Peruzzi. Serlio has revealed to us many of the secrets of the primitive scenically adorned theatre ; but to him the front curtain, whether aulæum or otherwise, is of so little importance that he is utterly silent regarding it ! The inference would be that it was not a vital adjunct in the days of the single scene.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

WILD FLOWERS.

FOR thirty years her life had been well-ordered, while, in circumstance, it had made gradual ascents of the social ladder, which, though she had not thought much about them, had yet been matter for dim contentment with her. They had not been brought about by any brilliant achievement, only by frugality of living, and the emoluments of the more remunerative posts which her father had successively occupied. Their financial position had been by these means strengthened, and that had sufficed in a world which is concerned mainly with the huckster's standard. Then, the irony of life had stepped in, and, upon the brink of what might have been triumphs—added gaiety, her mother had become afflicted with an incurable disease. Violet Denham had not become discontented over this; indeed, for years, she had discharged a round of domestic duties, and attended upon her mother, with a patience that had left little to be desired. This had gone on, with the girl giving no sign of the forces that ripened and died away within her, until Mrs. Denham died, and then, after an interval of abandonment and grief, her daughter had kept house for Mr. Denham in the same way. He, absorbed in his round of duties, never doubted but what it was his daughter who sat at breakfast before him every morning, and who welcomed him home of evenings: that it was the whole of her that is, that calm sensible woman who understood so readily and carried out so well the things he from time to time mentioned to her. Thus, although they were at different periods of life, and looking at things in widely different ways, by the mere force of the circumstances of their lives a species of accord was brought about between them. They talked together, and went away on holidays together, and, though so, she would generally see some female friends, while he would hold converse here and there with men engaged on somewhat similar work to himself; yet, they saw a great deal of each other, and managed to do so without friction or mutual disgust. The girl's face, however, began to let a little dissatisfaction show through its proud purity. Her way of life on the surface was no more disturbed; she discharged

her household duties, taught in unhealthy underground Sunday-schools, partook of the Sacrament in just the same noiseless way; but it seemed dimly that other things might be from time to time finding a passing lodgment in her, and tending ever to a more abiding stay there.

For she had seen him, it matters not whom only, he had looked at her, and, under the influence of compelling forces, which had seemed like perfect happiness, she had leant back and smiled and given him her love. For a time life had been roseate: that cold ironical outlook of her father's, which had irked her, an easy thing to bear. Then, as the days passed, and he did nothing, doubts had begun to throng into her well-ordered life. Their first entrance had been so insidious that she had not perceived what a change they were effecting there. Yet, under the disturbing effect of them she had practised initiative such as she would never have dreamed of previously. As he sat, Sunday after Sunday, behind her in the church, looking at her and yet doing nothing, she would feel the weird trouble in her being, the tumult of hopes and fears swell and grow, and sometimes, seizing a favourable moment with a fathomless subtlety which had come to her from afar, and which was utterly remote from all her former life, she would turn round and look at him, saying as plainly as words could: "Here I am, sir; now, take a good look at me, and afterwards, if you dare, be a man." To such conduct he responded readily enough; she had no complaint to make of him on that score; her heart told her that were the height of some heroic moment all that was required, he would not be found wanting, but still, he came not into her ways.

Mr. Denham, from his position in the choir, noted, with a certain grim interest, the progress of the affair. He no longer took much stock in the romantic in life. It is possible that he had owned a little when he had married, but the deadening effect of a round of severely practical duties, the long trying illness of his wife, had greatly impaired his faith in the heavenly quality of the thing. He was, for all his undoubted good qualities, disposed to be a little bitter and sneering. Life had not treated him altogether very well, he felt; and though it was no difficulty for him to go on performing a succession of hackneyed duties—gradually growing richer by their performance, the whole seemed a little flat to him at times, and he was thoroughly convinced that life, on the whole, was a bald thing, amounting to a general rapacity at best.

On such a nature it would have been nothing less than absurd for Violet Denham to have intruded any of her ardours or despairs,

and so she had kept them severely to herself, practising a repression which hinted things in her face said had already been too extensively exercised in her nature. Mr. Denham had no doubt that she looked upon the whole affair as he did. If the young man moved forward, and if he proved financially able, well and good ; if he did not, his vagaries at least supplied something to talk about and smile over. He often made somewhat grimly humorous remarks anent him himself, and she, feeling all the while what a liar she was, would respond.

Matters were at this pass when the two went away together, on their annual holiday, and, for some reason, possibly because the days seemed more strangely perfect, or because for once there happened to be no girl acquaintance with whom she could pass the time, Violet Denham fell into a strange dissatisfaction. She found it difficult to maintain her former manner when her father came in from converse with other men wearing such a decided impress of certain operations of his days, and endlessly incapable as she felt of even remotely understanding her, whom she herself had led him to believe to be an entirely different kind of being to what she was. The succession of the days, prodigal and splendid, worked in her blood. She experienced a vague ache as they passed. He had touched her with all his suggestions of rarer life, and he was fading even as they. Her inability, her failure to do anything, irked her nature, which, after all, was supremely practical. Walking up the sunny street to their lodgings, with the blue sea flashing behind her, and the blue sky unvexed above, it occurred to her that God helped those who helped themselves, and, in an awful instant, it seemed to her as if her whole life had been wrong, essentially unrelated to that which could alone satisfy her, a thing of petty conventions, petty restraints, afternoon teas, new dresses, hackneyed smiles. What were such little diversions, and how should they ever give her him ?

She felt haunted and uneasy ; crossing the threshold, she admitted that she could no longer recognise herself in the woman who entered there, and, for the first time, a terrible fear possessed her, lest this thing which had seemed so desirable should be merely the devil's instrument of destruction in her soul. All her partaking of the Sacrament became more real to her than it had ever done before, and she determined that, let the worst come to the worst, she would not fail in her allegiance to that Christ who had, during all the years of her life, spoken intermittently to her soul.

By a supreme effort of will, she preserved her self-command during the progress of the light meal in the shaded room, and, when

it was over, she watched her father stretch out his hand and select an apple from the pile before him with a coolness which surprised herself. He began leisurely peeling it, taking no more notice of her than he had often done, although her aroused state felt a quick annoyance at it. She felt vaguely that there was someone somewhere who would treat her differently, and that she was being deprived of what was her due in life. She restrained an impulse to give expression to her displeasure.

Mr. Denham having carved the apple to his liking, looked up.

"I wonder what that lover of yours is doing with himself now," he remarked; "he wont see you to-morrow."

"No," she replied.

"And he didn't see you last Sunday evening: it will be quite a long time before he sees you again."

"He has absented himself for long enough periods," she observed.

"Ah, true," agreed Mr. Denham, more thoughtfully: "I caught him looking at me in a very angry manner last Sunday evening, Vi.; he could not make out why you hadn't come. If I were you, I should often stop away, it might bring the young man to the point. It's a mistake to be too kind in these cases—a little indifference pays very well at times."

Violet Denham smiled, feeling how little he knew of the complexity that was alive in her life.

"And yet," he continued, "I'm inclined to think it's as near a case of real love as I've ever seen: that it should have gone on for three years, bearing in mind the little it's had to feed upon, is remarkable, considering, too, how changeable human beings are. But I don't think it will ever come to anything."

The girl remained silent for some time, as if she were not going to speak, then she roused herself to say: "If you think he loves me, why do you think he will ultimately go away like that?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Denham, with a complacent conviction that he was about to intrude some of his worldly knowledge upon her, and to impress her, "I think it; because, despite his good points, I fancy the young man lives among a set in which matrimony is little thought of; and thus, although when he comes down to Freith he is in love with you, elsewhere he has his doubts."

Miss Denham said nothing; she had also thought something of the kind, and not seen how she could counteract it without doing something unmaidenly. A man ought not to be brought to the point; he ought to decide upon it in his own mind and come to it, she felt.

"In such a state," continued her father, "he would be peculiarly liable to balance the advantages and disadvantages of taking the step, and, as it seems to me, he will then infallibly come to the conclusion that while the advantages of perpetrating can never outweigh those of refraining, they may easily fall below them. In short, although he admires you now, he feels that he may easily make a big mistake by going further."

Miss Denham preserved her uncommunicative attitude. Convincing as her father's practical analysis sounded, she felt that it left love, which was the heart of the matter, out.

"For, look you, my dear," continued her adviser, who was clearing his own world for himself as he spoke, "what advantage do you suppose he would gain by marrying you? You are not particularly young, you are not particularly beautiful, you are not particularly wealthy. Neither is he, you may be inclined to say, and I grant that may be, although he keeps in the background so much that it's difficult to know what he is. But, in any case, he has the kind of way with him which impresses people, and induces them to believe that he is so. As I see him," proceeded Mr. Denham, with a certain profundity of manner, which showed that he was giving utterance to ideas which had been the subject of some cogitation on his part, "he is decidedly unique. I can't recall any other man who has appealed to me as he has done. Often the look on his face, as when he looks at me to know why you are not present, for example, seems transparent, and, the next moment, I cannot make head or tail of him—he is utterly beyond me. There is nothing about him which can enable the observer to gain the least clue as to how he passes his days. Sometimes, from the solemnity of his manner, I fancy he must be a man in authority, and then, sometimes, when I have come down the aisle and seen the condition he has been reduced to by sitting through a service behind you, I have been constrained to think that he can have no connection with any earthly enterprise, but must simply be pursuing his wanton humour through the days. He seems too *déagagé*, don't you call it, for anything?"

Apparently Mr. Denham had found a theme which he could wax garrulous upon, and, although that was a vice to which his practical nature was little addicted, Violet knew that he could practise it upon occasion; and—she did not know why, but, just then, she felt singularly unfitted to endure it.

"Yes, father," she replied, speaking unconsciously with more feeling than she had ever employed before in her intercourse with him; "I believe there is a lot in what you say. I have myself often

wondered what good I can be to him who seems so good to me ; or, why he should regard me with such reverence and admiration, as at times I am sure he does. I cannot, though, get him out of my mind, and as our talk is only calculated to continue him there, I think I will go for a walk, and see whether outside, in this delightful day, I can gain any respite from this unfortunate love of mine."

"Yes, Vi," responded Mr. Denham, also with a touch of feeling, for, in his way, he was fond of her ; "that's right ; remember, no young man's worth making yourself ill about, and I will go and get through some letters I have to write."

Miss Denham went up into her room, and pinned a large white hat on to her head ; then she descended the stairs slowly, as if she were thinking deeply, although, in reality, she was feeling too intensely miserable to do any thinking at all. She emerged from the doorway, and crossed the shadow in the garden towards where the roadway went yellowing down to the blue sea, and the sunshine kept its idle state. "Was it all calculation?" she wondered, as her father had been implying. If it was she was heartily tired of it, and would depart with great content to a world where it was less rife. It seemed sacrilege to suppose that those dark eyes which had so worshipped her should have had a mind behind them that was working so. How incongruous it was also with the splendid day ! Could it be that in such a theatre only mean actions were being performed ?

She wandered away from the crowded beach into the fields flecked with wild flowers under the sky. Subtle appreciations of insensible change troubled her. Everything seemed passing and doing, while she, who longed so intensely for a certain event to happen, yet did nothing to bring it about. Her barrenness and inability enraged her. A great wild teasel reared before her amid some grasses in the corner of a field. It seemed to arrest and call to her, so that she stood still and looked at it, wondering whether it could be that she was going mad. Could this love, this passion which possessed her, be as deceitful as that : so bright to look at, so demoralising in its effects ? Ah ! he had looked at her once with the confession of his inability upon him. She remembered how, coming down between the pews in front of him in the twilight church, he had glanced at her swiftly in a way that had said more plainly than any words, "I love you ; trust me ; although I be in a net and the world too strong for me." Should she let him fight his battle alone ? All that she had suppressed through the years of her intercourse with her father, the natural desires of her state surged

in her being. They confused her brain, so that she felt she would never be able to see any way out of the wood she was in. "Oh! he will go," she moaned, "like one of these beautiful days which aches in my heart as it passes." She plucked a wild flower near her, then another, and another. "I will send them to him," she breathed. For a time she went on gathering them feverishly, and then, as no one came into the field, her state grew calmer, and she deliberately chose the blossoms she would send.

The occupation was an indescribable relief. Women needed to do something beyond staying at home and waiting for their fathers to return. The description was inadequate; but, at the moment, it seemed to convey her past life. She grew almost gay; so many details came to her now she had once started, and, withal, though they were only wild flowers, she had such a delightful feeling that what she was doing was something really germane to her life. "Who should send wild flowers to him if not I?" she queried recklessly. She arrived before the lofty teasel that had first arrested her, and which was looking as important as ever although its hour had come. "You shall go too," she said, producing a pearl-handled knife from her pocket, and leisurely determining the distance down its barbed stem at which she would make incision.

Having made a selection from all that she could see about her, she rapidly swathed them in grasses, and hurried from the field. It was a different woman who left it to the one who had entered it an hour ago. Her face had become eager, her step alert; the vision of the wild flowers seemed to have entered her blood. Her face glowed under its broad white hat, with a shy, proud happiness. They were only wild flowers; but he would understand, it was her love they bore. Then, her inconsistency puzzled her; for, though she was thinking thus, had she not been planning all the time she had been gathering them how she could prevent him ever—"No, not ever," she murmured, a dim shock from the transitoriness of life passing through her; "some day he shall know"—knowing that they had come from her!

CHARLES HARVEY KILBY.

SOME SIDELIGHTS ON EARLY DISSENT IN THE PEAK.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth declared her opinion that one or two licensed preachers were sufficient for each county, and that the rest of the clergy should read the homilies, she did more than a little to help forward the cause of religious dissent. It may be that she was actuated by a desire to preserve her subjects from being "preached to death by wild curates;" but eventually she nearly brought them to the same end by a more sordid and lingering process. The liturgy of her newly constituted Church was dignified and expressive; and dignified and expressive it still continues in spite of the changes of modern thought and expression. But it was sufficient in itself as a routine portion of the public service without the addition of a homily. The Prayer-Book prescribes a portion of the service for the laity; and, wisely enough, it provides that such part may be set to music and sung, thereby stimulating the interest of the worshippers. But generally in the sixteenth century there was no music available, and the parson and clerk were left to mumble through the Prayer-Book alone; after which, in obedience to the injunction of his Sovereign and head, the former mounted the pulpit and exhorted for the hundredth time in the measured phrase of some favourite homily. The old religion had long been a dead ceremonial; the new faith by such means as this was fast becoming the same.

Nor was the poverty of the Church services the chief and only misfortune. As the incentive to thought was not encouraged, the clergy made no pretence about cultivating it. It is easy to travel in the line of least resistance; homilies and indifference allowed more time for secular employment or sensual enjoyment. Released from the composition of sermons, our parson had full opportunity to attend the fairs and become expert in the mysteries of cattle-jobbing and stock-raising; or, relying upon the stagnant wisdom of the homilies, he could fuddle for six days in the week without any risk of confusing his doctrine on the seventh. Without knowledge, and with no motive for study, such a man was a mere assistant to the

midwife and sexton. Of course there were numerous exceptions to this state of things. London absorbed a good many of the able and earnest clergy, and, besides, there were some left in the provinces whose life and learning merited no reproach.

Happily, the slight estimation which Queen Elizabeth and her advisers attached to the ministrations of the clergy had consequences of a good as well as of an evil sort. The cloud of dissent was well above the horizon before she died, and her reign had scarce ended ere the perfunctory reading of homilies was supplemented by something more attractive. For a long time this new revival was maintained only by a few, and so provoked but little bigotry. It was pure religion and undefiled, and avoided becoming the shibboleth of any party.

The efforts of the new evangelists, unobtrusive though they might be, soon became far-reaching. Even in the rugged and most inaccessible parts of the Peak district of Derbyshire there were at the very beginning of the seventeenth century certain regularly ordained clergymen (who were also preachers) travelling from township to township and helping the illiterate parsons. One can imagine how welcome these periodical sermons would be after the accustomed unattractive spiritual exercises; and there is no doubt that these unattached clergy, perfectly orthodox though they might be, were gradually preparing the way for the field preachers of a later age.

There is much to indicate that, in common with the rest of the country, the spiritual state of the Peaklanders at this time was lamentably neglected. William Bagshaw, to whom we shall hereafter refer, remarks that "the Word of the Lord, as opened and applied in sermons, was, as to the rarity of it, precious," and that "there was in the Peak less open vision" than at the period when he wrote (which was a century later). Bagshaw was an eminently charitable man, and his delicate reference to the lack of sermons scarcely indicates the true state of mental degradation which existed in some parishes.

It was about the time to which Bagshaw refers that Lady Bowes (afterwards Lady Darcy) lived at Chesterfield, and out of her own purse maintained several itinerant preachers in Peakland. A letter from Adam Slack to this lady, in the year 1609, gives some idea of the low ebb of spiritual life in these parts. It is a report respecting Ralph Cleaton, the curate of Buxton, and is doubtless incidental to some application for the services of a travelling preacher. Cleaton's

position as curate of Buxton Bath might, at any rate, have ensured that the decency of his life should have been above rather than below the normal standard of the neighbouring clergy. Yet Slack reports "that he differeth little from those of the worst sort, and hath dipped his finger both in manslaughter and perjury." His stipend, derived from voluntary subscription, was £5 a year, about equivalent to the wages of a farm labourer. We learn also that the vicar of the adjacent parish of Hope had to be restrained by law from brewing and selling ale in his vicarage. This prohibition was, however, somewhat counterbalanced by an easy toleration in another direction, for "he was not to be punished for the multitude of his women, until the bastards whereof he is the reputed father be brought in." It should be borne in mind that the vicariate of Hope at this time embraced an area as large as several of our modern dioceses, and contained within its boundaries a number of chapels of which the Mother Church had control.

The truth is, that besides the careless contempt of the sovereign power, the Church had to struggle with the basest poverty. And especially in Peakland was it the case. The Reformation had swept away the endowments, and our poverty and isolation made the work of recuperation slow. The parochial livings offered no inducement to persons of learning and ability; and our parsons were for the most part drawn from an inferior rank and possessed little or no education. This circumstance is noted by Edward Browne, a contemporary writer, in alluding to one of the exceptions to this rule:—

I concluded our Derbyshire priest, who had vouchsafed us his company at our inn, to be clearly the oracle of that county; and well he might, for he had been at a university, which I perceived was a work of supererogation among these divines, and that their greatest clerks ought to have passed in other places for sextons, for they never went to any other school but the parish church; to him, therefore, the more judicious people did refer themselves, and, I was going to say, pinned their faith on his sleeve.

But throughout the seventeenth century a gradual intellectual progress was taking place in our remote locality. The more brutish habits of the clergy were disappearing, and, in spite of much coarseness and imperfection, our teachers were awakening to a sense of responsibility. Sermons in the village church were becoming more and more the rule, and the habit of preaching stimulated propriety of thought and action. Nothing is so reckless as a vacant mind. Take an illustration of the improvement. When Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity was passed only 187 parsons throughout the

length and breadth of the land refused to conform, the drastic change from Catholicism to Protestantism evoking practically no response from a body of men who were too ignorant to do more than acquiesce. But when, a hundred years afterwards, the second statute is enacted, it is a wholesome sign to find that no less than 2,000 ministers had knowledge and conscience enough to differ from the majority and to maintain their opinions to the extent of losing their status in the Church. And of those 2,000 ejected or silenced ministers forty belonged to Derbyshire. Among these was William Bagshaw, sometime vicar of Glossop, in the Peak.

William Bagshaw, lovingly remembered as "the Apostle of the Peak," was a son of the soil, having been born in the parish of Tideswell in 1628. He was fortunate above many of his fellows and colleagues in that he was fitted for his future work by educational training, having graduated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. After labouring in the ministry at various places in Derbyshire, and ultimately at Glossop for eleven years, his usefulness was suddenly stopped by the Act of Uniformity. He vacated the living and retired to his estate at Chinley, a short distance away, and there he resided until his death in 1702. The intervening period of forty years was not, however, devoted, as might easily have been the case, to comfortable inactivity; for as a conventicle preacher he laboured indefatigably up and down, here and there, throughout the little domain of Peakland, establishing congregations in the small out-of-the-way villages, and living a strenuous life in travelling from place to place to keep them going. His scope of effort was narrower, otherwise he may well be regarded as the prototype of that prodigious personality who came into the world just as Bagshaw left it—we mean John Wesley.

Besides being a man of action, William Bagshaw was a scholar and thinker. Most of his published writings are forgotten, and it is hardly likely that the public of to-day would welcome the production of those fifty volumes, "some in folio and many in quarto, written fair with his own hand, on several subjects," which we are assured he left behind him. But there is one little book of his (a very rare one) of considerable interest to Peaklanders. It is entitled "*De Spiritualibus Pecci: Notes concerning the Work of God and some of those who have been Workers together with God in the Hundred of the High Peak of Derbyshire.*" This small volume, published in 1702, is unpretentious in style, and its author claims for it no particular merit. "I should herein rejoice," he says in the introduction, "if I do (to purpose) the bellman's office in

arousing some biographer of these Peakland worthies, who laboured and suffered for the maintenance of religion during the latter half of the seventeenth century." None such has, however, arisen, and it is on Bagshaw's jottings that we have mainly to rely for local information about them.

An extensive traveller is bound to be an instructive companion, but we are not sure whether a constant traveller within narrow bounds is not a more amusing one ; he gets over the same ground oftener, and every repetition of the visit adds to his store of small corn. Bagshaw was a man of taste and education, but he did not allow a formal or critical style to destroy his simplicity and homeliness. He is, for the time being, as garrulous as a clock-cleaner, and deals in the veriest trifles. Consequently "*De Spiritualibus Peccii*" is, in its way, as entertaining as "*Mainly about People*." The author just sets down under the heads of the various parishes whatever he happens to know respecting his folk, and the reader is left to outline the picture according to taste, and especially to find out dates for himself. From these notes, recorded at the close of a long life (when bitter memories and tendencies to partisan feeling had, no doubt, to some extent disappeared), it is pleasant to observe how one who had suffered could deal with opponents in a spirit of kindness ; and how opponents, even in the heat of the fray, are shown to have exercised a neighbourly forbearance and toleration which compares not amiss with the Christian charity of our own day. Above all, they indicate how very far the spiritual life of Peakland had progressed within two generations, and how its clergy had risen from the depths of ignorance to a respectable level of knowledge and ability.

Of Bagshaw himself it may be said he was a Christian gentleman ; although an active Dissenter, he was no unruly zealot or sectary,

whose chief devotion lies

In odd, perverse antipathies.

He was a rigid supporter of decency and order, lending countenance to customary and recognised practices and formalities even when his conscience failed to agree entirely with them. Like Wesley, he was a regular attendant at the Church services, because, no doubt, he considered it his duty to set an example in what was inherently good of itself. He seems, too, more or less of a Royalist at heart, condemning the Parliament as the instigator of the Civil War, and repudiating on behalf of many Dissenters the methods by which Cromwell established the Protectorate. Throughout his writings there breathes a spirit of moderation, which makes his remarks concerning friends and op-

ponents alike worthy of credence. Take, for example, his warm feeling towards John Rowlandson, the vicar of Bakewell. Rowlandson had been a strong Parliamentarian, but after the Act of Conformity he made his choice with the orthodox, much to the disappointment of the Dissenters ; for, besides being premier incumbent in the Peak, he was a diocesan official, and his position would consequently render him influential. That he was a good man there is no doubt, and Bagshaw loved him with filial feeling, and, as a young man, had often been wont to make the seventeen-mile journey from Chinley to Bakewell to hear him preach. While he was not a fluent preacher, we are led to understand that he was a scholarly one, for his discourses are likened to "beaten oil." His strong part seems to have been his personal influence, and he approached his flock from the point of pastor rather than preacher. He was a diligent catechist. "Bakewell, I am sure," says Bagshaw, "had within my time divers praying persons and families that were the seal of his ministry. . . . What was said of one of old may be said of this old prophet : 'His doctrine as to the conscience of his hearers was as thunder, and his life was as lightning.' Some primitive Christians would say 'they did not speak, but live great things ;' he did both." No finer eulogy could be expressed ; and our confidence in the biographer confirms us in the belief that it is true. What a long step, indeed, in the direction of clerical excellence ! Yet it is only two generations before, as the registers of the next parish to Bakewell record, that there was buried "Edmund Eyre, vicar of Hope, without service or bell, in the night !"

Another portrait outlined by Bagshaw is that of the younger Rowlandson, who also ministered for some time at Bakewell. Bagshaw states that the son (unlike the father) professed Non-conformity, but afterwards was satisfied, and again served in the Church. The only reason for mentioning him is the opportunity it affords for referring to his personal peculiarities. He was of a melancholic temperament, always doubting his own ability, and, above all, a constant source of anxiety to the churchwardens, especially towards week-end. Sometimes on the Saturday evening he would imagine himself unable to preach the following day, and beseech the wardens to see about getting a "supply." The perplexed officials would bully him, whereupon he would patiently turn up on the Sunday and do his duty. Gradually his infirmity got the mastery, and his progress in the ministry was backwards. Bagshaw sums up his career in his own characteristic way :—

He drave heavily, and through his undervaluing himself became less helpful

to others. . . . The last thing I heard of him before his death was that he was desirous to read prayers for one whom he might afterwards hear preach. But the Lord, who is ready to pardon, eased him of his trouble and took him to Himself.

The marked progress at this period in the morals and manners of our clergy is attributable to some extent to better stipends. This improvement was effected in a doubtful way by the plunder of the Royalists. The Committee of Plundered Ministers granted in 1645 and 1646 large augmentations to some of the Peakland livings, Mr. Rowlandson of Bakewell obtaining from £40 to £56 per year, and the minister of Buxton Chapel £32 13s. Such endowments as these served to attract outsiders, and henceforth (as may be seen from a perusal of Dr. Calamy's Nonconformist biographies) our parsons were frequently complete strangers to the district and men who were climbing the ladder of promotion. One is tempted to wonder how far poverty in the early part of the seventeenth century is accountable for the bad lives of so many of the clergy. Would, for instance the Vicar of Hope have craved permission to sell ale in the vicarage if he had been decently paid, and would that spiritual outcast parson, Cleaton of Buxton, have "dipped his finger in both manslaughter and perjury" if he had received a living wage instead of £5 a year? Bagshaw recognised the evils of the system—the pernicious effect of leaving the teacher and mentor of the parish to struggle for a living, burdened at the same time with his spiritual duties, and in one or two instances he speaks out on the subject. Mr. Mellor, curate of the village of Taddington (whose ecclesiastical record goes back to Saxon times, and whose ancient font was until recently a receptacle for pea-soup) was a Conformist; nevertheless, Bagshaw is ready to express a wish that all ministers were his equals in sobriety, humility, and usefulness; but at the same time he points out that this good man,

thro' the largeness of his family and the narrowness of his maintenance, put him more than was desirable upon secular employments, and were the occasion of his too often appearing in markets and fairs, which might occasion (as to some) the use of that word, used by former and fresher worthies, "a minister in a market and a merchant in the temple are sights far from seemly."

And again, of Mr. Craven, in the neighbouring chapelry of Longstone, also a Conformist :—

An able, industrious preacher; and though (partly on the score of intermeddling in town's concerns) mostly, as I fear, for his free, plain manner of reproving, he had less respect from some.

On quite another plane of intellect to these two good men was Samuel Ogden, who laboured in Derbyshire from 1652 till his death in 1697. At the former date he was presented to the curacy of Buxton, with the approbation and encouragement of many influential friends, who appear to have had a high opinion of his attainments; and two years later, in 1654, he was given, by the Earl of Rutland, the adjoining chapelry of Fairfield. These two livings were doubtless intended to ensure him a comfortable competency and induce him to settle permanently in the neighbourhood. But three years later, in 1657, he removed to Mackworth, near Derby, from which living he was ejected in 1662. Although he can be said to have been ours for only five years, we are proud to claim him as a Peakland parson because of his conspicuous scholarship as well as on account of his high character. During his ministry here, and afterwards, he employed part of his time in tuition; and after his ejection from Mackworth he devoted himself entirely to that pursuit. His success as a teacher aroused the discontent of the authorities of the Derby Grammar School, who were rapidly losing their scholars, and to certain legal proceedings which were taken against him on this point he was forced to submit and shut up his school. But all the influence of friends in high places had not yet been withdrawn, and the mastership of the neighbouring Wirksworth Grammar School was obtained for him, in which position he remained until his death. He appears to have lived in friendship with everybody, Conformists and Nonconformists alike, admired for his great ability and knowledge. Unlike Bagshaw, however, he took no very active part in the public work of Nonconformity, although his theological principles were even less compliant with the orthodox rule than were those of his noted contemporary.

But if Samuel Ogden is still remembered by a few for his learning, a much larger number throughout English-speaking countries have heard of his acquaintance and co-worker in Peakland, Thomas Stanley, sometime vicar of Eyam. The reputation of Thomas Stanley rests not upon the solidity of his learning, but upon his devotion and self-effacement. Bagshaw, with some superfluity of detail, tells us that "his noted schoolmaster was one Mr. Marshall, whose brother made a speech to King James I.;" but from a Peaklander's point of view it is much more effective to premise that Stanley was Derbyshire born and bred, and that, like Bagshaw, he worked all his life in the Peak. Up to 1645 he was preacher at various places. In that year the Rev. Shirland Adams, a good Royalist but a bad parson, was dispossessed of the living of Eyam, and the Committee for Plundered

Ministers installed Stanley in his place. So he remained for fifteen years, until the Restoration, when the tables were once more turned and Mr. Stanley had to give place to the old Royalist vicar. On the death of Shirland Adams a new vicar, Mr. Mompesson, was appointed, Stanley having in the meantime remained in the neighbourhood. Bagshaw tells us that he first met Stanley when the latter was literally fleeing for his life into Cheshire and Lancashire, and when "by sons of violence his goods were seized and divided amongst them." Respecting the attributes of this good man, his biographer and friend has much to say of his sound and effective preaching, his evangelistic work and week-day lectures, his powerful influence over the lives of others, and so on. But it is to that notable and awful visitation of the plague to Eyam in 1666 that, along with Mompesson, the new vicar, his name has gone down to posterity.

The village of Eyam, perched on its high 'vantage on the fringe of the moorland which stretches away to Sheffield, could never of itself have originated an epidemic like that which nearly wiped it out of existence. The epidemic was brought from London in a parcel of tailor's goods, and here, away from medical skill, in two years it carried away five-sixths of the villagers—317 persons. During that time Mr. Mompesson and Mr. Stanley remained at their posts, working together in good-fellowship as pastors, nurses, and directors of public affairs. When the dire possibilities of the distemper were realised, Mompesson called the inhabitants together and besought them to remain with him and Stanley, and not run the risk of infecting other places by their presence. This noble proposal was agreed to, a cordon drawn round the village, outsiders rigidly excluded, and month after month pastors and people fought with death. When it was over, and the outside world learned the story, hardly one hundred villagers of Eyam were left to bear witness to it. The details of this terrible time have been narrated by many writers, and the facts woven into fiction by a large company of novelists; so that it would be superfluous to deal with them here. But let us say that the behaviour of these seventeenth-century lead miners and farm hands is a remarkable testimony against the belief cherished by some altruists, that the virtue of self-sacrifice had its beginning in our own day and generation. That its corresponding opposite was, alas! also existent is evidenced by the fact that the neighbourhood soon forgot the debt it owed to the leading spirits in that desperate stand, for it petitioned the Earl of Devonshire (Lord-Lieutenant) to remove Stanley out of the village. This nobleman, though a supporter of King and Conformity, justly replied that "it was more reasonable that the whole country should

—in more than words—testify their thankfulness to him who, together with his care for the town, had taken such care, as no one else did, to prevent the infection of the towns adjacent,” and refused to interfere with his liberty. Stanley lived four years after the plague and died in 1670. Of Mompesson, as true and brave-hearted a soldier of Christ as ever lived, we need say little. He did not die the vicar of Eyam (although he is buried there), having removed to a charge in Nottinghamshire a year or two after the plague. The sad recollections of those two years, during which wife and friends and belongings all perished, were doubtless the reason of his departure. His name and reputation will never die in Eyam, and elsewhere, both in this country and over the water. The writings of Mary Howitt and Joseph Hatton, and many others, have ensured for his memory a long remembrance by thousands who will never stand beside his tomb in the quiet Peakland churchyard.

Bagshaw has something to say about most of his brethren of the cloth in the Peak, and his faculty for noting whimsicalities makes us sometimes wish that he had published the skeleton sermons and doctrinal criticisms separately, and devoted the space allotted to them in “*De Spiritualibus Pecci*” to more unconventional subjects. Some of his anecdotes are delicious, and his demure narration of them enhances the enjoyment of the reader. Good Parson Cryer, his predecessor in the vicariate of Glossop, comes in for much panegyric. One peculiarity of his, which Bagshaw notes as a virtue, was that,

so far from demanding or expecting ten shillings for his pulpit if another preached a funeral sermon, he preached many for which he neither received nor expected one shilling.

The preparation of these funeral orations and of sermons on special occasions involved much mental effort for the average parson in olden times. A story about one such occurs to us as we write. A sick club in a village of the Peak was in the habit of paying a guinea to the vicar for delivering an appropriate sermon on the occasion of the annual feast. It happened, however, that one year the balance-sheet worked out badly, and the parson was asked whether he could not, under the circumstances, meet the members somewhat—in fact, preach the sermon for half a sovereign. The reverend gentleman reflected for awhile, and at length informed the deputation “that he *could* preach ’em one for ten shillin’, but it would be such stuff as they never heered in their lives !”

Parson Cryer’s manner of delivery was also peculiar, by reason of

its musical cadences, which made his prose sound somewhat like poetry. One Sunday, preaching against strong drink, he remarked :

They go from one to two,
From two to four,
And from four
To fourteen more.

A conscience-stricken parishioner, hearing the accusation, interpreted it in a personal sense, and the following dialogue took place between pulpit and pew :

Parishioner.—Now tha' [meaning "thou"] *has* mixed it ! It was but just fourteen that we drunk.

Parson.—Beshrew thine heart ! I am glad I have met with thee. I knew nothing of your drinking fit.

Another of Bagshaw's anecdotes comes from Edale, a tiny village in the heart of Peakland. One of Bagshaw's contemporaries, the Rev. Mr. Cresswell, once preached here from the text : "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," and among his hearers was a man of weak intellect. The poor fellow had understood the text and discourse to have reference to himself, and after service he followed the coach in which the parson rode, frantically protesting, "I do believe there is a God !" Such simplicity flourished in Edale long after Bagshaw's day. Not many years ago an old woman who had lived in the village all her life was taken to the summit of one of the hills which surround the village, where she could view a stretch of country reaching away for many miles. Her old soul sprang with rapture at the sight, and turning to her companion she exclaimed, "I'll tell thee what : I nivver, nivver thought the world were as big as this !"

JOHN HYDE.

BIRD-COURTSHIP.

THIS is so wide a theme that we can only hope in one short article to glance at a few aspects of it. The peculiar phenomena presented by the instances of animals which tacitly agree to decide the right to choice of females by combat—the successful fighter being the prize-winner—holding the “prize of beauty”—“Fairest fair”—determined exactly on the principles of a bastard chivalry among men—would want a little volume all to itself. The deer and various other quadrupeds act consistently on this idea year by year. But all this, though curious and interesting, is not so inviting as are some other aspects of the subject. There are cases where the courtship is marked by exactly the same procedure and resources as with men, where the male puts on brilliant dress, and exercises himself in the most striking way he can before the female—the animal masher ; others where the spot chosen as the courting-place is decorated with shells and flowers and other things of bright colour ; while again, in a few cases, as in that of the water-hen and the coot, bright things, sometimes red flowers—say, the japonica’s flowers, as in one case I know—are brought by the cocks to the females ; and, again, noises of drumming, by means of wings in birds, and the chirping of the crickets, produced by rubbing of limbs, &c., are further instances of aids and accompaniments to courtship.

The dancing assemblies of certain foreign birds have a reference, direct or indirect, to courtship, though not always or necessarily so. In *Scribner's Magazine* for August 1877 we have a very graphic and admirable description of the bowers of the American grouse, which are prepared by a great deal of beating of wings and stamping of feet. The prairie-grass is thus stamped out. The bower is surrounded by rustling grass and golden asters. Morning and evening a party assembles here, and pirouettes and curtsies. By twos and fours they advance, bowing their heads and dropping their wings ; then they recede and advance again, and turn on their toes, swelling their feathers, and cluck-clucking with gentle hilarity. Many cocks,

we learn, join in the dance, but there is no attempt at unseemly battle (as is the case, we know, with many other animals).

Mr. Gould gives the following account of the bowers of the Spotted Bower-bird (*Chlamydodera maculata*):

"They are considerably longer and more avenue-like than those of the Satin Bower-bird, being in many cases three feet in length. They are outwardly built of twigs, and beautifully lined with tall grasses so disposed that their heads nearly meet (forming a kind of open-ended hut). The decorations are very profuse, and consist of bivalve shells, crania of small mammalia and other bones bleached by exposure to the rays of the sun or from the camp-fires of the natives. Evident indications of high instinct (? reason) appear throughout the whole of the bower and decorations formed by this species, particularly in the manner in which the stones are placed within the bower, apparently to keep the grasses with which it is lined fixed firmly in their places; these stones diverge from the mouth of the run on each side so as to form little paths, while the immense decorative materials are placed in a heap before the entrance of the avenue—the arrangement being the same at both ends. . . . I frequently found these structures at a considerable distance from the rivers, from the borders of which they could alone have procured the shells and small round pebbly stones; their collection and transportation must therefore be a work of great labour."

The bowers of these Spotted Bower-birds, too, are, says Mr. Gould, clearly intended for principal use in the time of courtship.

The Regent Bird of Australia (*Sericulus chrysocephalus*) also builds a bower, which, if it is not so elaborate, it uses in much the same way; this bird itself being very splendid in colour, as its scientific name implies.

Precisely the same habit is found in the prairie-fowls. Only, the prairie-fowls, in conformity with their character and habits, run over a larger area, and in general select some bare knoll covered with scant, short grass.

Mr. Lord, in his "Naturalist in British Columbia," gives an interesting account of a dance he witnessed, at which there were present eighteen or twenty birds. Though he found it difficult to distinguish the males from the females—the plumage, in this case, being so nearly alike—he concluded that the females were the passive ones. The four birds nearest to him, he says, were head to head, like game-cocks, in fighting attitude, the neck-feathers ruffled up, the little sharp tail elevated (some birds in courtship lower the tail, others raise it—the long-tailed birds mostly in the first class,

the short-tailed in the second), the wings dropped close to the ground, but keeping up by a rapid vibration a continuous throbbing or drumming sound.

They circled round and round each other in slow waltzing time, he goes on to say, always maintaining the same attitude, but never striking at or grappling with each other; then the pace increased and one hotly pursued the other, until he faced about and, *tête-à-tête*, went waltzing round again. Then they did a sort of "Cure" performance, jumping about two feet into the air until they were winded. Then they strutted about and struck an attitude like an acrobat after a successful tumble. There were others marching about with their tails and heads as high as they could stick them up. We are further told that the music to this eccentric bird-dance was the loud "chuck-chuck," continuously repeated, and the strange throbbing sound produced by the vibrating wings.

Signor Beccarri has given a full and vivid account of a newer species of bower-bird in New Guinea which seems to indulge itself in much the same performances.

Now here, assuredly, you have what, if not real contests and courtings, are, perhaps, yet more remarkable counterfeits of them, precisely as at a fashionable London or country-house dance there is always recognised an element, and possible consequences, of love-making—in the dances themselves and in the little decorated conservatories and arbours into which, as quite a recognised thing, the tired couples may retire now and then.

In the case for which we are indebted to the pen of Mr. Lord it is noticeable that, as far as he can say, the cocks only danced while the females passively looked on—which most decisively gives a suggestion of the mere display tilt or tournament of the early ages of chivalry. We know that, as an outcome of chivalry and the casuistries which arose out of this element in it, as a kind of means of gratifying the courting instinct without more serious results, courts of love arose; and what reason have we to deny that here we have a display of bird-chivalry, with passive females forming an inchoate or informal court of love, giving deliverances on all matters of doubt or question? And that "fighting attitude," as Mr. Lord tells well, is very significant and suggestive, and all the more if this is merely play-acting and not reality or in real earnest.

Much—very much more—has been said about the bower-birds and the prairie-grouse than we can say here, and we must now leave them to show that we have some birds at home that can do a turn. The little tomtit, or blue-tit, of which, to my joy, there are several

pairs in my garden, during his courtship is so full of spirits that he will throw somersaults round his bride on a branch, and fly over her from side to side, actually dancing on each moment of resting on the branch; and one wonderful feat of that dear little fellow is, at one point, to throw a somersault and then hang for a moment or two head downwards by the toes on the twig, the puffed-out blue of his head, &c., slightly moving, like a bit of sky—a bit of animated sky, really. The white-throat does a bit of leaping pantomime, precisely like a music-hall “jumping-boy;” the reed-warbler waltzes—actually waltzes—on the top of a reed, and goes from one to another reed, repeating the performance perhaps half a dozen times; and the sweet little garden-warbler, in the quiet recesses of the wood—to which, alas! he is now mostly banished from the garden—does almost the same thing.

Mr. Bates, in his “The Naturalist in Nicaragua,” had excellent opportunities for studying certain of the humming-birds, and he gives this description of movement and behaviour in courtship:

“When catching the ephemeridæ that play above the water, the tail is not expanded; it is reserved for times of courtship. I have seen the female sitting quietly on a branch, and two males displaying their charms in front of her. One would shoot up like a rocket, then, suddenly expanding the snow-white tail like an inverted parachute, slowly descend in front of her, turning round gradually to show both back and front. The effect was heightened by the wings being invisible from a distance of a few yards, both from their great velocity of movement and from not having the metallic lustre of the rest of the body. The expanded white tail covered more than all the rest of the bird, and was evidently the grand feature in the performance. Whilst one was descending the other would shoot up and come slowly down expanded. The entertainment would end in a fight between the two performers; but whether the most beautiful or the most pugnacious was the accepted suitor I know not.”

Selection of mates must be determined by some standard of taste so varying in individuals that it cannot always be calculated on, else how could there be selection strictly? Here, therefore, is *voluntary* action, which, pressed to the point of logical possibility, leaves natural selection standing, like a pillar of salt, far behind—not a fixture only, because it *may* melt away and leave not a wrack behind.

Precisely, as already said, as in chivalry, where “the prize of fairest fair” was for the most doughty knight and victor, so among many

birds the right to the fairest is determined by conquest. Thus the ruffs—most pugnacious of birds, it is said, because the number of males much exceeds that of the females, which is the case also with cuckoos, and yet *they* don't, so far as we know, resort to the same systematic practice of fighting it out (at any rate, Professor Alfred Newton does not tell us of it)—have regular systematic combats for courtship, and one of these has been described by Shaw, in "Gen. Zool.," vol. xii., where he says :

"The most remarkable circumstance attending the history of this species is its quarrelsome disposition, which is said to arise from the number of males greatly exceeding that of the females, as upon their arrival in this country in the spring the males each fix upon a small hillock or dry grassy spot in the marshes, about which he runs around till he has almost trodden the space bare, and the moment a female comes in sight all the males within a certain distance commence a general battle, placing their beaks on the ground, spreading the feathers of the neck, and using the same action as a cock ; and their combats are described as both desperate and of long continuance, but at the end the female generally becomes the prize of the victor. . . . Every bird, even kept in a room, takes its stand as it would in the open air, and if another invades its circle a battle ensues. A whole roomful of them may be put into fierce conflict by compelling them to shift their stations ; but after the cause has subsided they resume their circles and become pacific. . . . Although a polygamous [*? polyandrous strictly*] species, it is claimed that the male attaches himself more especially to one female and shows a decided preference for her."

So the ruff prepares his fighting ground, if he does not, like the bower-birds, decorate his bower.

Dr. Bowdler Sharpe says that "the breast shield and ruff which the bird dons at the period of the nesting season is one of the most striking nuptial garments of any bird in the world." What adds to the wonder is that not two birds are anything approaching to alike, though Dr. Sharpe again says that one main division lies in those that have the ruff uniform and those that have it barred. "In the former section the ruff is white or black, orange-buff or chestnut." In the cases of barred ruffs some are "glossy greenish black barred with rufous, or rufous barred with blue-black ; or sandy buff broadly barred with purplish black ; or buffy white with purplish-black bars or spots ; or white narrowly barred or vermiculated with black ; or black barred with white ; or purplish black streaked with white. And in the barred specimens the occipital tufts also vary."

In May the male begins to moult. Mr. A. C. Chapman writes :

"Often a pair of ruffs would, with ruff and ear-tufts erect, stand facing each other for minutes together, their heads lowered and their bills nearly touching each other. Then one would spring into the air and make a desperate rush at his retiring adversary, their aptitude for running over the ground being most extraordinary. Very frequently no reeve was present during these exhibitions, and the persistency with which the birds refuse to be driven away from their 'selected hills' merits attention. Some of these actions of the ruffs when at play reminded me of the gambols of an old black-cock on a Northumbrian hillside in the month of April." ¹

The wild turkey of America, rather an ungainly and awkward bird, becomes smart and nimble in its wooing :

"If the call of the female be given from the ground, the males in the vicinity fly towards the individual, and, whether they perceive her or not, erect and spread their tails, throw the head backwards, distend the comb and wattles, strut pompously, and rustle their wings and body feathers, at the same moment ejecting a puff of air from the lungs. While thus occupied they occasionally halt to look out for the female, and then resume their strutting and puffing, moving with as much rapidity as the nature of their gait will admit. During this ceremonious approach the males often encounter each other, and desperate battles ensue, when the conflict is often terminated by the flight or death of the vanquished." ²

But perhaps the most unexpected and extraordinary case of a thorough-going bird-courtship is that of the American cowbird (*Molothrus bonariensis*), which, owing to great excess of the males over the females, as is the case with our own common cuckoos, is pronouncedly polyandrous—the females, it has been said, being only one in nine or ten. Yet the male must do his devoirs to his lady-love, and this is the very exact and careful account of it given by the most trustworthy authorities :

"The song of the male, particularly when making love, is accompanied with gestures and actions somewhat like those of the domestic pigeon. He swells himself out, beating the ground with his wings, and uttering a series of deep internal notes, followed by others loud and clear; and occasionally, when uttering them, he suddenly takes wing and flies directly away from the female to a distance of fifty yards, and performs circles, gradually coming closer and closer, about her in the air, singing all the time. The homely object of his short-lived passion always appears utterly

¹ Sharpe, i. p. 274. ² C. L. Bonaparte, *American Ornithology*, i. p. 85.

indifferent to this curious and pretty performance ; yet she must be more impressionable than most female birds, since she continues scattering about her parasitical and often wasted eggs during four months in every year.”¹

“Like the cuckoos, the cowbirds never mate ; their most intimate relations are no sooner effected than forgotten ; not even the decent restrictions of a seraglio are observed ; it is a perfect community of free-lovers, who do as the original Cynics did. The necessary courtship becomes in consequence a curiously mixed affair. During the period corresponding to the mating season of orderly birds, the patriarchs of the sorry crew mount the trees and fences, to do what they call their singing. They posture and turn about, and ruffle their feathers to look bigger than Nature made them ; if their skins were not tough, they would certainly burst with vanity. They puff out their throats and pipe the most singular notes, perhaps honestly wishing to please their companions of the other sex—at any rate, to their own satisfaction. Meanwhile the females are perched near by, but without seeming very enthusiastic—rather taking it all as a matter of course, listening at times it may be, but just as likely preening their plumage, with other thoughts and an ulterior purpose. The performance over, it is a very little while afterward when the whole band goes trooping after food in the nearest cattle-yard or pasture.”²

A good observer has said :

“Some of the feathered species, when engaged in the performance of their love-songs or antics, are oblivious of everything else. On such occasions certain game-birds are quite deaf ; but the cuckoo seems always to take an intelligent interest in neighbouring sounds,³ even though then he is much more excited than ordinary, and there is no doubt about it, for I have seen and heard him—aye, often, both in Frating and Crockleford Woods, pretty well at all hours of the day, making his calls : that is, singing his courting song as he flies. As this has been questioned and denied, I am glad to support my opinion by that of a good authority who wrote in the *Zoologist* for 1894, pp. 306–8, that ‘when mating the cuckoo most decidedly calls when flying after the hen.’”

But indeed here arises a general tendency well worth noting. Many birds which do not at any other time sing on the wing do most decisively sing, and sing lustily, when in pursuit of the mate. This may be seen by any one who keeps canaries and lets them

¹ *Argentine Ornithology*, by Sclater and Hudson, p. 73. ² Dr. Elliot Cones.

³ A. Holte Macpherson on Note of Cuckoo, *Zool.*, 1896, p. 337.

out for a free fly at the breeding time. But the same thing is noticeable in all finches and some other small birds, and in the case of the song on the wing it is more keen, shrilling, hurried, fiery, passionate, than at any other time.; and the finest, softest, most subdued singer may very well then be the most shrill, fiery, and piercing.

Mr. Darwin, with all his observation and patience in watching, makes no reference to this; indeed, there is no point on which the master is less satisfactory than he is just here—failing, failing utterly, to note the most obtrusive traits and distinctions and differences in the songs of birds, so that his followers, in the endeavour to prove all songs of birds to be love-songs, only follow the master, but by an inverse and perverse process—result, however, always the same—the slumping up of many varieties into one indistinguishable mass, with no variety of motive or impulse whatever: a fine service to science, to man and Nature! That I am not the first to notice the general fact with regard to Mr. Darwin here is proved by the following sentence from Mr. Hudson's "*Naturalist in La Plata* : "

"Darwin's words on the subject of songs of birds are so few and of so little value that it is probable this kind of melody gave him little or no pleasure."¹

Mr. E. W. Nelson has thus described the love-gambols of the Long-tailed Duck—sometimes called the "*Organ Duck*," because of its very musical notes compared with those of most other ducks :

"The male is often seen swimming rapidly about the female, his long tail-feathers raised to an angle of about 75 degrees, and vibrating rapidly from side to side as he passes before his mate, uttering the love-note at short intervals. If he becomes too pressing in his suit, the female suddenly dives, and is instantly followed by her partner, and then a moment later they appear and take wing, and a playful chase ensues, the two diving at full speed and flying above or below in rapid succession, until they are tired. It is a common thing for two or three males to join in this 'follow-my-leader' kind of game after the female, and in the end the latter usually flies to some secluded pool with her choice, whilst the discomfited suitors move off in search of some easier prize. Several males continue to utter their musical notes whilst chasing a female, and make a very pretty chorus."

And the wren, the common wren—oh, what a delight it is to watch him in his woings! He runs up to his mate on the twig, runs

¹ P. 157.

back again, the brighter colours on his feathers resplendent, jumps over her and does the same, and then bends and stoops before her, the little tail looking more and more at a right angle from the body and spread out fanlike, which it never is at any other time, dotted, as it were, with dark-lustred gems. The slightest noise or, it may be, the slightest excuse, and she is off to another part of the hedge or tree, and there the same thing has to be repeated, sometimes with variations; for, as is the case with some rustic maids in parts of Scotland, and, it may be, in parts of England, they are exacting about the "dues o' coortship"—over which the famous Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, used to be strong when he made certain of his remarks on Scottish courtship in reference to certain songs. Yes, the "dues o' coortship" are demanded by Mrs. Wren, so that more than ever, witnessing the display last spring, I hold I have cause to justify my quoting the following more than I ever had before :

Like dropping rain upon the parchèd ground,
 Thy song falls sweet on heart and waiting ear :
 From tiny throat so full a shower of sound
 Makes marvel in me as I watch and hear :
The jewel of my hedgerow ; fain to dart
 And brighten all to life—until my heart
 Is grateful that my garden shelter gives
 To sweetest denizen of air that lives.

Mr. Grant Allen, in one of his most delightful Nature essays, gives some grounds for thinking that our common wren has really more affinity with the humming-birds than would be believed. I do not remember whether he refers to this kind of similarity in the dancings of courtship to those of the humming-birds ; but it is not too much to say, surely, that here is a point.

All the doves pirouette and run round the mate, with a dancing motion, lifting one foot at a time in a peculiar way, as, for that matter, do the tame canaries when love-making—in fact, in many cases, hopping birds then really run—the legs being lifted and lifted higher alternately, tail down, head-feathers raised, wings drooping, wholly changing the expression of the bird ; and the song or sound made by all these birds in courtship is wholly different from what it is at any other time. The wood-pigeon is the most thorough-going of the *columba* in this respect—he puffs out his breast and head-feathers, pirouettes on the very tips of his toes, then lifts one foot very high and next lifts the other, and then flies up, making a loud drumming noise with his wings, and comes back again doing the

same. Reference to the canaries here leads me to make a remark about the birds' songs and that wretched heresy of a certain school who would fain out-Darwin Darwin by desiring to make all bird-song merely amorous. I forget at the moment what Mr. Witchell, who wrote a whole book on the evolution of bird-song, said on this most important point, or, indeed, if he said anything; but this I have this past year observed, that two young cock canaries, bred by a good friend of mine, were in song before they had reached full growth—six weeks old—and there was nothing, absolutely nothing, of the amorous element there. They are now, at the moment I write, nigh three months old, are in full song, but no element of the love-song proper in it, as how could there be? One of them will come quite close to my friend, look at him, and begin to sing, never turning away from him. And am I then not justified in holding on ground of my own observation that the ordinary song and the love-song in birds are two totally different things? In a letter I had some time ago from Mr. Herbert Spencer, he said, in answer to a remark of mine on this very matter: "As to the songs of birds, you will find abundant disproof of the Darwinian view given in my essay on 'The Origin and Functions of Music.'"

This essay is in Mr. Spencer's earlier two-volume collection, and certainly he there anticipated and fully met and disposed of this stupid heresy. By the way, however, Mr. Darwin, who always was cautious and keen to qualify, is not to blame, but some only of his one-eyed disciples who have done him the service or the injury of riding one or two of his merely provisional, incompletely verified suggestions to death.

But clear it is that in some cases the dancing and singing can have no reference to sexual selection or to courtship properly speaking—the two things being quite distinct—since, as we have seen, birds that pair for life and are faithful go through the dancing and singing, and are particularly attentive to certain special observances associated with it.

"The Lyre-bird (*Menura superba*) constructs little round hillocks, on which it dances about in the early morning or the evening, when it also utters a loud and very musical whistle. It also mocks all the other birds in the forest, and even various sounds, such as those made in chopping or sawing wood. It imitates specially well the notes of the black magpie and the laughing jackass. I once saw in Victoria, early in the morning, several females and young birds sitting round whilst an old bird was dancing and singing. They

all watched very attentively, and when he had finished, one of the young birds got up and attempted to imitate him, making a most ludicrous spectacle.”¹

Even with us at home, in the case of birds which mate for life the observances as regards “dues o’ courtship” are each year gone through when the spring comes. During last season did I not sit in a garden summer-seat nigh a good yeoman’s house in North-East Essex, and watch the on-goings of a couple of pairs of starlings, which he tells me he encourages to nest in certain little places about his rather rambling house, because, he goes on, “Whatever else they do—take a cherry or a strawberry, p’raps—they gets the maggots out o’ the sheep handy”—a point on which I could confirm him by observation; for the last time (July 15) I drove down his chase to visit him, there was in the near meadow a flock of starlings, as many as three of them at one time on the back of a black-faced lamb, doing the work which in the heat and drouht he wanted done, as probably nothing else could have done it.² The starling pair had begun building, but, as I looked, they made a pause now and then—not to rest in the sense of being still, but to indulge (the cock at all events) in various endearments, moving round the female, putting his beak close to her beak, and retiring a pace or two from her as though to see and be seen more clearly, and then getting close again, and moving round her. All this on the top of a wide, old-fashioned, disused chimney, while, in the glints of sunlight, the buff and purple tints on the cock shone metallic, lustreful—like the finest shot-silk with tiny bits of coloured brocade let into it. I have seldom seen a more taking sight—all the more that I had not observed anything exactly of the same kind before; I had never seen this portion or phase of a starling’s annual courtship.

The blackbird is a very faithful wooer; though he pairs for life like the starling, he goes through his amours every season and does a bit of courting when “sweet memory prompts” all through the year.

¹ Bronowski, *Birds of Australia*.

² And yet, if Mr. Kearton’s shepherd is wholly right, my friend was only partly right in his kindly feeling toward the starlings, in being willing to give protection and shelter “for value received” in service in removing the maggots from his sheep, since they are apt to leave something behind them. The shepherd says: “When the starlings goes and eats blackberries an’ elderberries an’ such like, they comes an’ leaves the seeds an’ go on my ewes’ backs, an’ a kind o’ beetle comes along, lays his eggs in it, an’ when the maggots comes out they dives right down through wool an’ skin, the black thieves do, into the poor sheep’s flesh, an’ gives us no end o’ trouble” (*Speaker*, December 24, 1898).

The bullfinch not only pairs for life, but the couples keep together and feed each other at all seasons of the year.

Hawks, owls, ravens, carrion crows, rooks, jackdaws, magpies, and jays also pair for life, as well as ducks and geese ; but with almost all of them the courting must be gone through each season, and in some cases it is a very pretty and interesting sight to watch.

The common herons cannot get along with their nest-building without pausing to allow some little passages of love-making. It is a very picturesque sight, say those who have witnessed it. Mr. Barrett-Hamilton has thus given his impressions of it :

"On approaching the nest (with an instalment of sticks) the male, who is evidently very proud of his home and his mate, usually utters some loud croaks, at the same time straightening himself out in the air, and on alighting he sticks his crest bolt upright, all of which is no doubt for the delectation of the hen. . . . Herons thus seem to make love to each other on their nesting-trees, and I have seen the male caressing the female on the nest."

The Crested screamer of La Plata (*Chauna chavaria*), locally called the *Chakar* or *Chaja*, has some peculiarities, besides being a remarkable singer and a singer in great concerts, flocks gathering together to sing in company. Mr. Hudson tries to describe one of these, and confesses that there is something strangely impressive in these spontaneous outbursts of a melody so powerful from one of these strange flocks, and says of the bird generally :

"With the chakar the sexes are faithful, even in very large flocks the birds being ranged in couples. When one bird begins to sing its partner immediately joins, but with notes entirely different in quality. Both birds have some short deep notes, the other notes of the female being long powerful notes with a trill in them ; but over them sounds the long piercing voice of the male, ringing forth at the close with great strength and purity. The song produces the effect of harmony, but, comparing it with human singing, it is less like a *duo* than a *terzetto* composed of bass, contralto, and soprano."¹

The white-throat is very intense and also persistent and long-continued in his wooing—a fact which may have had something to do with White of Selborne's record when he says "the white-throats seem to be of a pugnacious disposition, for they sing with erected crest and attitudes of rivalry and defiance."

So, for that matter, do tame canaries, if they are allowed to fly free at breeding time.

Mr. Wesley T. Page, F.Z.S., tells us of the little Avadavats or

¹ Pp. 225-6.

Tiger-finches that "when courting the male dances round his mate with head erect, crown feathers somewhat uplifted, frequently uttering his charming little trill at the same time, and at this period is especially interesting and amusing." ¹

The same author, in the same place, says of the Bronze-winged Manakins "that they are never dull, are of great rapidity of flight, hardy, enduring, very grotesque during the pairing season, when the male elongates his neck so that the feathers seem to stand out straight, spreads his tail out fanwise, and, with open beak, uttering his little twitter, he dances round his mate in a most amusing and entertaining manner." ²

Take one typical instance of bird-serenades by sounds other than that of the voice, as sometimes the troubadour would by certain tunes made for the purpose express his love to his lady without words—"a song without words" beyond those of Mendelssohn. The tappings of the woodpecker on the old elm-tree, according to later observations, in which the late Duke of Argyll had the honour of leading the way, are not gone through at all in the process of search for insects, as had been long believed: in that business it does not want to warn the insects of its proximity to them by any such noises. Scientific ornithologists say that in this exercise the woodpecker combines fun (as young men are apt to do) with the business of courtship; but, at all events, we may now say with certainty that Mr. Woodpecker is not engaged in his most *serious* calling (catching prey, unless, indeed, in the metaphorical sense) when he is tapping the old elm-tree, as poor Robert Burns, as the Old Hawk, once said that he did.

The hoopoe, which, unfortunately for us in this country, we do not now have much chance of seeing, owing to the cutting down of timber and the ruthless persecution of the bird, presents one of the prettiest of sights in its courting. It jumps round and round the female with its crest raised, puffs out its breast, and, coming close, bill is laid to bill, and, withdrawing, it then repeats its cry, and again dances round the female, every movement being full of expression and grace. Mr. Howard Saunders, after describing the habits of the bird, says: "At the time of courtship, the bird struts about with his crest erect, uttering a note resembling a soft *bu-bu*, whence the Spanish term *Abubilla* or *hoop-hoop*, to which, and not to its crest, it owes its English and French names." In the South Kensington Museum is a hoopoe's nest in a tree, the bole cut exactly at the point where the nest is, the upper part lifted up and

¹ *The Feathered World*, July 14, 1899, p. 42.

² *Ibid.*

fixed so that the nest—very rude nest—can be seen, and also the young raising themselves to be fed.

The persecution of this unique and beautiful bird is not of yesterday. White says: "The most unusual birds I ever observed in these parts were a pair of hoopoes (*Upupa*), which came several years ago in the summer, and for some weeks frequented an ornamental piece of water which joins to my garden. They used to march about in a stately manner, feeding in the walks many times in the day; and seemed disposed to breed in the outlet, but were frightened and persecuted by idle boys, who would never let them be at rest."¹

Sir W. L. Buller, in his valuable and beautiful "Birds of New Zealand," tells of the kingfisher there (*Halcyon vagans*) that, in the pairing season, this species becomes very noisy and lively, the mated birds chasing each other round and round, in amorous play, from tree to tree, from post to post, with loud unmusical cries something like the syllables *cree-cree-cree* uttered in quick succession.

Thus, though I would, in a certain way, declare war on the Neo-Darwinians, I am certainly not inclined to wipe out any of the lines along which undoubted likeness of animal ways to human ways and customs may be traced by careful observation and comparison; and when I find analogies between bird-bowers and exercises there and fashionable dancing-parties in London or country-houses, surely it cannot be said that I am an out-and-out anti-Darwinian, or anything but so far a true follower of Darwin, who, if he did not allow himself to "go loose" like one or two of his professed followers, yet did most certainly struggle really to wipe out the hard line of distinction between animals and men, and sought a missing link, and told us that when we smiled and showed our teeth thus we only copied our early animal progenitors who snarled and thus showed *their* teeth! Well, in some degree, this shows to what heights of imagination a born genius in natural science may rise, when, by-the-by, on his own confession, he had absolutely lost all sense for or relish of poetry or the drama! But had he, when he could rise to this fine point, got tangled in comparison or image?

The ascent in scale through the ministry of true mating—the devotion, the tenacious memory, the refusal to forget, of which there are many striking instances on record—throws quite a new light on the whole of animal existence; showing, and that in no vague or faint or doubtful characters, the "groping upward" on their part too, of which Lord Tennyson wrote; and if, in some sense, the

¹ P. 31.

mystery of existence is anew suggested, there is also here, in the pure, beautiful, and unselfish loves possible to these creatures, a gleam of light cast across all the chaos, exhibiting preparation and elevation, and, as Thoreau beautifully said, attesting that they are "undeveloped men awaiting their transformation."

Mr. Romanes, who certainly is not inclined to conclusions without evidence, speaks of the "love-birds" pining away for absent mates, and mentions that even "the stupid-looking ostrich has heart enough to die for love, as was the case with a male in the Rotunda of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, who, having lost his wife, pined rapidly away. It is remarkable," he goes on, "that in some species—notably pigeons—conjugal fidelity should be so strongly marked; for this shows not only what may be called a refinement of sexual feeling, but also the presence of an abiding image in the mind's eye of the lover." And he presents touching and most remarkable anecdotes of drake and duck (Mandarins) told by Mr. Bennett, and of a widowed swan and pigeon told of by Mr. Jesse, which would not re-mate.¹

ALEX. H. JAPP.

¹ *Animal Intelligence*, pp. 270-1.

AMY ROBSART AT CUMNOR.

THE pretty little village of Cumnor is located in Berkshire, some five miles from Abingdon, but not more than three and a quarter west of Oxford. Standing on the summit of a lofty down, the air is agreeably fresh and clear, and affords a pleasant contrast to that of the ancient city lying below. The village is composed mainly of thatched cottages and houses of grey stone, presenting, on the whole, a pleasing picture of rural life and repose. St. Michael's Church, with a tower of the Transition Norman period, has its yard surrounded by tall trees, which screen it from the main road. Although so near Oxford, and perched on a high hill, Cumnor is, nevertheless, somewhat secluded, and is an excellent example of an old English village that has suffered little at the hands of time.

Of the three "lions" that once made Cumnor famous—the church, the Place, and the inn—the first alone remains intact. There is still, it is true, an inn possessing for its sign "The Bear and Ragged Staff," but it was built during the reign of Victoria, and is some way from where the former edifice opened its hospitable doors. Only a low wall, forming the western boundary of the churchyard, exists of the historic Cumnor Place, where the disconsolate Amy Robsart met her death. But the Church of St. Michael still lives to tell the tale of the past glories of Cumnor, and is the shrine of the modern pilgrim's devotion. Notwithstanding the many hard knocks which it has received from the restorer, it is still, without doubt, a really fine specimen of its style, and contains many attractions for antiquaries. On the immediate right of the altar is to be seen the tomb, with two fine brasses, of Anthony Forster and his wife, above which is inscribed the oft-quoted epitaph in Latin attributing to Amy Robsart's host virtues sufficient to have graced the memory of a mediæval saint. This monument, it is not generally known, was put up after the death of Mrs. Forster—that is to say, not until eight and thirty years after her husband's funeral. The brasses represent the Forsters kneeling,

apparently absorbed in prayer. The nave of the church contains a chained Bible and a small statue of Queen Elizabeth.

The destruction of the former inn, which bore the sign of the "Bear," was an impious act of vandalism, originating under somewhat curious circumstances. A late vicar of Cumnor objecting to the noise made by revellers in the bar parlour, petitioned the lord of the manor to have the "Bear" taken down. His Lordship, the Earl of Abingdon of that day, consented, and down it came. The story goes that, after issuing the fatal order, Lord Abingdon repented, but too late, and the messenger sent by him to stop the workmen found the house a ruin. Of the present "Bear" it need merely be mentioned that it possesses no features of architectural interest whatever.

As an act of vandalism the destruction of Cumnor Place was, perhaps, even a greater and more reprehensible outrage than the demolition of the inn. The excuse put forward in defence was that, owing to the peculiar terms of the lease, whilst the Place stood no timber on the estate could be cut down. Lead to a very considerable value was taken from the roof, and sold.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball !
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.
The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Cumnor Place was not a large house, as readers of "Kenilworth" would naturally imagine, nor was it lofty. It was an ecclesiastical building of one storey, built round a quadrangle measuring seventy-two feet by fifty-two. Constructed about the middle of the fourteenth century, as a sanitarium, probably, for the monastery at Abingdon, it was leased by Anthony Forster, at the time of Amy Robsart's residence at Cumnor, from William Owen. Shortly after Amy's death Forster purchased it, bequeathing it in his will to Leicester, but Mrs. Forster continued to inhabit the house till her decease in 1599. The landlord of the Place, when Amy Robsart knew it, was not, as generally stated, Dr. Owen, whose Christian name was George, but one of his sons. This is important, as certain writers, who hold rather strong views of Queen Elizabeth's connection with Amy's death, have pointed out that "Robert Dudley sent his wife to be confined at Cumnor under the care of Dr. Owen, the Queen's physician." As a matter of

fact, the Doctor died a few weeks before Elizabeth ascended the throne, and before Amy went to Cumnor.

The famous staircase, down which Amy did or did not fall, was a short, winding, stone flight, and the luckless lady must have exercised some little ingenuity in twisting her body into an extraordinary position if she broke her neck down this corkscrew-shaped mode of communication between two floors. At the bottom of this set of stairs, however, she was found lying dead in the evening (not the night) of Sunday, September 8, 1560, to the sorrow and alarm of the servants just returned from Abingdon Fair.

Although it is not within the scope of this paper to institute an inquiry into the vexed question of how or why Lord Robert Dudley's (he was not then Earl of Leicester) wife was killed, or died, at Cumnor, I would like to point out one important circumstance which has, I believe, hitherto escaped the attention of all those writers who have examined into the history of the supposed murder. I refer to the peculiar geographical position of Cumnor Place itself. It was not by any means a country house that could rightly be described as either "hidden," or "lonely." On the contrary, its position was completely destitute of privacy. So close, indeed, was it to both the church and another building that it was within an easy stone's throw of the one, and within little more of the other. Standing, too, on high ground, and almost touching the road, it was easily accessible on all sides. Full of guests staying there when Amy died, it must surely have been a very inappropriate spot to select to bring off successfully the murder of a noble lady!

Once dead, it is proved that no attempt was made—as the legend runs—to bury Amy's body secretly and hastily at Cumnor. A coroner's jury was speedily summoned, and the corpse carefully watched. The only other site where it rested, immediately prior to its interment in a brick vault beneath the floor of St. Mary's University Church, in the High Street, Oxford, was at Gloucester Hall, now called Worcester College. It was at the funeral that there occurred, according to "*Leycester's Commonwealth*," a sensational incident, of which so much to Dudley's discredit has been made by those who consider him guilty of Amy's murder. Dr. Babyngton, Dudley's chaplain, in delivering an oration in praise of the deceased's character, referred to Amy as having been "pitifully murdered." He "tripped in his speech," we are told, and let these ominous words slip out before he could correct himself. But it is unfortunate so important a piece of information should rest on no better authority than that of the work in question,

written as it is by an author whose name has not come down to us. It is true that the authenticity of the episode has not been challenged, although, personally, I am surprised that it has not, for the "Commonwealth," considered in the light of an historical document, is proved to contain many statements contrary to fact. Some accounts of Amy's funeral omit all reference to Babyngton's *faux pas*, and all mention of him even as the preacher of the sermon. According to them, the talented author was Edmund Campion, who afterwards went over to Rome, and was, as a Jesuit priest, hanged at Tyburn. Campion's oratorical powers had early won for him at Oxford great renown, and he is as likely as Babyngton to have been asked to preach. Moreover, as Dudley's private chaplain, Babyngton would hardly have been so foolish as to let drop an expression inimical to his own interests as well as those of his patron, before a congregation including the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford, Heralds from the College of Arms, relatives of poor Amy, and many of her friends and domestics.

Of Amy's correspondence two items have been preserved, and if they throw no light upon the mystery of her retired life at Cumnor they prove that her Christian name was Amy, and not Anne, as some critics have endeavoured to show. One of these letters, written in 1556, was to her friend Mr. Flowerdew, a former neighbour of hers in Norfolk, and related to the sale of some sheep. In this she manifests her affection for her husband when she confesses, as a reason for her delay in communicating with Mr. Flowerdew, "I not being altogether in quyet for his" (Dudley's) "soden departyng." The other scrap of writing consists of a brief message to her dress-maker, or rather tailor, William Edney, of Tower Royal. In both these manuscripts it is worthy of comment that Amy, notwithstanding the fact of her having been an heiress in her own right, complains of being much pressed for want of ready money. Indeed, the tailor seems to have "dunned" her for payment of his account.

That the dense cloud which hangs over the mystery of Amy's death at Cumnor will ever be dispelled seems very doubtful. But the vexed question of how she met her death is not the only riddle connected with her residence in Berkshire that awaits solution. We have yet to learn, for instance, the name of the author who wrote the book ("Leycester's Commonwealth") that formulates so many terrible charges against her husband for his treatment of her; and we have yet to discover where Anthony Forster spent the eventful evening when she died.

Up till recently the authorship of "*Leycester's Commonwealth*," the contents of which were printed abroad, was generally attributed to the virulent pen of Father Robert Parsons, S.J. Internal evidence clearly demonstrates, however, that Parsons was not the author. No Jesuit would have spoken in such loyal terms of Queen Elizabeth as does the anonymous author of the attack upon Dudley on his title-page. Moreover, in one of his works, Parsons furnishes an account of Amy's funeral, mentioning Campion as the orator. In the "*Commonwealth*" we are informed that Babyngton was the orator, and Campion's name is never quoted at all. The "*Commonwealth*" is probably the work of a courtier, who must have borne some strong grudge against the man whom a queen "delighted to honour."

Additional difficulty in arriving at the whereabouts of Anthony Forster on the evening when Amy died is due to the ambiguous language used by Thomas Blount, writing to Lord Robert Dudley, from Cumnor, on September 11, 1560. He says that Amy

would not that daie suffer one of her owne sorte to tarrie at home, and was so earnest to have them gone to the fayre that with any of her owne sorte that mad reason of tarrying at home she was verie angrie, and cam to Mrs. Odingsells, the widow, that liveth with Anthony Forster, "who" refused that daie to go to the fayre, and was verie angrie with her also.

To whom does this enigmatical pronoun (who) refer—to the widow or to Forster? If to the widow, we must conclude that Anthony Forster did not remain at Cumnor, but went to Abingdon with the rest of the party; if to Forster, then we can but assume that he purposely remained behind at Cumnor Place, where he was when Amy met her fate. As to which of the pair Blount refers, much difference of opinion has existed; but it is only fair to remind those defenders of Forster who have contended that the pronoun undoubtedly alludes to Mrs. Odingsells, that one of the greatest authorities on the history of the Elizabethan age has not been able to join them in forming such a verdict. Further perplexity from the intelligence transmitted by Blount arises owing to his contradictory views concerning Forster's popularity in the neighbourhood. In one place, he states that Anthony was highly thought of as an "honest gentleman," whose "great honestie doth much curb the evill thoughts of the people;" in another, he fears lest the coroner's inquest may be protracted to Dudley's disadvantage, because several of the jurymen "are verie enemies to Anthony Forster!"

Amongst all these doubts and difficulties that impede the path

of the investigator in conducting his inquiry into the story of Amy Robsart's career, one piece of definite evidence is to be gathered, which is especially worth quotation at the present period. This is the document that reveals to us the date of Amy's marriage, which took place in June 1550. Now, as "discovered" in Mrs. Gallup's "cypher," Amy's husband, Robert Dudley, was married to Elizabeth during the reign of Mary. If Dudley and Elizabeth were so married, it is clear that, by the date of Amy's wedding, Dudley committed bigamy, that his marriage with Elizabeth was invalid, and that their child—Francis Bacon, according to Mrs. Gallup—was illegitimate. No less a person than King Edward VI. has, in his own handwriting, left us a note referring to Amy's espousals, which completely contradicts Scott's version in "Kenilworth" of her secret marriage and cohabitation with Robert Dudley. In his "Journal," under the date of June 4, 1550, the "Boy King" has the following entry:

"S. Robert dudeley, third sonne to th' erle of warwic, married S. John Robsarte's daughter, after whose marriage there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should take away a gose's head, which was hanged alive on tow crose postes."

The nuptials took place at Richmond, Surrey, in the presence of the King and his Court.

King Edward, it should be noticed, refers here apparently to Amy's father as being a knight, and he has been dubbed "Sir John" by all the writers who have dealt with Amy Robsart's career. Nevertheless, I venture to doubt whether he obtained that dignity, for I can find no record of his having been knighted, and in his will (made shortly before his death) he calls himself "Esquire," as he is also so termed in a document signed by the Protector Somerset.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

HYMN TO VARUNA.

(*RIGVEDA*: II., 28; V., 85; VII., 86; &c.)

PERIOD : B. C. 1200.

O THOU that, all-ruling, abidest
 Aloft and hid in the skies !
 O Varuna, mighty one, Father !
 Everlasting, exceedingly wise !
 Hark ! hark ! in thy home celestial !
 We are calling below : give ear !
 Thou Lord of the Firmament, hear us !
 Thou Born-of-Eternity, hear !
 There sublime are the heavens : behold them !
 Set high by thy magical hand.
 By thee were the days and the years, this world,
 And the life of humanity planned.
 And the waters are thine and obey thee :
 By thy primeval decree
 Do the rivers arise and wander forth,
 And seek their home in the sea.
 For there reigneth an order, a cosmos :
 The stars and the Dawn take heed
 That they keep thy laws everlasting,
 And thine order for ever decreed.
 Yet we that are puny, we mortals,
 For wrath have given thee cause :
 We have grievously sinned and offended :
 We have broken thy lofty laws.
 All-righteous art thou and all-faithful,
 The avenger of guile and lies ;
 And we vex thee daily—nay, even in sleep
 We are not without sin in thine eyes.

O thou, the Unseen but All-seeing !
Thou that hearest and art not heard !
Be merciful : be like a brother : forgive.
Deal gently with us that have erred.

Have we sinned of intent ? or been thoughtless,
Doing evil, but not of design ?
Have we cheated a friend or a stranger ?
Or been angered, or drunk with wine ?

When we turn, and repent of our conduct,
And address thee in psalms of prayer,
Put from us our sins, and let us again
Be thine, as we formerly were.

And preserve us from sin and its bondage :
Guard well our thoughts to-day.
Deliver us not unto gloomy Death,
To go down to the house of clay.

Nor give us to the crafty Dasyus,
For a spoil to be taken in fight ;
Nor a prey to the wolf or the she-wolf,
Or the fiend which walketh at night.

But in time of our troubles be with us ;
Or when danger threatens, be near.
And we pray for the life eternal aloft,
As we pray for our safety here.

O Varuna, tenderly guard us !
Yea, like as the birds of the air,
That spread out their wings and shelter their young,
So extend over us thy care.

For afar have we Āryas wandered
From our primitive Āryan land ;
And bitter and fierce are the foes we meet :
We have perils on every hand.

But thou art a friend, and abidest
Up there and hid in the skies ;
And thou art the Father of all men,
The Immortal and Holy and Wise :
Looking down upon mortals and all their ways,
As it were with a thousand eyes.

TABLE TALK.

ENGLISH AMUSEMENTS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

HOW cruel were the sports of our ancestors is known to every student of social customs. We have but to turn to such names as the "Bear Garden" on the Bank-side, or the "Cockpits" in more fashionable quarters, notably Whitehall, to know how customary were the most brutal and degrading pastimes. I have myself, when dwelling on the atrocious cruelty of the bull-fight, been told that we had not long ago amusements every whit as indefensible, and I have heard of pursuits almost in my own time so inhuman that I have hesitated to describe them. I was not aware until recently, however, that we approached so nearly the Roman Empire as to have had gladiatorial shows as public exhibitions. Such seem, however, to have been common in the penultimate century. M. César de Saussure, a descendant of an illustrious Huguenot family which took refuge in Lausanne from the persecutions under Louis XIV., spent some years in England under the early Georges, was a shrewd observer of our customs, and even obtained diplomatic employment in our midst. To his Swiss friends he contributed an epistolary diary, which has recently been translated by a descendant and published in England under the title of "*A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I. and George II.*"¹ In this he supplies much curious and trustworthy historical and antiquarian information. Among other things, he deals at some length with our popular entertainments, giving a specially full account of the marvellous pantomimic feats of John Rich, the famous harlequin, at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. These tempt me to quotation, which, since the life of John Rich, otherwise Lun, may be gathered from many quarters, and is given in the "*Dictionary of National Biography*," I resist.

GLADIATORIAL COMBATS BY ENGLISHWOMEN.

AMONG the most popular London amusements of M. de Saussure's time—which may be taken to be that of the Coronation of George II., fully described by him—are cockfights and fights of gladiators. The former exhibition, still too well known

¹ London : John Murray.

in memory or in illustrations to need description, meets his approval, and is considered diverting ; the latter he would not see again, and he regrets the half-crown he spent for his admission. For a full description I must refer my readers to the book. The first fight was between two women—"one a stout Irishwoman, strong and lithe to look at ; the other was a small Englishwoman, full of fire and very agile." Their weapons were a sort of "two-handed sword, three or three and a half feet in length ; the guard was covered, and the blade was about three inches wide and not sharp—only about half a foot of it was, but then that part cut like a razor." With these the women hacked at one another, while the spectators made bets on them, "and some peers who were there [made] some very large wagers." To her who seemed likely to win the spectators threw shillings and half-crowns. When one woman received a great cut across the forehead the sport was suspended until the wound was sewn up, and, the injured woman having drunk a "big glass of spirits," the fight recommenced. Both women "were very scantily clothed, and wore little bodices and very short petticoats of white linen." Even more revolting seem to have been the fights between men. It was, according to the narrator, surprising neither was killed. They were often wounded, and one of them had his ear almost severed from his head. They, too, had presents thrown them by their backers, but had to catch them in their hands, those that fell on the ground being seized by the "numerous rascals" in the crowd. Verily, on reading these things I am almost ashamed of what I have said of the bull-fights. These barbarities are, however, happily with us a thing of the past, and not even in the greatest secrecy dare our "peers" essay such diversions.

THE LEGEND OF BLUEBEARD.

MORE attention has naturally been paid in France than in England to the historical aspects of the story of Bluebeard. The tale itself assumed the shape in which it is now known as one of the "*Contes de ma Mère Loyer*" ("*Tales of Mother Goose*") of Charles Perrault, first issued in 1697, and translated into English in the following century. Attempts have since been constant, in the assumed land of his birth, to find a prototype for Bluebeard, and more than one Frenchman of rank has been branded as such. I have always felt that that crowned Moloch, our own Henry the Eighth, might well, in default of others, have supplied the idea of the character. England has at length obtained a satisfactory treatment of the subject in "*Bluebeard : an Account of Comorre the Cursed*," by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly,¹ the author of "*The True Story of the Chevalier d'Eon*" and other works. Of the two men whom Mr. Vizetelly has accepted as predecessors and types of Bluebeard, one is obscure and nebulous. Comorre the Cursed—Comor ar Miliguet, as he is

¹ London : Chatto and Windus.

called in the Breton tongue—is met with only in ancient histories of Brittany and in hagiology. Dictionaries of biography and profane literature generally know him not. His period is the early part of the sixth century, A.D. 515-555. Comor, a Breton king, had slain four wives when, on the intercession of Saint Gildas, he was accepted as son-in-law by Guérok, Count of Vannes, whose daughter Tryphine he duly married. Finding herself *enceinte*, and learning that Comor (or Comorre) invariably killed his wives when in that condition, Tryphine sought to escape. She was, however, tracked by her husband, who cut off her head. At the intercession of the disconsolate father, Saint Gildas rejoined the head and trunk and restored the matron to life. Solemnly banned by the Breton bishops in conclave, Comorre could find no rest, and now haunts the Menez-Bré or the glades of Quénécan in the shape of a were-wolf.

A SUPPOSED PROTOTYPE OF BLUEBEARD.

A MUCH more real and recognisable figure is the second claimant for the infamy of being the original Bluebeard, Gilles de Rais, whom Mr. Vizetelly calls "the exterminating beast." His period is 1404-1440, for, in spite of the unprecedented atrocities he committed, he was still young when he ended his career at the gallows and the stake. A descendant of four of the most illustrious houses of mediæval France was Gilles de Montmorency de Laval de Rais, Marshal of France, the last dignity being accorded him on account of the part he took in the wars of Jeanne d'Arc, one of whose staunchest champions he was. He was also, by the standard of the day, a man of immense wealth. Allowed from the first to gratify every whim, lavish in expense and unbridled in luxury, he soon mortgaged his property, and became embarrassed in his finances. For relief from his difficulties he turned to the infernal powers, and sought, like another Faust, to make a compact with the Evil One. He became a prey to charlatans and impostors of every species and degree. While, however, his relations with conjurors and quacks were grotesque, his actions were serious and horrible enough. His agents, spread through portions of Brittany and Poitou, seized on all the children they could find, and bore them to one or other of the feudal fortresses wherein Gilles de Rais could defy all authority other than his own. Here they were ruthlessly slaughtered, and their limbs offered as a sacrifice to Satan. Varying estimates are formed as to the number of victims thus immolated. The lowest puts them at between one and two hundred; the highest at six or seven times that number. Ultimately Gilles was unwise enough to embroil himself with the ecclesiastical authorities, and in the researches that followed his excommunication and arrest the remains of his victims were found, and the ghastly truth was dragged to light.

HUMAN MONSTERS OF CRUELTY.

THE fate of Comorre the Accursed and that of Gilles de Rais are told by Mr. Vizetelly in a book which is an important contribution to folk-lore and comparative mythology, and also to

history. Exact information concerning Gilles de Rais, including the report of his trial, is in existence, though much of it lives only in the decent obscurity of Latin. Mr. Vizetelly has converted the whole into a brilliant and edifying narrative, which appeals not only to the student but to the general reader. It is issued in a handsome and even luxurious shape, and may be read with breathless interest. Not very patent are the reasons for regarding Gilles as a Bluebeard. Two or three ladies to whom he was affianced died before he married them; but there is no reason, no justification even, for imputing to him any hand in their death, and his one wife survived him. The number of murders for which he is responsible warrants any amount of opprobrium. They seem, however, to have had no element of passion or revenge, or even of fantastic cruelty—differing in this respect from the horrors perpetrated by Azzolino or Ezzolino of Romana (whom Ariosto calls the “Son of Hell”), by Comorre the Accursed, or by the Marquis de Sade—but were executed in cold-blooded and sordid avarice. They belong, indeed, to the Devil worship, to the existence of which in France and elsewhere attention has of late been called.

THE NEW “ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.”

THE second volume of the new series, or the twenty-sixth of the completed work, fully maintains the high standard of the first volume, and gives in its every detail evidence of the care and forethought that have been exercised in its production. A striking feature is the “General Survey of Recent Political Progress,” by Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B., which forms a preface to the volume; while the illustrations, as before, are not only an embellishment, but a great help both to the “general reader” and to the student. Among the many striking articles deserving special attention may be mentioned “Bábism,” by Professor E. G. Browne; “Walter Bagehot,” by Sir R. Giffen; “Military Balloons,” by Major Baden-Powell; “Banking,” by Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, Mr. T. L. Greene, and Sir J. R. Paget; “The Barbizon School,” by Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A.; “Richard Barnfield” (whose close relationship with Shakespeare must always make him interesting to the student), by Mr. E. W. Gosse; “Bismarck,” by Mr. J. W. Headlam; “Book-Printing,” by Mr. Charles Ricketts; “George Borrow,” by his friend Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton; “John Bright,” by the late Mr. P. W. Clayden; “Robert Browning,” by Mr. Leslie Stephen; “Thomas Carlyle,” by the same distinguished writer; “Buddhism,” by Professor T. W. Rhys Davids; “Burne-Jones,” by Mr. Lawrence Binyon; “Chess,” by Herr L. Hoffer; “The Canons of Hippolytus,” by Canon J. Armitage Robinson; “Ford Madox Brown,” by Mr. W. M. Rossetti; “Cartoon,” by Mr. M. H. Spielmann; “Caricature,” by Mr. F. W. Whyte, Monsieur Armand Dayot, Herr Richard Muther, and Mr. Rupert Hughes. The list might, however, be continued indefinitely: these are only a very few plums out of the pudding.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1902.

NORA WILDING.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

By JOHN STAFFORD.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

CHAPTER III.

"I SHALL go away! I can stand it no longer! He's not ceased grumbling for a whole fortnight. The sainfoin is not ready for a second cut, and he knows it. I shall go away, and leave the lot of them!"

Dick flung his book down and himself back in his chair, and glared at the wall, having thus addressed it. A rasping voice had echoed through the window from the rickyard, a plaint to one of the men.

"All the lot, Dick—even me?"

Dick turned quickly, to find Leah in the doorway. She was flushed and smiling, looking uncommonly pretty. "Even me, an' after what you said last night?"

"Last night? I was tipsy last night—or next door to it."

Leah unpinned her wide hat and laid it on the table.

"You was alright, Dick—a bit merry, that's all, and devil-may-careish. An' small blame to you, say I. I wonder you're not worse to-night, after his horse nearly treading on you an' her laughing at the young feller's jokes about such a comical pudding-basin of a place, an' then to race giggling off with him."

"Who said that?" cried Dick angrily.

"You did, half an hour since, before I went to the village. You

were talking to yourself in the garden—just as now—an' you were telling the bushes as her laughed till the tears came ; I could but hear you through the lattice."

"Ay, she laughed right enough ; but I never said she giggled—it was more like hysteria. But why should I speak of it to you ? Can't you leave me to my reading ?"

Leah's eyes lit nastily. She opened her mouth to say she had seen the two riders return along the ridge from Blackhurst ; that she had seen Nora's last gesture of parting to the scenes once so beloved of her. She only said with a pout :

"How changed you are ! You said last night that——"

"That what ?"

"You said that but for me you'd go mad ; you said as I was the dearest friend you had in the world ; an'—an' you as good as asked me to marry you when times were better. Yes, you did ; an' now to-night you're all grumbles an' frowns."

Dick smiled, but not pleasantly.

"I distinctly remember, little gypsy, that it was just the other way. You began the joke on that odd day of February, and now I sometimes think you're in dead earnest. And even Seward, last night, seemed to join the game ; but I put that down to pension day and Mountain Dew ; and while he was so generous with it and his praises of you—which were all perfectly true, I'll say that for you—I could hardly but enter into the fun. Then you came along, and home we walked together under the stars. But hark ye, Leah, my pretty witch, last night is five years away—I've seen Nora !"

"An' like enough never see her more," said Leah, her full bosom heaving. "But let me tell you, Dick, you might do worse things in earnest than take to wife Leah Brading. It mayn't be right for me to say it ; but you said just now you were going away. An', I ask you, where's the sense in it ? The farm 'll be yours when the master's dead, and who's to carry it on if you desert us ? An' who's to help you better than me ? I've been as one o' the family these last two months—grandfer's right hand, so to say ; an' if you must know, he's said more than once that he'd like to see you an' me come to a pairing. But if you go off an' leave us, the old place 'll be sold an' broken up, an' come into the hands o' strangers ; an' all because you think so much of that houghty-toighty, pranked out little——"

She stopped and bit her red lip. The young man had turned to her a face of stone. "Just end it, will you ? And go !"

"I beg yer pardon, Dick ; I——"

"Go !"

His hand pointed to the door a-shake with anger, and, wisely saying no more, Leah left him.

Dick rose from his chair and paced to and fro the darkening room, the big wainscotted "living-room" of Manor Farm, which had practically become his own since Nora had gone her way. Here at nights in younger days they had been wont to con their lessons together ; in days less young to read, or haply raise a tune. There, in the corner, stood the old Broadwood ; on the top of it her fiddle-case, alongside it his flute. On the hanging shelves, a little away, were all their favourite books, worn and homely, like olden clothes. In a glass case above were her two doves and red-fronted bullfinch, stuffed and silent, but living yet when memory touched them. But he was feeling rather than seeing the presence of these reminiscent things, and perhaps with a certain pain which gave some sanction to the thought of flight ; for his eyes at every alternate turn would glance at the booklets and papers which covered one end of the table, printed things from which bold words stood out in red and black—"Dominion," "Halifax and Nova Scotia," "Grand Trunk," "Free Land," and so on ; and with the train of thought they had earlier started he was still seemingly busied.

At last he stopped, listening to querulous words which reached him through the door from the kitchen. It was old Saul, and his voice was loud again in anger against him. Dick, in his humour now, could bear no more of it. The wide lattice in the embrased window stood open. He took his hat, bent low, and stepped, as he had done times before, into the rear garden ; then he passed on to the track which led up to the downs—the same which Nora had used that morning of May—and, arrived at the top, started an aimless wandering. On and on he went, the sweet cool upper air refreshing and soothing him with every step ; so that his thoughts came in quieter fashion, showing him things in truer proportion, and rebuking him, it may be, for having held them up to the broken mirror of his own heart rather than face them with clear sane eyes, as an honest man should. At last he stopped at the sound of a distant tinkling, a fairy-like chiming which seemed to ring a change to all his face. Muttering "Thanks, good sheep," he turned, and after some minutes came to the movable hut of the shepherd. He put his head in.

"Seward, are you asleep ?"

"No"—drowsily—"who is it ? Master Dick ?"

"Come out for a minute. I want a word with you."

"Talk away, lad," said Seward, descending the step. "Yours is

the first voice I've heard this day, bar the silly sheep's and the bird-things. You looks budge¹ to-night. What's the matter, Dick?"

"It's simple enough. Either Leah must leave Charlton or I shall. Which shall it be?"

Seward blinked his surprise.

"Leah leave Charlton Dene, an' you that fond of her! Why, what's come to ye, lad? What can ye mean?"

"What I say—which shall it be? Grandfer won't get rid of her—I can't—so you must. Now then, what's your answer?"

Seward blinked afresh; Dick had never seen lids so at work.

"So it's all off, then? Why, she was telling me only——"

"She told you lies. I can never make her my wife. My mind is settled. Give me your answer."

"Well, well!" A certain look of foiled purpose came to his small black eyes; his bony brown fingers tightened on his crook. He looked round half savagely, and, seeing Rough at his feet, sent a kick to him. The dog slipped aside with depressed tail.

"It's all off, you say, an' she must go or you will?"

"That's it."

"And when must she go?"

"At once—this night! I shall not return there till she's out of the house."

Seward gripped tighter his stick; under the eaves of his brows his eyes glittered like a vole's. The dog looked from face to face, its own uneasy.

"Wait a minute," said Seward, and he entered his hut and went up to a rude desk in a corner, on which stood his sheep-register and some odd papers. On one of these he wrote with his pencil two or three lines; then, emptying his tobacco-box, as he had done before, and placing his message within it, he called Rough. The dog came up half-heartedly; but at a coaxing word he re-curled his tail, gave a glad bark, gripped the box, and set off on his errand, and swift as a hare was his going.

"He'll be back in a quarter of an hour, or less, maybe, and then I'll give you your answer," said the shepherd. He sat down on the steps of the hut and said no more.

Dick stood watching the blazing Jupiter. Beneath that glorious planet, somewhere to the south-east, he knew Nora was; but his thoughts were larger to-night, and they went over the comb of the ridge in less bitter sort; his better heart was toward. The star seemed to wink at him once or twice; but though he was staring at

¹ Grave or solemn.

it, he saw it not—only the dear face which, to his fancy, it shone upon. Something was wrong—*what* he could not think ; but she—he looked down. Rough was panting at their feet.

Seward took out his paper and read, seemingly with renewed surprise ; then he looked up from his seat.

“You can have yer wish, Master Dick. She’ll be gone in an hour from now—perhaps before. Will *that* suit yer?”

“How did you manage it?” asked Dick, surprised himself.

“Just told her the game—told her to pack up an’ go—that’s all. An’ she says she will. Poor Leah ! an’ obliged to fall back on that fool !”

“What fool?”

“Never you mind.”

CHAPTER IV.

IN the dim wainscotted room at the farm old Saul sat at the table in front of the literature which Dick had left there. With the aid of his glasses and a couple of candles he had taken up this pamphlet and that, and had spelt out some of their meaning. In a sense, they had taken him out of himself, for they were not uninteresting, and as a true son of the soil he liked nothing better than to read or hear of agricultural doings in parts unknown to him. But it was when he had come to a special booklet on the virgin possibilities of Manitoba, in which was slipped as bookmark a type-written letter from the shipping agents, that the true purport of it all came crashing to him. He read the hard blue lines through again, pushed his glasses up to his forehead, and leaned back staring blankly at the fiddle-case.

“Dick going to leave me too?” He looked round dazedly. “Dick, as I’ve brought up from a little un—fed an’ clothed an eddicated as son o’ my own ! An’ just as I was going to let him into the secret—Dick going too?”

He sat with dropped jaw and stunned eyes, trying to take it in. A minute passed—perhaps two—when something streaked across his dumfounded consciousness—a shrill voice from the kitchen : “What’s the matter wi’ the dog? She’s upstairs, lad ; here, let me open the door. What news a’ ye got now, you ill-omened beastie? Another lamb dead, I rackon. What can Seward be after?—an’ the feed so good as it is !”

The words passed the listener as idle sounds ; the voice, however, had given him a thought. “Say, Deborah ! come in a minute ; I want to speak to ye.”

The old servitor, busied with her knitting, showed at the doorway, and looked over her glasses at her still older master.

"How many years since yer came to Charlton, Deborah?"

"Fifty-two come Milemas,¹ master; an' it was you as hired me at Belchester Fair. I mind it as yesterday, an' you was wearing a lilac waistcoat."

"Ay, I was a bit of a dandy them days. Fifty-two years! You mind Dick coming as a nipper, Deborah, when he were no higher than these leggings?"

"Weil do I—an' he brought the measles with him an' give 'em to Nora. Her'd just been shortened, I remember."

"That's so; an' d'ye mind me saddling Captain in the middle o' the night an' racing over the downs to Blackhurst in the thick o' the blizzard to fetch Dr. Lancem, 'cos you thought neither on 'em would live till morning?"

"Ay, an' he couldn't come till next day, 'cos o' little Rose Somers as had the typhoid. An' when he did come Nora were better, an' Dick were blowing soap-bubbles for the mite to chuckle at, an' you made him see double wi' praising the Lord an' drinking long life to 'em."

"An' d'ye think I'd risk my neck an' life on such a night if I hadn't loved the pair of 'em as children of mine?"

"You could never do too much for 'em, sir, then or ever after."

"An' hasn't Nora as good as run away from us, an' sent never a line this ten weeks or more?"

"That's even so, Mister Warren; but I rackon she's in a sort o' whirlpool, an' spinning round an' round till her heart be as giddy as her head, pore gell."

"Giddy be hanged, madam! She's a Wilding, that's what she is! I never want to see her more. But Dick—he's no Wilding; an'—an' he's going too, Deborah! What think you o' that?"

"I don't believe it—that's what I think," said Deborah warmly. "You may drive him to madness with yer temper—asking yer pardon; but leave Charlton Dene he never will—so long as you be here, anyways."

"Madden him wi' temper?—is it that?" said Saul huskily, and with a sudden change of face. "Is it that? Lord above! is this Thy chastening?"

Deborah's bright needles flashed like captured lightning. It was she who broke the silence, and her voice was softer.

"Dick's a good lad, an' always has been; but he's getting on, an' his thoughts run over the brim o' the Dene to the bigger world

¹ Michaelmas.

beyond it. It were a mistake to 'prentice him to that big modern farmer, an then call him back to this old-time place not as yer health didn't justify it—I say nothing o' that—but the change had unsettled him. He's done what he could, an' he'll do what he can ; but, to my mind, Hugh Gummidge could carry on a farm o' this size, wi' Seward to help him."

"Ay, yer say that, do yer? I suppose Nora had been running over the brim too?"

"Nora were a swaller living wi' sparrers—no offence, sir; her'd a' fled away in any case sooner or later. You wouldn't have her bide on here like a clipped kestrel, would yer?"

Saul peered at her as through a mist.

"Are you turning agen me too, Deborah?"

"Turn agen yer? Will the brook run up to the beacon? Will the weather-cock crow o' mornings? I am but pointing out the nature o' young things; an' as for loving them, why, you can't say as——" And old Deborah was no longer in the doorway. Saul thought he heard a sob.

"Nay, don't tek on, Deborah, don't tek on! Come in again, will yer, an' have a glass o' this wine? Do, Deborah, now! We'll have one each. That's better. It's my fault, I suppose; an' I'm hard, an' narrer, an' too much of a sparrer. Ha! ha! There's rhyme for yer! We'll mend our ways, Deborah; an' here's to more charitable living!"

He had risen and gone to the sideboard and poured out from the decanter there two glasses of wine. The twain drank to more charitable living. But all the while could Saul hear that low, sobbing-like sound which had made him call Deborah back to him. He looked out of the window; it seemed now to come from there. Then he glanced up at the ceiling, from which a sound of footfalls had come.

"Can yer hear it, Deborah? It must be Leah. What's the matter wi' the wench? Call her down too, an' we'll fill up again an' she shall join us. Bless my soul! it's all sighing an' grumbling an' tears, these times. We must alter it. Maybe she were right" (Deborah had gone), "an' it was all my fault. There's Rough flying up the hill as he did ten years ago. A lesson in that, Saul. You're none so old, my lad; there's good life in yer yet; but you couldn't sprint up yonder in that fashion. Where's Dick? An' why don't them two come down? Old! an' me only eighty—oh-h-h!" And Saul put his hand to his back while the hot iron tortured him. Then with a sigh for lumbago, he sat him down in the chair by the window.

But it was a really aged man who sank back in the elbow-chair and looked out at the bright heralds of the night, the lordly star of evening and the gentle Saturn shyly following on the wide blue way. Deborah entered, saying Leah would be down presently, and she passed him his pipe and tobacco-jar, with another glass of wine. The smoke brought visible comfort to the furrowed face ; but after puffing through some ten minutes he called out anew for the lagging Leah. Anon Deborah showed again, but looking queerly.

"Lass ain't in her room, an' I found this on the table. I'll bring a candle—it's something writ down wi' a lead pencil."

By the light of the candle they both spelt out what was writ down on the paper :

"Farewell all, and good-bye to Charlton Dene. Please send box by Timms the carrier to White Hart at Blackhurst, to be called for. You'll never, never forgive me, so it's no use asking you. I've been a bad and scheming woman, but I can't look you in the face and say it—I must go. They say love is blind—in *my* blindness I've fallen into a pit of the devil's own digging. With the Lord's help, I may scramble out again, *if you'll let me alone*. Don't tell Silas Hedley where I'm gone. He said he'd give me no more unless I promised to wed him. 'A kiss for each—little wonder he should get to want me out and out! But rather than have him I'd liefer jump from the cliffs down into the sea. It's Dick I love, and shall to my dying day. God help me! I thought—but I can't stop. Good-bye all—but you'll never forgive poor LEAH BRADING.

"P.S.—Open top right-hand drawer—they're all there."

It was not very coherent, but the main fact was clear enough—that Leah, too, was gone ; and shrewdly did it hit the old man. From his trembling hand the paper fluttered to the floor.

"Where's Dick?" said he faintly. "Find Dick, an'—an' send for Mr. Povey. It's a judgment—a judgment o' God, it is. Fetch Dick—fetch un, Deborah."

He sat, puffing a cold pipe ; and his old eyes were moist, spitting the shiny sky-things into dancing sherds of silver. He was feeling that bitterest bitterness of old age, the sense of desertion which creates, even of familiar things, scenes of direst desolation. That room had walled in some of the sweetest hours of his long life ; it was the haunt of a thousand memories, which would come to caress and smile upon him whensoever in quiet hours such as these he would throw open his mind to their soothing. But never in all

his days had he felt so alone and abandoned in the old room as now. Yet even the dead numbness of his heart-aching seemed, as is often the case, to become at last its own soporific ; so that it was quite sleepily that he heard Deborah tell of the Rector's absence—that no one knew whither he had gone—that Miss Povey had said she had heard him in the stable saddling his cob. "Parson's gone too, then?" he murmured, with the ghost of a smile. "Alright, Deborah ; . . . saddling cob. Dick'll be here just now. . . . Dick——" and by the yellow light of the candles Deborah saw that Saul was fast asleep.

"It's the wine," she muttered. "I feels a bit gapish myself. Poor old master! He's aged ten years in as many weeks. Woe's me! Why did th' Almighty order it that loving hearts should suffer so, when those o' flint go down to the grave with never a scratch?"

She sighed again as she sat down in the kitchen and took up her knitting, letting it fall to her lap the next moment—for truly the wine had been excellent. The Dutch clock ticked monotonously on, its long pendulum swinging drowsily in the heavy air ; a night-hawk churred in the stillness ; a cockchafer droned by the window, then, seeing the light, wheeled noisily in, so that Deborah gave a sleepy start. But the flustered hummer flew out at the door, and the dozer's head lowered again ; her chin rose and fell on her shrunken breast, her breath came and went like a babe's, and Deborah slept. And though strange new sounds were soon disturbing the stillness, she never stirred, so excellent had been that wine.

Nor was the other sleeper in the wainscotted room in livelier case. Lying back in the cushioned embrace of his chair, he showed not a movement, save at the lips when some dream his brain was busy with set them at work. For the strange new sounds which might have startled the old housekeeper had suddenly stilled so soon as the causers thereof had taken in the situation, and it was on tip-toe that the two young people went up to the elbow-chair and there paused to listen to the broken dream-talk. Of something good it was, and of kindly purport ; for the look of age had left grandfer's face, while a softness had come to his mouth which was almost a smile. There were ghosts moving about the haunted brain, and without a doubt Saul was finding them the best of company.

A flushed girl-face bent over him, and with finger on lip smiled up at the other's not a yard away. Then it happened that from the odds and bits of the sleeper's phantasy the listener was able to make a pretty mosaic. She suddenly straightened her slim, habited figure, and her hands went up to her hair. Down it came tumbling, causing the watcher's heart to give an odd leap. She turned to him

and whispered : "Cut me the red ribbon from Deborah's cap—don't waken her—quick !" She bent again. "Eunice 'ud sing that when her . . . rare voice had Eunice . . . same old pianer . . . keys all hollow with . . . new un, someday, Nora . . . wait till——"

With shining eyes the girl took the ribbon, and, shaking her hair out, deftly bound it with the red thing midway down its flowing length ; then, very quietly, she lowered herself into the chintz-covered chair opposite to Saul's. But the seat was of wicker, and, feather-weight as she was, it creaked just enough to cause grandfer to heavily open his eyes. "Still there, Nora ? Got the black gown on ? Sunday, is it ? Lord, I be tired to-night ! Play us another tune, will yer, lass ? Summat low an' soft as strokes the heart like—an' I'll—I'll have another five minutes. I be that——" and slumber had him again.

The rich low harmony of Handel's "Largo" spread through the room, the player's dancing eyes seeming to come to, a listening standstill ; and when it had died away, and its long sound-wavelets were lost in the level of silence, she looked slowly up at the face above her, and without a word lifted her sweet young lips. Love's gravitation did the rest—just a meeting and a parting, but remembered to this day.

"You haven't told me half of it yet." whispered Dick, while the lights sprang back to her eyes. "Begin again. You were entering Southbeach an hour late—other horse had cast a shoe. Povey overtook you—spoke half a dozen words ; you both wheeled round—left your cavalier shouting after you ; never stopped till you got to Coney Bottom—there you met Leah. Rector stopped to talk with her—you hurried on ; and here you are. But what was that about ? Hush a second ! he's at it again—a change of key this time."

Together they watched the sleeper's face, which was alive now with emotions which made it painful to look upon—which made his great hands to clench, his lips to move with a kind of writhing. "No—never ! . . . She's ours, I tell yer—ours ! . . . these seventeen years . . . no right . . . curse o' God——"

A resounding chord rang out—another and another—and, like a throstle in May, Nora sang forth the first lilting lines of "Cherry Ripe." Saul sat up in round-eyed amaze. There was Nora ; there was Dick beside her, carelessly fingering his flute ; and there was he. Or was he only the fool of another dream ? Nora, stealing a laughing side-look, could see him cruelly pinching himself. No longer could she hold in ; with one last bang at the keys, she swung round on her pivot, and before he could blink twice she had the old man at her

mercy. Then once again did grandfer know what it was to be beloved of Nora. But not yet had he caught fair sight of her. He essayed to get it ; but she slid to his knees and laughed up at him. "Now you can see me ! Now say if I'm a dream-thing ! Feel these hands ; stoop and see if my lips are real ; if my eyes are of glass ; and—oh, come down again to me—quick !" She drew the white head down, and beyond all doubt her lips were very real. Saul could be passive no longer. He caught her by the shoulders and held her at arm's length. A moment so, then, with a queer cracked cry, he drew her close. And all he could say was :

"The Lord in heaven be praised for this great joy ! My Nora is back again, an' her heart's agen mine, an' it's true as needle to pole ; an'—thank God ! thank God !"

CHAPTER V.

ON the following morning, about the hour of ten, Mr. Povey and a young gentleman of uncertain age—he might have been anything between twenty and thirty-five—were walking their horses carefully down the chalky track which leads from the eastern uplands to the village of Charlton Dene. The fierce dog-day sun was beating down upon them, but the Rector's cob still showed the shine of the dandy-brush, and hardly a hair had it turned ; while his companion's mount, a mettlesome young gelding, showed long foamy lines on its chestnut coat, and was tossing the white flecks from its mouth with every step. Anthony Wilding had ridden hard to the hollow among the downs which a flying word last night had told him was the goal of the runaway Nora. And now that he was here he surveyed the scene through his eyeglass—the tree-embowered village, the little flint-faced church at the rising edge of it, the bosky combes, and the willow-lined stream meandering on to the sea—and at his thin lips was something like a curl. "Little fool !" he muttered, then dropped his glass.

Mr. Povey was looking down the vale ; the Manor Farm was as yet not in the view. "Yes, you have saved me a hot morning's work," said he, as if in continuance of greeting words ; "but I'm sorry in one way, as I had hoped not only to put the case clearly to Sir Justin and Lady Wilding, but to have some talk with yourself in the bargain. There have been some serious misunderstandings, caused no matter how ; but now that Miss Wilding is back here again, I wanted you to better comprehend why your errand this

morning is so entirely useless. I trust the fact will not unduly pain you."

Mr. Wilding smiled, as old men do—with deep mouth-lines.

"Oh, I shall be alright," said he; "soon find another if she jibs again. She *is* a stunner though! Just the right step and carriage—bit frisky, but no vice—splendid creature! But there was no holding her in last evening; it was a fair bolt, and just as she was about to say 'yes' to my eloquent pleading. A psychological moment, sir!—and Gad! if you didn't gallop right into it!"

Mr. Povey twinkled. There was little harm done seemingly—at least to this youth. He thought of the proud old baronet, and then of the fond old yeoman. Nora had not been happy in the gilded circle—would have shown it her heels long since but for certain nefarious doings; her instinct had been right—her place was here. And Sir Justin? He hardly knew whether to sorrow or no for the man. He had certainly played the brute in the past; but Nora somehow had pierced the crust of his heart, and it seemed a pity—but there! what could be done? Sir Justin must simply pay for his sins, and serve him right, perhaps. Such men as Warren were worth a score of him. Mr. Povey came to alter his view—but that is another story, which Nora of winter nights likes sometimes to tell to young listeners at her knee.

"I hope you'll live to forgive me," said the Rector; "and if Sir Justin should be angry, you will know whom to point to as the villain of the piece. Tell him Tom Povey, of Trinity."

"You don't know Sir Justin, sir—at least, as he is now. He's a man who never forgives. It was a good month before he'd condescend her so much as a smile, and that she only won by firing up at him for his referring to poor uncle Hector and his country Audrey—his words, not mine. She let him have it, I can tell you—straight from the shoulder; and he's liked her in his grim way ever since. But he won't condone this, unless she—but never mind. Let's have a look at the Colin who's bewitched my Phyllis. Tell me something about him, sir; Nora never would. He's a pleb, of course; but has he any parts? Is he a good sort? Would he—confound him!—would he make her happy?—that's the thing."

"Not a doubt about it," said the Rector. "With the exception of three or four years which he spent on a big farm in the Midlands, they two have lived together since childhood. A very superior young fellow. He ought to be steward on a large estate, or a farmer with two or three thousand acres and plenty of capital. The

Warrens had the whole of this valley at one time ; now they have barely eight hundred acres, leaving out the pastures."

"The fellow's wasting his life, then. Look here, sir ; if he'll give up Nora, I'll get him the job of steward to Sir Justin. It's worth five hundred a year now ; I'll make it a thousand when the old man pegs out—'pon my honour I will ! Would that fetch him, think you ?"

"Better try him when you meet," said the Rector dryly.

"Clodhopper !" muttered the other. "Curse the fellow ! but for him I'd have had her safe, and she'd have had a title and a share of ten thousand a year. The deuce fly away with him !"

"No ; he's no clodhopper," said Mr. Povey, who had caught the word. "You mustn't say that. Just now you called him a pleb ; would you be surprised to know that he comes of older and even more patrician family than yourself ?" The kindly brown eyes had hardened.

"A twig of a tree, then ? What's its name, sir ?"

"He comes of the old De Warrene stock ; a name familiar enough in the earlier chronicles, and one to conjure with round here in the rough old feudal times. The father of the race jumped ashore at Pevensey, and rode in William's bodyguard at Hastings fight. Yes, it's a respectable old family." And Mr. Povey twinkled again for Nora's sake, for the pride of the Wildings was trying in his nostrils.

"That beats us," said the other, readily enough. "I have a notion that the first of our lot gave young Charlie a leg up a tree down Gloucester way, and then boxed the royal ears for kissing his pretty daughter. He ought to have been made a lord for that ; but the Merry One didn't act so badly. But you see, sir, we've kept up top ; we have rank and much land, and many shekels. The Warrens have gone under ; they're poorly off ; and for that very sound reason—well, wait till I see the old farmer, and if he doesn't think twice—hello ! What's up here ? What monster's this ? Thunder and lightning ! Hi ! hi ! Stop, you fool ! Look out, sir ! Devil take the horse !"

They had just turned the lane corner by Coney Bottom. Wilding's beast had leapt half up the bank, while Mr. Povey's, steady old goer as it was, stood with starting eyes quivering with terror. For there, right in front, and running its hardest towards them, was a headless, armless, and—to the equine mind—utterly frightful object, and in two whisks of a tail it would be upon them ! With a mighty tugging of rein the Rector tried to pull the cob aside,

but the paralysed brute only turned half round, then the next instant reared high in the air with a sort of squeal. For the nameless thing had run howling right into its barrel, and rebounding to the ground lay there writhing and twisting in horrible contortions. The other horse, being a little ahead, was wrenched and spurred to the road, but, seeing the rolling monstrosity there, it veered sharp about, and bolted like a mad thing up the lane. He landed, breathless and spent, right into the grip of Dick. Then came rearing and plunging and much fine language for some hot seconds; but suddenly the animal stood quiet, for this man *had* a head, and of his arms there was no possible doubt.

The young rider, after a curt "Thanks, my man," looked about him; then adjusted his glass to look again. For everyone was laughing up there—Dick at the horse's head; Nora, her face hidden on Grandfer's shaking shoulder; old Deborah in the mouth of the porch, showing a last lorn tooth. Nora was the first to recover, and as the horseman slowly dismounted came out with many blushes to greet him.

"You must excuse us, Tony—it's dreadfully rude, I know; but it was our postman—perhaps Mr. Povey has told you about him—immured for his sins in his own letter-bag. Dick was thrashing him to death by the wall-box, but I ran up and stopped him—for really it was dreadful—and as a compromise we bound his hands and tied him in the mailbag, giving him half an hour's start of the policeman. There, see! he's running off! Mr. Povey has set him free! Oh, the villain! the villain!"

"Who?—the man or Povey?" said Wilding, staring down the lane.

"The man! He's been meddling with our letters for weeks and weeks—he and our maid, Leah Brading. She ran off last night with her father; but, of course, you don't know them. Oh, the wicked, wicked people! But, come in, Tony. Dick will see to the horse. Grandfer, this is my cousin, Anthony Wilding, who has ridden over, I know, to bear me back to Southbeach—Sir Galahad to the rescue! Won't you shake hands with him, grandfer? Oh, do! He's been so kind to me all these weeks, and it was not his fault, you know. That's right. Now go into the house and talk it all over—and here's Mr. Povey to help your counsels."

"But it is very essential that you should make one of us, Nora," said Anthony, seeing the girl hold back. "I have a message of the utmost importance to you all. Come along, do!"

"Very well, dear grave and reverend. March in, and I'll make one of you."

Dick, having handed over the visitor's horse to Hugh, and seeing that Mr. Povey's had its rein safely over the wicket post, walked on through the steading to the gate at which Saul had stood the previous evening; he leant his arms upon it and began a pleasant musing. How the inner will straighten up and brace the outer man once joy unadulterated has sent along every nerve its magic message! Dick may have had his sleepless night; he may have put Diamond to a gallop over the downs at daydawn such as the good horse had never known; and he may even have eaten of no supporting breakfast, but there was a quiet dignity in his lofty bearing now, a fine easy self-possession, which had caused the cowman a minute ago to playfully touch his cap and address him as Squire Warren. But true dignity is ever unconscious, and the dreamer there by the gate was quite unaware of these subtle changes in him; he only knew that he was the happiest wight alive. And so he stood for some ten minutes, it might be, when a sound of a well-known voice raised high in anger caused him to turn and look towards the house. There was nothing to see, for the heated words came through the open window, and even while he gazed and wondered they slowly fell, and he could hear no more. Then it was he saw Nora's figure in the garden, and she was walking, as it seemed, to the familiar arbour-place; the sight of her little white handkerchief dabbing at her eyes made him post there too.

She was leaning back with pale, set face, but on seeing him faintly smiled. He sat down beside her, and took her hand in his.

"What is it, Nora? What have they been doing to you?"

He looked round at her, noting the return of her apple-blossom colouring, but getting no reply to his half-angry query. He repeated it, and Nora, rousing herself, gave a little shrug.

"Doing to me? Oh, nothing much. It was what Sir Justin did years ago—before I was born. I never knew till this morning; and now—I feel as if a great stone were inside me where my heart used to be. It's horrible!"

Dick put his thumb to her wrist.

"It's a good stone that can send your blood racing round at ninety to the minute."

Nora's head came to his shoulder, and her bosom rose high with a long easing breath. Dick said nothing—just quietly waited.

"I've given them all up, Dick, and I shall never see them more—no, never—and they've been offering their thousands for me, and—" she laughed, a low sweet breeze of mirth, straight from the chest—"on what conditions do you think? That I'm never to see you again

—you and grandfer and dear old Charlton Dene. They want to buy me body and soul for so many pieces of gold ; and I was to have for myself——” Here Nora’s mirth broke forth anew, but she caught herself up, and her face grew set and hard again.

“Then grandfer broke out, and I—I stood listening till I could bear it no longer, and I came here. Oh, Dick, let me always stay here ! I don’t care how poor we are. I’ll milk the cows, churn the butter, do anything—only let me stay here where love is, and nature, and sunlight, and heaven’s free air. For here they’re all so real. There in London—Oh, I was so miserable, Dick ! and they thought I was happy. But no, I wasn’t ! I’d taken to it as men must do to drink—to make me forget ; but it didn’t !” and her hand tightened on his, adding in its own soft way, “it didn’t !”

“Not even the operas, and the concerts, and the picture shows and——”

“Ah, they were very well, as far as they went,” said Nora, a trifle wistfully, and with a flutter haply of hidden wings ; “but they were like—like Seward’s whiskey after pension-day, which he says gives him a headache. Only, mine was a heartache ; they’d be so different now ! But what do I care ? I have you and grandfer and all this !” She waved her arm to the smiling prospect, and all the wistfulness was gone, while at her lips was such sweet content that Dick had to turn and gently taste of it.

“Well, it’s all there, little woman, whenever you care to go back to it for a week or so, or even longer ; and since you can’t be a guest of the Wildings, you can stay where you like, and Miss Somers shall go with you as paid companion. She’ll be glad enough——”

“What can you mean, Dick ? Think of the cost ! Besides, I’ve given it all up.”

“I know you have, dearest ; and I know why. But shall I tell you what I found in the top right-hand drawer ? It was among the other letters—something that’ll surprise you.”

“What was it ? Do tell me.”

“It was a letter from grandfer to Sir Justin, written shortly after you’d gone to them. Among other things—you may have heard some of them in the house just now—there was something about a bit of money coming to me. It was a wild sort of letter, and it was a good thing, or a bad one—I don’t know which—that it went straight from the pillar-box into Silas’s pocket. Yes, a trifle of money left me by my father. At sight of his written words, grandfer told me all about it ; he’s been saving the secret for me, the dear old boy !”

"Your father? I thought he died a poor man when you were a boy?"

"No; he only left the country after the death of my mother; and for fifteen years grandfer never heard a word from or of him. Then it was a letter from the lawyers about his death and some railway stock bequeathed in trust for me till I was twenty-three."

"Why, that will be next—next tenth of September!"

"So it will; and from that day morning I shall act as my own master. And much there is to be done. Look at the old place, nearly tumbling about our ears. And that land away up the Dene—all ours once on a time, and it shall be ours again, thanks to Providence and the new Squire's spendthrift ways."

Nora's eyes were very round.

"But can you do all that, really? How much is this money?"

"Just a few dollars. In English money they'll tot up to——"

He stopped, checked by a loud-voiced summons—his name and Nora's. In a few seconds they joined the group by the gate: Saul, and Mr. Povey, and young Wilding, whose horse, in charge of Hugh, was awaiting him. He looked as men do after a bad day at Epsom. Dick, standing in the background, saw Nora go up to him, her hand out for parting.

"Well, Nora," said the young man, with a swift glance at Dick, "it's a sad world and a mad world, and we're old fools and young fools, and wisdom is folly, and folly is wisdom; and so we shake along. I lose to gain and gain to lose; but, alas! it can't be helped. We've had a good time, and this morning a lively winding up of things. What Sir Justin and the old lady will say when I report my embassy, the dickens only knows. Eh—have you any message, by the way?"

Nora reddened and drew herself up.

"To Sir Justin, none whatever. To Lady Wilding you may give my love; but tell her—tell them both—that I shall never see them again—never—never!"

"Oh, come now, never's a long time! Look here, it won't be always like this. I can understand your feelings; but when—after—well, you know, dear—when I'm Sir Anthony and cock of the walk, you—then you must come again among us whenever the feeling prompts you. And you mustn't come alone—which brings me to the point. I want you to introduce me to our cousin Dick."

The two gripped hands with mutual appraisings, the one looking down from his height, the other gazing up through his shiny disc. "Glad to meet you, cousin Dick. Nora is well lost to have been so

won. I yield her to the better man, and good luck to you both ! And now I must away," springing into the saddle. "Good-bye all—and, Nora dear, think sometimes of Tony. He will of you, I can tell you. Ta-ta ! ta-ta !" and with a lift of his hat Anthony Wilding rode away. But he was heavy in the saddle, and his face, now it was turned from them, was more than ever that of a man who had lost high stakes.

The group by the wicket stood watching him in silence till he had turned the corner at Coney Bottom ; then grandfer chuckled, rather cruelly as one of them thought.

"Well, Dick," said he, "when Nora had gone I told him all about it, and now the murder's out you may as well tell the lass yourself. I'm sorry for the youngster, an' for th' old leddy ; but they wanted to buy out our Nora, an' cut her right away from us for good an' all. But the lass had given me cart blank, an' I filled it full o' reasons why she should grow on an' thrive where her roots is, an' they're here in Charlton Dene. An' now, Mister Povey, can yer blame me for not telling Dick sooner of his bit o' money ? Wouldn't he a' been uppish an' stiff o' neck, like all other young fools when they sees a fortune on the sky-line o' things ? An' haven't I made a man of him ?—haven't I now ?—haven't *we* ?"

"Which reminds me of a line in Ovid ; but never mind. I wish you well with all my heart, Richard, and you, my dear ; and—ah ! that was very sweet—I must pass it on to Laura. God bless you both ! God bless us all !"

"Amen, amen !" said Saul. "An' now we'll go indoors an' drink to lad an' lass, an' then to one another. Come, Mr. Povey, sir, an' thank the Lord it's ended. Come, young folks."

But they hung behind. Nora was gazing down to the corner round which Anthony had disappeared two minutes ago.

"I'm so sorry for him, Dick," said she ; "the poor little fellow ! He was acting all the time. With all his oddities, he was a true gentleman. I feel as if I wanted to cry."

"Well, don't, little sweetheart, don't ! What shall I say to stop you ?"

"Oh, anything. Finish what you were telling me in the arbour."

"About the dollars ? I was saying that in English money they'll total to some £30,000."

The girl swung round.

"How very odd !" said she, half to herself, then looking away. "How very odd, to be sure !"

‘What’s odd?’ said Dick, with mystified eyes.

“Why”—she stopped and laughed, then caught a sob half way; she was a bit unstrung. Dick spoke again—the same words.

“Why, Sir Justin, sorry, I suppose, for what he had done, and liking me, as it seemed, made me an offer a week ago, and again this morning through Tony, that if I gave you all up, and married my cousin, his heir, he would settle upon me a certain sum in my own right. And if I refused, it was to go with the rest to Tony. And the sum was just thirty thousand——”

How could he help it, his heart leaping up as it did? Nora struggled free, trying to frown.

“You shouldn’t, Dick! They’re watching us through the window.”

THE STRANGE STORY OF VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD.

THE author of the "Curiosities of Literature" has told us that a history of events that never happened would furnish material for some not incurious or unphilosophical speculation. Were this method of inquiry applied to the domestic career of Isaac D'Israeli's son, one might arrive at the conclusion that had the widow Lewis refused his hand at the crisis of his life the political history of England during the second half of the nineteenth century would have had a complexion very different from that which it now bears, for Disraeli once declared—with a characteristic touch of hyperbole, no doubt—that he owed to her all that he ever accomplished. Yet very few persons now living have more than the vaguest notion of the origin and character of this strange woman—for a strange woman she was—who so materially affected the career of one of the makers of the history of our time.

The statement appeared in a recently published volume of the reminiscences of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare that Viscountess Beaconsfield was originally a factory girl, that Mr. Wyndham Lewis saw her going to her work with bare feet, was fascinated by her beauty, "picked her up," educated her, and eventually married her. Those whose acquaintance with the lady has been obtained through the medium of the diarists and memoir-writers of her day would not see anything inherently improbable in this, for one certainly does not derive from these records the impression of a cultured society dame. Moreover, the books of reference, while they appear at a glance to negative the story, are vague and contradictory in their statements regarding her origin. I have been at some pains to ascertain the truth of the matter.

All the biographies of Lord Beaconsfield pass lightly over his home life and domestic relationships, yet these phases of his career, when fully told, will disclose perhaps the finest traits in his character. Mrs. Gladstone was in many respects a striking contrast to Mrs. Disraeli, but the two great rival statesmen had this advantage in

common—each was blessed with a wife who subordinated every private ambition, every domestic arrangement, every personal consideration of convenience or comfort, to the public career of her husband.

This self-sacrifice of their wives, so thankfully appreciated by the two men, established a bond of sympathy between them on which Mr. Gladstone dwelt with evident sincerity when the occasion arose. "There are three things," he said to Canon MacColl, "for which I shall always admire him—his devotion to his wife, his defence of his race, and his splendid Parliamentary pluck."¹ Devotion to his wife is here placed first, an order which would hardly have been seemly in the panegyric which Mr. Gladstone pronounced over his dead rival in the House of Commons. He made, however, a very strong point of it.

"There was," he said, "one feeling lying nearer yet to the very centre of his existence, and though it was a domestic feeling it may yet now without indelicacy be referred to—his profound, devoted, tender, grateful affection for his wife, which, if, as may be the case, it has deprived him—I know not whether it be so or not—of the honours of public obsequies, has nevertheless left for him a more permanent title as one who knew, even amidst the storms and temptations of public life, what was due to the sanctity and the strength of domestic affection, and who made himself an example in that respect to the country in which he lived."

Without doubt this close attachment of Disraeli to his wife found its root and its nourishment in a virtue with which statesmen are not usually credited. A sentiment of profound gratitude to the woman who did so much for him when he sorely needed help gave warmth and colour to their domestic life. His marriage may have been in the first place one of convenience, but admiration on her side and thankfulness on his ripened into an attachment stronger and more enduring than that which usually follows the ardent impulses of youthful lovers. There is a piquant story illustrating this feature of Disraeli's character. The gossips differ in their versions of it; so much so, indeed, that one wonders whether Disraeli was in the habit of flinging the same retort at persons who made rude remarks about his affection for his wife, or whether one incident has been twisted by the narrators into various forms. The story is best told by Sir William Gregory in his autobiography:

George Smythe allowed himself now and then, on the strength of their great intimacy, to make observations of wonder at the warmth of Dizzy's attention to "Marianne," more particularly on one occasion after she had told him, with a grim grin intended for a simper, that he always treated her more like a mistress

¹ Quoted by Canon MacColl in a letter to the *Observer*, November 20, 1898.

than a wife. But he never again ventured on the liberty. Disraeli looked at him straight between the eyes and said: "George, there is one word in the English language of which you are ignorant." "What is that?" asked Smythe, somewhat taken aback by his manner. "Gratitude," said Dizzy, in his deep, solemn voice. George Smythe felt the rebuke keenly, and accepted the lesson, but not the slightest coldness ensued in consequence.

Sir William Fraser ("Disraeli and his Day") states that the impertinent friend was Bernal Osborne, who said to Disraeli, "I saw you walking in the Park with Mrs. Disraeli; tell me, what feeling can you have towards that old lady?" And Disraeli, looking him calmly in the face, replied, "A feeling to your nature entirely unknown—gratitude." I find it very difficult to believe that Bernal Osborne would have made such a remark to Disraeli.

Yet another version is quoted by Dr. Brewster ("Disraeli in Outline") from a periodical which does not name the victim of the retort. According to this account the incident occurred at a dinner party. A friend of Disraeli had the bad taste to expostulate with him for always taking his wife with him on his visits. "I cannot understand it," said the graceless man, "for you know you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock whenever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon his friend very expressively and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could ever, in the wildest excursions of an insane imagination, suppose you to be guilty of gratitude."

The allusion to Disraeli's look in each story appears to show not only that one occasion is alluded to, but that the three narratives as such have a common origin, and were varied in the passage from mouth to mouth. It furnishes a rather curious example of the "three black crows" order of history, but we may safely assume that there was at any rate a black crow in the case, namely, that Disraeli declared gratitude to be the prime cause of his attention to his wife.¹

Sir William Fraser says in one place that Disraeli seemed sometimes almost ashamed of his ostentatious uxoriousness, and recalls how he once spoke in apologetic tones of his intention to take his wife to a garden party, but nearly all the evidence we have of his

¹ Mr. J. A. Froude, in his monograph of Beaconsfield, tells the story thus:—"A party of young men once ventured a foolish jest or two at Mrs. Disraeli's age and appearance, and rallied him on the motives of his marriage. 'Gentlemen,' said Disraeli, as he rose and left the room, 'do none of you know what gratitude means?'" Mr. Froude adds, somewhat rashly, that this was the only instance in which Disraeli ever spoke with genuine anger.

attitude towards her is in the contrary direction. Both in public and privately the manifestation of his sentiments was quite unrestrained. Take the most famous of his tributes to her—the dedication of “Sybil”:

I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathise with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided its pages: the most severe of critics, but—a Perfect Wife.¹

Less familiar are the touching words spoken at Edinburgh in 1867, in response to the toast of his wife’s health:

I do owe to that lady all, I think, I have ever accomplished, because she has supported me by her counsels and consoled me by the sweetness of her disposition. You cannot please me more than by paying this compliment to my wife.

At a harvest festival held at Hughenden the same year he declared, “without offence to anyone,” that Mrs. Disraeli was the best wife in England.

But the true foundation of Disraeli’s gratitude was no doubt of a more substantial character than the sweetness of his lady’s disposition and the constancy of her devotion. There were other reasons, which could not very well be acknowledged in a public speech, why he owed so much of his success to her. These reasons were well known to his friends, and he made no great secret of them himself. Sir William Gregory states the case with characteristic bluntness. When Mr. Wyndham Lewis died, he says—

Mr. Disraeli was in a most embarrassed state, on the very brink of ruin. He was intimate with Lady Blessington and Count d’Orsay, and he consulted the latter as to the complete breakdown of all his ambitious hopes, owing to his financial difficulties.

“Why don’t you marry your colleague’s widow? She is very rich,” said Count d’Orsay.²

¹ This dedication was made the subject of two pages of attack in *Fraser’s Magazine* for June, 1845. Seizing upon the phrase “most severe of critics,” the writer termed Mrs. Disraeli a horrid shrew, and advised her husband to conquer her disposition to find fault, “when the chances are that the worthy couple would live more comfortably together.”

² According to Sir William Fraser, when Disraeli was first returned for Maidstone as colleague of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Count d’Orsay offered him some sage advice in regard to his relations with Mrs. Lewis. “You will not make love,” he said. “You will not intrigue. You have your seat; do not risk anything. If a widow, then marry.” Mr. Lewis left his widow £5,000 a year for life and the best-situated house in London, in Park Lane, near Grosvenor Gate with the curious addition of “coals and candles.”

It was a happy thought, and accepted with alacrity. He proposed at once, was accepted, and did marry the widow. She relieved him from his distress, set him on his legs, and verily she met with her reward. From the day of his marriage to the day of her death he treated her with the deepest, most trusting affection; indeed, with a chivalrous devotion. And yet she was a most repulsive woman; flat, angular, under-bred, with a harsh, grating voice; and though by no means a fool, yet constantly saying stupid things, most frequently about him, which tended to make him ridiculous.

As to this I shall have more to say shortly, and shall hope to modify the impression one derives from Sir William's harsh phrases. But of the timely effect of the marriage on Disraeli's career there can be no doubt. In a biographical notice of Lady Beaconsfield, published in the *Times* the day after her death (which, I think, must have been inspired by Disraeli himself), this very striking passage occurred:

Looking back on the long and tender relationship which has been gently dissolved in the course of nature, we are irresistibly reminded of the feeling expressed by Mohammed when the Prophet of the Faithful lost the loving woman he had married in the days of comparative obscurity. "By God" (he exclaimed in an outburst of regretful gratitude, as he raised her solemnly to the rank of the Four Perfect Women)—"By God! there never could be a better wife. She believed in me when men despised me. She relieved my wants when I was poor and despised by the world."

The writer went on to say that Disraeli's wife did indeed come to his help when life threatened to be too short to assure him the prospect he had formed. His ambitions were great, and with time and patience he might attain them, but who could say the time would be given him? England then, even more than now, insisted on a high property qualification as a material guarantee for the virtue of her statesmen, and Disraeli might well have despaired of attaining a great position in the political world had not this fortunate marriage smoothed the path of his ambition.

But (the writer added) Mr. Disraeli was too shrewd a man to pay for name and power at the price of happiness. It is certain he chose wisely in every way, and seldom has a marriage proved more a love-match than his. . . . Esteem is the most genuine form of love, and Mr. Disraeli's esteem for his wife was heightened by a most lively sense of gratitude. It was a pretty sight, that of the remorseless Parliamentary gladiator, who neither gave quarter nor asked it, who fought with venomous weapons, although he struck fair, and sent barbed darts which clung and rankled in the wounds—it was a pretty sight to see him in the soft sunshine of domestic life anticipating the wishes of his wife with feminine tenderness and consideration, and receiving her ministering with the evident enjoyment which is the most delicate flattery of all.

Whence came this notable woman of the nineteenth century? This is what Mr. Augustus Hare tells us, on the authority of a Mrs. Duncan Stewart, of Liverpool, who received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli soon after their marriage :

Mrs. Duncan Stewart described Lady Beaconsfield as originally a factory-girl. Mr. Lewis first saw her going to her factory, beautiful and with bare feet. He educated her and married her, died, and left her very rich, and then she married Disraeli. When asked why she married her second husband she would say, as if it was a feather in her cap, "My dear, he made love to me while my first husband was alive, and therefore I knew that he really loved me." It was at Greenmeadow, a house four miles from Llandaff, that Disraeli served his apprenticeship as secretary to Mr. Lewis, living in the house with him and Mrs. Lewis, in the position of a dependent. When the house overflowed with visitors from London, as was often the case, he was sent out to sleep at the "Holly Bush," a little public-house in the village. Both Greenmeadow and the "Holly Bush" exist still.

Mr. Hare has been kind enough, in answer to an inquiry, to tell me that what he here states was written down from the lips of Mrs. Duncan Stewart, who was very intimate with the Beaconsfields. Mr. Hare adds that the story was confirmed by the late Dean Vaughan, of Llandaff, from what he had heard in the neighbourhood, but he has no further evidence on the subject. As I have said, the accounts of Lady Beaconsfield which one may gather from public sources do not stamp this account of her ladyship as inherently absurd, or even improbable. As the *Times* writer said, "She had neither social talents nor fascination to place at his disposal. It was not in her to make his salons a centre of society, as Lady Palmerston did when she acted as her husband's ally." Another contemporary writer who knew her said she had many sterling qualities, but lacked those acquired accomplishments and that disciplined and cultivated intelligence which her husband, as his writings show, keenly appreciated in women. "She was an admirable creature," he remarked to a friend after her death, "but she never knew which came first, the Greeks or the Romans."¹ "The illustration," says the writer, a political opponent, "conveyed much more than it expressed. It was a credit to Mr. Disraeli that throughout his life his devoted kindness to his wife was never ruffled by any of those awkward things said and done by her which formed from time to time the gossip of society."

Yet these gaucheries must many a time have sent a cold shiver

¹ Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, in his *Notes from a Diary*, says Disraeli's words were : "She was a bright creature ; she lived wholly in the present. She thought nothing of the future ; she cared nothing for the past. I discovered that she did not know whether the Greeks or the Romans came first."

through the marrow of the man whose only passport to society was his genius, who was tolerated by the haughty peer and the exclusive gentleman of the country party only because he was necessary to them in their unequal contest with the Liberal host after Peel's desertion of their cause. Like Burke and Sheridan, Disraeli burst through the barrier by which Society surrounds itself, and placed himself on an equality with those of high birth and old estate. It is no small addition to the magnitude of the achievement that he was able to carry with him into the charmed circle this uncultivated and graceless woman—as Society estimates grace and culture. Unlike Burke and Sheridan, he freely took his wife into the society of his aristocratic friends and she enjoyed the privilege keenly. A characteristic anecdote illustrates this rather amusingly. The Earl of Malmesbury entered it in his diary on March 19, 1849, in these words :

Lord Mahon told me a story of Mrs. Disraeli, who was paying a visit somewhere in the country, where she met Lord and Lady Hardinge. It happened that Lord Hardinge's room was next to the Disraelis', and the next morning Mrs. Disraeli said to Lord Hardinge at breakfast : " Oh, Lord Hardinge ! I consider myself the most fortunate of women. I said to myself when I woke this morning, ' What a lucky woman I am ! Here I have been sleeping between the greatest orator and the greatest warrior of the day.' " Lady Hardinge did not appear pleased at the statement.

On another occasion Mrs. Disraeli was staying with her husband at one of the ancestral homes of England—"one of the most splendid of our provincial palaces," it is called by Sir William Fraser, who tells the story :

The wife of the lordly proprietor was a person of exceptional refinement, with a deep and sincere sense of propriety. She had carefully swept from the walls all pictures of a character which our less squeamish ancestors would not have objected to. As it happened, in the bedroom allotted to Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli one picture remained, not in any way exceeding those works by great artists seen in the National Gallery, but of a decidedly classic character as regards drapery. At breakfast the first morning after their arrival Mrs. Disraeli addressed the lady of the house in these words : " Lady —, I find that your house is full of indecent pictures." Knowing well the character of their hostess, dismay might have been observed on the faces of the guests. Undaunted, Mrs. Disraeli continued : " There is a most horrible picture in our bedroom. Disraeli says it is Venus and Adonis. I have been awake half the night trying to prevent him looking at it."

Sir William Fraser adds that he knows this to be true, as the story was told to him by the eldest son of the house, who was present at the breakfast. This does not seem to me quite conclusive,

but the evidence in this, as in other cases, must be taken for what it is worth. The lady had acquired a reputation for this kind of thing, which Sir William Fraser himself did not think was quite justified, and the sons of noble houses would not be the men to minimise her peculiarities.

But if Mrs. Disraeli's slumbers were disturbed by the presence in her husband's bedroom of an undraped Venus she must have passed many a sleepless night, for Mr. Cecil Raikes, in the life of his father, tells this funny story on the authority of Sir William Harcourt :

It happened on the occasion in question (at a dinner party given by the Disraelis) that Mr. Harcourt, as he then was, was placed next to Lady Beaconsfield. On the wall opposite them hung a portrait of a lightly-draped female figure, and during a pause in the conversation the guest's eyes happened to wander to it.

"I see you are looking at that picture," suddenly broke in the hostess with a laugh. "I always say that it oughtn't to be allowed in here ; but it is nothing to the Venus that Dizzy has in his bedroom."

"That I can quite believe," replied Mr. Harcourt gallantly, with a bow.

The answer appeared to tickle her ladyship immensely, so much so that Mr. Harcourt, feeling that he had ventured on to rather delicate ground, quickly changed the subject.

But the incident was not thereby disposed of, for later on, when the party had reassembled in the drawing-room, Lady Beaconsfield suddenly called to her husband across the room : "I want to tell you such a funny thing that Mr. Harcourt said to me at dinner." And then came out the whole story *coram publico*.

"I never felt more uncomfortable in my life," Sir William used to say in telling the story. "But when Lady Beaconsfield had finished Dizzy made no comment, but slowly turned his eyes upon me with his usual grave smile. Many men would have evinced some sign of annoyance, but he did nothing of the sort; and afterwards his kindness to me never varied."

One cannot but be struck by the family relationship of the two anecdotes, yet it is difficult to believe that they have been evolved from the same incident. That she frequently made her husband appear ridiculous by narrating circumstances of their private life cannot, I think, be doubted. Sir William Gregory says there was hardly any event in their domestic life that she did not take a pleasure in narrating in public. "Ah," she said once, when the conversation turned on some man's complexion, "I wish you could only see Dizzy in his bath, then you would know what a white skin is." One night Sir William Gregory and several other young men were the guests of the Disraelis at dinner. The company included George Smythe, the original of "Coningsby," and in the course of the evening, something being said about the book, the hostess said to the young men,

"Would you like to go and see the room where Dizzy was brought to bed of 'Coningsby'?" All expressed great interest in the sacred spot, and she instructed them to go upstairs to the bedroom floor and enter a certain door. George Smythe took the lead in a regular scamper, amid roars of laughter. He burst into the wrong room, the followers heard a cry and a splash in the darkness, and back came their leader, wet through and dripping. He had fallen into Disraeli's bath. He presented himself in a drenched condition to Mrs. Disraeli, who placidly asked him if he had seen the room where "Coningsby" was born. "I know nothing of the place of birth," said Smythe, "but I know I have been in the room where he was baptized." It does not seem to have occurred to Gregory that the lady had played them a trick.

Many such stories might be quoted from the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the time, but when all has been said it remains a fact that she was a wonderfully good wife to Disraeli, and I am by no means sure that she did not possess a great deal more discretion than her critics gave her credit for. With all her apparent freedom in conversation, she was never known to betray her husband's confidence in such a way as to jeopardise his political position. Her belief in his future greatness amounted to an inspiration. She was so confident that he would live to be Prime Minister that she made a vow never to attend a debate in the House of Commons until she could do so as the wife of the Premier, and she never did, great as the temptation must have been to witness some of his earlier triumphs.¹ To advance his career towards this great end seems to have been the sole object of her existence. "All her wealth," says Sir William Gregory, "was valued by her only so far as it could assist his objects. She watched him like a faithful dog, understood his every fancy, habit, and thought; in fact, lived in him and for him."

Those who were admitted to intimacy with them used to say he was fond of telling her in joke that he had married her for her money, to which she would invariably reply, "Ah, but if you had to do it again

¹ This fact is fully attested in the "Notes from the Diary of Mr. Speaker Denison (Viscount Ossington)," recently published. Writing on March 5, 1868, the day Mr. Disraeli first entered the House as Premier, Mr. Denison said: "It is true that Mrs. Disraeli had never attended a debate in the House of Commons. I have proposed to her once or twice to come, but she has always declined—said it would make her nervous, or such-like excuse. But on the day on which Mr. Disraeli took his seat as Prime Minister Mrs. Disraeli wrote and begged that she might have a seat. She came, and the day afterwards she told me that she had resolved she would not attend a debate till she could see Mr. Disraeli take his seat as Prime Minister."

you would do it for love." And his answer would be that he would never marry for love, because all the men who did so either beat their wives or ran away from them. On this point I must indulge in one more short quotation from Sir William Gregory :

It was ridiculous (he says), the tokens of affection and apparently of admiration which he lavished on "Marianne," as we irreverently called her. One evening, on coming up from dinner, he knelt before her, and, as they say in novels, devoured both her hands with kisses, saying at the same time in the most lackadaisical manner, "Is there anything I can do for my dear little wife?" And yet this ungainly, repulsive-looking woman was deserving of his affection.

Their home life, indeed, seems to have been singularly happy. He was not fond of country pursuits, and if he joined a house party he was always glad to get home again. Mrs. Disraeli used to say that in a country house he was bored, and took to eating as a resource, and the result was that about the third day he got dreadfully bilious, and they had to come away. Their happiest times were at Hughenden, where he would wander about the grounds for hours, admiring his wife's taste in laying out the gardens, making pathways, and planting trees. Or, at least, these were her happiest days. Probably he enjoyed more the storm and stress of the political arena. We get a glimpse of their town life in the reminiscences of the late Sir John Mowbray, published by his daughter under the title, "Seventy Years at Westminster":

When in the House of Commons Disraeli was constantly at work, and gave himself little rest. He used to dine late at night, and very sparingly. Once, referring to this hasty dinner and assiduous attendance, I said to Lady Beaconsfield that I could not understand how he kept going. "Ah, but," she answered, "I always have supper for him when he comes home, and lights, lights, plenty of lights—Dizzy always likes light. And then he tells me all that has happened in the House, and then I clap him off to bed."

One of the most familiar anecdotes of the couple relates to the tender care she took of him when he was absorbed in his political work. She had driven down to the House of Commons with him, and as he shut the carriage door to leave her she accidentally got her fingers trapped in the door. She suffered great pain, but uttered no cry till he was gone, as she knew he was about to take part in an important debate, and feared that a knowledge of the accident might upset him. According to some versions the accident occurred at starting, and the lady suffered with Spartan heroism while they drove through the streets, and fell fainting on the cushions so soon as he had left her, but I have given the story as related to the Earl of Malmesbury by Disraeli himself, and repeated in the

House of Lords by Lord Malmesbury after the death of his old colleague.

So much for the evidence as to the character of the lady, and there is nothing in it inconsistent with the factory-girl story. She never displayed any manners or culture which might not have been acquired by King Cophetua's beggar maiden, and as for her means, we have seen that Mr. Wyndham Lewis left her a comfortable fortune, independently of anything she may have had from her own family. Moreover, when one comes to examine the records, they are found to be curiously obscure and contradictory.

In the first place, many inquiries have failed to disclose either the date or the place of her birth; and this is the more to be regretted because her age was always a matter of conjecture among her friends, and the subject of much facetious comment. Nine years before her death Lady Jersey averred that she was over eighty, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Froude, Mr. Walford, and other biographers state that she was fifty when she married Mr. Disraeli in 1839, and eighty-three when she died in 1872. The only authority I have discovered which pretends to give the date of her birth is James Doyle's "*Baronage of England*," where it is stated that she was born on November 11, 1798. Doyle is dead, and his publishers have no means of ascertaining what was his authority for the date. The register of her death gave her age as seventy-six, two years older than Doyle's date would make her. "G. E. C." (Mr. Cokayne) was unable to ascertain for his "*Complete Peerage*" the date or place of her birth, but from some source, which he tells me he has now forgotten, he learnt (I think erroneously) that she was a posthumous child. The *Times* biography said she was born "about the beginning of the century, or earlier," and was married in her teens to Mr. Wyndham Lewis. As this marriage took place in 1815, and I have other evidence that she was about nineteen at the time, we may take it as probable that 1796 was the year of her birth, and that most of the estimates of her age which have been published are exaggerated.

With regard to her parentage, what may be called the official account is the record made at the College of Arms on the issue of the patent of her peerage. It is as follows:

Mary Anne, Viscountess Beaconsfield, of Beaconsfield, in the county of Buckingham, wife of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, of Hughenden Manor, in the county of Buckingham, and only surviving child and heir of John Viney Evans, Esquire, Commander in the Royal Navy.

Other information given by the compilers of peerages and family records is to this effect:—that she was the daughter of Captain (or

Commander) John Viney Evans, R.N., of Brampford Speke, Devonshire (who assumed the name Evans in addition to his patronymic, Viney), by Eleanor Scrope, his cousin and wife, daughter of the Rev. James Viney, B.C.L., some time of Gloucester, and that after the death of her brother James, who was colonel commanding the 39th Regiment, she became heir to her uncle, General Sir James Viney, K.C.H., C.B., of Taynton Manor, Gloucestershire. Some of the books (Mr. Walford's "*Life of Beaconsfield*," for instance), give the residence of her father as Branceford Park, Devon, but there is no such place, nor ever was so far as I can ascertain, and there is no doubt the place was Brampford Speke, a village near Exeter. The Earl of Iddesleigh recollects that Mrs. Disraeli, when visiting at Pynes some forty years ago, said either that she was born at Brampford Speke, or that she lived there in her young days.

It is practically certain, however, that Brampford Speke was not her birthplace. A search of the parish registers from 1739 to 1812 fails to disclose the name of Viney in any form, and there is no record of the birth of Mary Anne Evans. The name Evans appears occasionally over the whole period, and it may be that her father adopted the name and went to reside there on inheriting some property in the neighbourhood. This, however, is mere conjecture, and if he did so he appears to have dropped the name Viney completely. John and Eleanor Evans were living at Brampford Speke in 1790, a son James being born to them on February 10 in that year, and these may have been Lady Beaconsfield's father, mother, and brother, but "John" and "Eleanor" seem, from the entries in the registers, to have been family names of the Evanses who had lived in the parish for generations. Coming down to the year 1807, we find recorded the death of John Evans in March, and Eleanor in October. Were these Mary Anne's parents? As regards the mother, certainly not; and as to the father, almost certainly not, if her father was Commander Evans, which is another question. There is an entry in the Land Assessment Register of Devonshire which shows that in 1806 John Evans occupied the farms of Sowdons and Moors at Brampford Speke. It is not clear whether he owned the farms or not, but the entry seems to show that he was entitled to be designated "esquire." There is no mention in the Register about this time of any other John Evans, or of a Viney.

Mr. T. Hurry Riches, whose mother was a friend of Lady Beaconsfield when she was Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, informs me, from recollection of what he has heard (for, unfortunately, papers bearing on the subject were accidentally destroyed by fire), that Lady

Beaconsfield's father died while she was quite young, and some years afterwards her mother, a sister of Sir James Viney, married Dr. Yates, an army surgeon, who resided at Clifton. Miss Evans was about eighteen years old when she and her mother went to live at Clifton, and when she was about nineteen she met Mr. Lewis at a ball given by the Vernon-Grahams, a leading family at Clifton in those days, and they were married shortly afterwards. Mr. Riches says she had only one brother, Colonel Viney Evans, and he thinks she was born at Portsmouth. An advertisement in the Portsmouth press has failed to elicit any evidence of her birth there, but in other respects there is good corroboration of Mr. Riches' recollection. In the first place, it is supported by the entry in the marriage register of Clifton parish church, which is as follows :

Wyndham Lewis, of this parish, and Mary Anne Evans, of this parish, were married in this church by licence, with the consent of . . . , this 22nd day of December, in the year 1815.

Then follow the signatures of John Hensman, minister, and the parties, and the witnesses are James Viney and A. Yates, whom I take to have been her uncle, Sir James (or her brother), and her stepfather, Dr. Yates.

But the most indisputable evidence I have found of the identity of her mother is contained in the will of Sir James Viney, who died in 1841 in his seventy-fifth year. Here Mary Anne Lewis is described as niece of the testator and daughter of his sister, Mrs. Yates, by her first husband. Mary Anne and other nieces are left £2000 each, and, subject to other legacies and to the specific bequests, General Viney left his property for his sons, "or reputed sons," William and James Viney, and his nephew, John Viney Evans. This rather confuses the question of Mrs. Disraeli's inheritance, but it is not worth while to pursue the matter, as the will leaves no doubt on the main point—that her mother really was the sister of Sir James Viney—and this, with the collateral circumstances, is quite sufficient to stamp the factory-girl story as an invention. Mr. Henry J. Taylor, of Gloucester, tells me that she undoubtedly came into possession of Taynton Manor, that she gave the estate to Mr. Disraeli, and that he sold it by auction, probably to pay his election bills, the purchaser being Mr. Laslett, M.P. She also had two houses in College Green, which now belong to Lord Beaconsfield's executors. Mr. Taylor thinks she spent a great part of her young days in Gloucester, living with her uncle at one of the houses in College Green, and she was probably a teacher in a Sunday-school attended

by girls from the pin factories. Mrs. Duncan Stewart's little romance may have arisen in some way out of this circumstance.

The question of her paternal parentage is, however, curiously obscure, though one would never have thought of investigating it closely had not the inquiry into the main point disclosed difficulties. The *Bristol Mirror* of December 30, 1815, records her first marriage in these terms :

Friday, at Clifton, Wyndham Lewis, Esq., of Green Meadow, near Cardiff, to Mary Anne, only daughter of the late John Evans, Esq., of Brampford Speke, Devon.

There is no mention here of her father having had any naval rank, or of Viney being part of his name. No report of the marriage was given apart from the formal announcement. On her second marriage in 1839 her father was similarly described, and in the same year "Dod's Parliamentary Companion" gave the name as John Evans, Esq. And thus the description appeared in "Dod" down to 1867, when it was altered to Captain Viney Evans, R.N., why or at whose instance cannot now be ascertained.

A search of the Admiralty records does not tend to clarify the question. There is no Captain or Commander Viney Evans to be found, but there is a Commander John Evans, of whom it is recorded that he was on active service until December 14, 1812, when he was placed on half-pay. On June 13, 1813, the affidavit usual on receipt of half-pay was dispensed with "while he remains insane." The pay continued until December 31, 1815, and he was reported dead on March 12, 1816. Comparing this record with the announcement of the marriage of Mary Anne Evans on December 22, 1815, we should say with almost absolute certainty that this Commander Evans was not her father. The evidence seems, then, to point to the John Evans who died at Brampford Speke in 1807 as her father, and it was not until about sixty years afterwards that he was described as a naval officer. There may be a simple explanation of all this ; I confess I am unable to suggest it, and I must leave the evidence as it stands.

However this may be, it is evident that Mary Anne and her mother were moving in good society in Clifton when Mr. Wyndham Lewis "picked her up." The Vernon-Grahams were doubtless connected with General Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire, who added his mother's name of Graham to his own. Mr. Lewis, who was at this time thirty-five years of age, was a man of wealth and

position. He was then, or subsequently, the owner of Pantgwynlass Castle, Glamorganshire, a major of Militia, and a barrister, and he had an elegant town house in Grosvenor Gate. Here the young dandy who leaped into fame as the author of "Vivian Grey" became a welcome guest, and doubtless he also visited the Lewises at their Welsh estate, but the statement that he ever had any formal position as secretary to Mr. Lewis is open to much doubt. I have good reason to believe that he left no papers which would support the suggestion. The point, however, is of little importance. The two men became close social and political friends, and after Disraeli had been three times rejected by High Wycombe and once by Taunton Mr. Lewis carried him in as his colleague for the borough of Maidstone. This was at the election which followed the accession of Queen Victoria. When the new Parliament met Mr. Lewis was mortally ill, and he died on March 14, 1838.

Disraeli was at this time in his thirty-fourth year, and, notwithstanding all that has been said as to the great discrepancy in their ages, Mrs. Lewis was probably not more than eight years older. She was still a handsome woman, and she retained for a long time afterwards the sprightly and ingenuous manner which had attracted the Welsh magnate more than twenty years before. Dr. Brewster tells us that Disraeli met her at Lytton-Bulwer's in 1832, and described her shortly afterwards as "a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattler. Indeed," added Disraeli, "she is gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me she liked silent, melancholy men." We must take our choice between this description, Mrs. Duncan Stewart's statement that she was at the time of her second marriage a "very handsome, imperial-looking woman," and Sir William Gregory's shockingly uncomplimentary picture. A writer in the *New Century Review* of September, 1899, gives us a sketch of her as she appeared at a *fête champêtre* for the school children at Hughenden about 1860:

It was in this decade that the crinoline flourished, and Mrs. Disraeli wore over hers a petticoat of fine white cambric, covered with innumerable little flounces exquisitely gauffered. I remember making a mental calculation of how many hours it would take her *blanchisseuse* to gauffer those said flounces, and came to the conclusion they could not have been manipulated under eight or nine.

Over the petticoat was looped a white dress of delicate French muslin, powdered with purple pansies; the crinoline showed the lovely dress and petticoat to advantage, as well as the youthful-looking figure, whose head was crowned with a simple white straw hat, trimmed with a band of black velvet.

People said she was twenty-five years older than her husband, but as she skipped and ran about with the children she did not look a day over forty.

Disraeli stood watching with an amused smile the delight of the children at the efforts made to amuse them, now and again glancing at his wife with a look of unconcealed admiration and interest.

The Hon. F. Lawley and others who knew Disraeli support the statement that it was on the advice of Count d'Orsay that he proposed to the widow, but we may well conjecture that the impecunious and ambitious young man did not require much prompting. Nor need we suppose that he had to conduct the campaign after the manner of Barry Lyndon's attack upon the Countess, but there are some anecdotes curiously reminiscent of Barry's methods, told on the authority of an old lady who used to attend upon Mrs. Lewis as companion.

For some time after her husband's death, this lady relates, Mrs. Lewis lived in retirement at his Glamorganshire seat. One day, on looking out of the window, she saw a gentleman leisurely walking up the drive, carrying in one hand a bag, and in the other an umbrella. She started back, exclaiming, "Gracious! Jane, there's that horrid man Disraeli coming up the drive. Run down to the door and say I am not at home." Jane did so, whereupon Disraeli, with grave deliberation, answered, "I know. Take my bag to a bedroom and prepare luncheon. I will wait till Mrs. Lewis comes downstairs."

On another occasion this lady said to her mistress, "I hear, my dear madam, that the gentleman is at the inn, waiting for a conveyance." (The inn was the Cow and Snuffers, and in one of the rooms was a chair which was long afterwards known as Disraeli's chair, for it was said that he always sat on it when he called at the inn on his way to the hall.) Mrs. Lewis, with a sigh and a flush, exclaimed, "Oh, dear, what can I do with this gentleman?" "What can you do with him?" echoed the maid. The lady again flushed and again sighed, and laconically replied, "Marry him, I suppose."

Whatever may be the truth about such stories as these, it is certain that the siege of the widow was not a very protracted one. The couple were married on August 28, 1839, and Mrs. Disraeli at once entered with avidity into all her husband's schemes and ambitions. Two years afterwards she was down at Shrewsbury, assisting in his electoral campaign there, the corrupt electors of Maidstone having been abandoned in favour of the western borough. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* records facetiously that "at the conclusion of Mr. Disraeli's harangue Mrs. Disraeli was introduced to the crowd, and *her* successful canvass was rewarded by reiterated cheers." The *Globe*, then a Liberal organ, stated that she was assisting her husband "with all the energy of despair." Disraeli was returned, and then

came his *ad misericordiam* supplication to Peel for an office in his Ministry (which lay concealed until Mr. C. S. Parker published it among the "Private Papers" of Sir Robert in 1899), and the still more interesting letter from Mrs. Disraeli, which I presume to have been a secret even from Disraeli himself. This is what she wrote :

(Confidential.)

Grosvenor Gate, Saturday Night.

Dear Sir Robert Peel,—I beg you not to be angry with me for my intrusion, but I am overwhelmed with anxiety. My husband's political career is for ever crushed, if you do not appreciate him.

Mr. Disraeli's exertions are not unknown to you, but there is much he has done that you cannot be aware of, though they have had no other aim but to do you honour, no wish for recompense but your approbation.

He has gone further than most to make your opponents his personal enemies. He has stood four most expensive elections since 1834, and gained seats from Whigs in two ; and I pledge myself, as far as one seat, that it shall always be at your command.

Literature he has abandoned for politics. Do not destroy all his hopes, and make him feel his life has been a mistake.

May I venture to name my own humble but enthusiastic exertions in times gone by for the party, or rather for your own splendid self? They will tell you at Maidstone that more than £40,000 was spent through my influence only.

Be pleased not to answer this, as I do not wish any human being to know I have written to you this humble petition.—I am now, as ever, dear Sir Robert, your most faithful servant,

MARY ANNE DISRAELI.

Poor Mary Anne ! How keenly must she have felt the rejection of her husband's claims, which he had himself told Peel would be an "intolerable humiliation" ! Thanks to fortuitous circumstances, their revenge was not long delayed, and then Dizzy's genius carried him steadily onwards until he reached the goal which he had kept steadily before his eyes from the days of his callow youth. Probably one of the privileges of his short-lived Premiership which he valued most highly was that it enabled him to confer upon his faithful helpmate a patent of nobility. The Heralds' College recognised the Viney-Evans descent, and granted her a coat of arms, which included a slip of vine, fructed and leaved proper (which had belonged to an old Kentish family of Viney), with the addition of two flaunches, each charged with a boar's head, to represent the name Evans. The supporters—an eagle and a lion—were each charged with a tower, and Mr. Hitchman, in his preface to an edition of Disraeli's early pamphlet, "What is He?" says the introduction of the old cognisance of a castle was intended to represent the descent of the peeress's husband from the ancient

house of Mendizibal y Mendoza. The cognisance was still more strongly marked on the arms subsequently granted to him as Earl of Beaconsfield. These had a castle triple towered in chief, besides the towers on the supporters, and one on the escutcheon.

But when the old lady received the titular honour the silver cord of her life was already loosed, and ere her husband's real triumph came in 1874 the golden bow was broken. Not long after her elevation to the peerage she discovered that she was suffering from an internal cancer. It is characteristic of both that, while she supposed that she was concealing from her husband the existence of the fatal disorder, he, though well aware of it, allowed her to nurse the pleasing illusion that he was ignorant of the fate impending over her. I take this fact from the obituary notice in the *Times*. It is said that he wrote "Lothair" during her illness to please her, and evening after evening would read over to her the manuscript he had written during the day. At the last pneumonia happily hastened the inevitable end, and she died at noon on Sunday, December 15, 1872.

Many of Mr. Disraeli's political and social friends desired to manifest their sympathy with him by attending the funeral, but the reply in every case was the same, that the burial ceremonies would be strictly private. Simply and quietly, without any of the paraphernalia of mourning, he laid his "perfect wife" to rest in the village churchyard at Hughenden, and when his turn came to bid adieu to the world in which he had played so great a part he preferred to lie by her side rather than receive the solemn posthumous honours which Parliament would have been willing to pay. What the loss of his faithful partner meant to Disraeli may be inferred from the words of infinite pathos he addressed to Lord Malmesbury. "I remember," said the Earl, in the speech from which I have already quoted, "when he was deprived of the support of his wife, he said to me, with tears in his eyes, 'I hope some of my friends will take notice of me now in my great misfortune, for I have no home, and when I tell my coachman to drive home I feel it is a mockery.'"

JAS. SYKES.

I GO SAILING.

IT was not a very large boat. James called it a yacht. It was roofed in at the ends and round the sides, leaving a square hole in the middle big enough to hold three persons comfortably—if they were used to it. James had bought it outright after paying twice its value in frequent hiring fees; and he invited me to run down to Cowes one week-end for a little sea-air. So he said. I have my own opinion now of what he meant. However, I accepted what seemed to me to be a very friendly invitation, and the following Saturday saw me, bag in hand, walking down Southampton Pier, looking for my cousin. When you read what is coming you may have some difficulty in believing we were cousins—but the fact remains. He had arranged to meet me at Southampton, and we were to sail from there to Cowes in the *Lily*, as the boat was named, instead of going by steamer. As a rule I prefer steamers, they are so safe, and you can always depend upon them getting to their destination within an hour or two of the advertised time. Besides, a drop of brandy can always be obtained if one should feel upset by that horrid “Something I had for breakfast.” It is remarkable how the sea-air makes a bad breakfast show itself; and on that particular morning I was very careful in my diet. Declining my matutinal rasher and marmalade, I had instead :

- 1 cup of coffee,
- 2 dry biscuits,
- 2 whiskies and soda.

Not a very sumptuous meal, but it proved wonderfully bracing. How far it assisted me in battling against the dangers of the deep will be seen.

As I walked down the pier, saw the sun glistening on the rippling water, and sniffed the salt breeze, the blood of the old Norsemen leapt through my veins, and I felt an old sea-dog, every inch of me. James was in his famous boat, holding on to the landing-stage with a boat-hook, and I rushed down the steps two at a time to greet him. I was obliged to reach down to shake hands, for the top of the *Lily* was a good four feet below the top of the stage.

"Come along," said James. "Throw me your bag and jump in."

I threw him my bag, willingly; but I took time to consider the other part of the business. I might have scrambled down, but the slimy green growth on the piles looked so well in its proper place, that it seemed a pity to disturb it.

"Come along," repeated James.

"How?" I asked.

"Why, jump, of course; unless" (and here he paused to think) "unless you'd rather wait a few hours for high tide. Sorry I haven't got a ladder, old man!"

"But won't it wobble a lot?" I ventured.

"Of course it will," was the reply. "It isn't a troop ship, is it? Do come along."

There was no help for it. I thought of the old Norsemen again, shut my eyes, and jumped. When I picked myself up, very much pleased and still more surprised to find myself in the boat, we were a dozen yards at sea, and James was hauling up the sail. The floor was wet, so I turned up my trousers and asked my friend for the floor-cloth. He said he had come without one, which was just like him; he always was careless about details.

"There," he said, when he had fixed the sails and got hold of the tiller; "you sit here by me and see her dance along. Splendid wind: south, with a little west in it. When you begin to feel queer, say the word; there's a little flask in the locker. Tight little boat, isn't she?"

"A beauty!" I answered gaily; "so clean about the bows and rakish about the spars. How's her head?"

"First class," said James, smiling at my enthusiasm. "But, I say, old man, you seem to know all about it."

I admitted that I had read Captain Marryat. A fellow was bound to learn something from him.

"Should think so," said James. "By the way, you might haul in that jib-sheet a little."

Now, that just happened to be one of the points on which Captain Marryat had not enlightened me. But I am not above asking for information. "That's the front one, isn't it?" I inquired; and, receiving a nod in the affirmative, I caught hold of a handful of the sail and pulled it tight.

"*That's* not the sheet," said James in a tone of pity. "The rope, man—the rope! Don't you know the sheet is the rope?"

I said I did not; and, what was more, that I did not believe it. I referred him to the poem commencing "A wet sheet and a flowing

sea," and asked him if he thought the poet was such an ass as to mean a wet rope.

Just at that moment the nose of the boat crunched into a huge breaking wave. James ducked, but before I could follow his example half of that wave flew in a ragged mass all over us ; knocked my hat off, slapped me impudently across the face, ran down my neck and back, and left me gasping for breath.

"Do you know," said James (and he did not even take the trouble to wipe his face after the deluge), "I've often thought there must be a misprint in that first line. Of course, the poet couldn't have meant a wet rope. What he did mean, in my opinion, was a wet shirt. Look at it, now :

A wet shirt and a flowing sea.

Doesn't it sound more reasonable ? "

"Sounds more realistic, certainly," I said ruefully. "But never mind the poet now. How are we going to dry our clothes ? "

"Pooh ! That bit of spray won't hurt you. You'll be dry again before we get to Cowes."

Bit of spray ! I have often wondered since what he would condescend to call a wave. "James," I said, "dear James, don't think me unmanly. I laugh at inflammation of the lungs ; I think rheumatic fever delightful ; I believe drowning to be most pleasant ; but the fact is, I promised to take a girl to the theatre on Tuesday, and I really shouldn't like to go aloft with that promise unfulfilled."

"Well," he said, "certainly there may be some danger in allowing your clothes to dry on you ; and perhaps it's best not to risk it, so——"

"Thanks, old man ! It's awfully good of you ! " I said gratefully.

"So we'll have some more spray on board, and keep ourselves wet until we can get into some dry clothes."

And then I discovered that he could make the spray come pretty well in any direction he chose. But I bore the further wettings with Christian fortitude. I was not angry : only a little hurt, and very uncomfortable.

We were abreast of Hythe Pier by this time, and James remarked that the wind was falling, and again requested me to haul in the jib. I endeavoured to do so. How was I to know that the sail would flap horribly and wave the rope about like a thousand whip-snakes ? All I got for my pains was a stinging cut across the wrist, the livid mark of which I carried for a week. I told James I was never in a more badly managed boat, and intimated, as politely as possible, that

I wished to be regarded, for the rest of the voyage, as a saloon passenger.

But one quickly gets over these little worries. Ten minutes afterwards I was pervaded with a wonderful calm as I munched a biscuit and tapped the flask. It was grand to see the oncoming waves scattered into foam as they struck the bows of the *Lily*. Once more the ancient spirit of the Norsemen arose within me; and I sang—or, rather, whistled. My cousin, however, had become silent and moody. I tried to infect him with my own gay spirits. Was he tired? Had he made a bad breakfast or lunch? Would he like another pull at the flask?

I must say I was surprised at James. I really can't imagine where he learnt it all. He said (in effect), "Can't you see the confounded wind's dropped, and the ditto tide turned, and that we are hardly gaining an inch?" And when I implored him not to be anxious on my account, and assured him that I was in no hurry, he laughed wildly, and an almost insane light gleamed in his eyes.

"In no hurry, are you?" he said. "That's lucky, by Jove! Ha! ha! Good!"

I grew alarmed at this unnatural mirth, and asked him to unburden himself of the dread fear which oppressed him.

"Charles," he said, "you have studied Captain Marryat, and you ought to have learnt that it is impossible to sail a boat without any wind. It seems ridiculous, but still, it's a fact."

I had not thought of this aspect of the matter; but, of course, when you come to think of it, he was quite right.

"That's one absurdity, Charles! Another is, that when the tide is running up towards Southampton, one can't, as a general rule, drift down towards Cowes. It's the silly way they build the boats, I suppose."

"Now," he continued, "those are two sound premises; and the conclusion I come to personally is, that unless this boat is rowed against the tide until we get round Calshot, we shan't see Cowes to-night."

Our real position being so lucidly explained, I immediately rose to the occasion. I generally do come out strong in a tight place. "Is that all that's worrying you?" I asked. "Do you imagine I object to being rowed a couple of miles or so? No, James; no! Let me assure you that I am delighted to give you permission to start rowing as soon as you please. In fact, I like being rowed."

"Yours is a noble heart, Charles!" he replied, "and I don't like to disappoint you; but I, too, must sacrifice my personal

inclinations. Let mine be the arduous labour of steering, while you amuse yourself at the oars ; for it is most important to keep the boat as close as possible to what little wind there is."

I rowed. I don't want to go into details. It was all over in less than three hours ; yet I felt not a little exhausted, and my hands were uncommonly sore. James said it wasn't usual to try to dig the bottom up, or to shovel water into the boat—as if I didn't know that ! I had no idea before how difficult it was to row a sailing-boat with a roof round it. It was becoming dusk and a heavy dew was falling when we at last rounded Calshot Point, where I ceased rowing. I had hardly shipped the oars when there was a grating sound beneath the boat, and James yelled out : "Quick ! Pull up the centre-board !"

Here was a nice order ! I thought James had really gone mad. "If you want to sink the boat," I said (I couldn't help being sarcastic), "wouldn't it be much easier to capsize it than to pull a plank out of the bottom ?" And then I found that the centre-board was not a board at all, but a piece of sheet-iron which is lowered into the water through a slot in the keel to steady the boat, and also to prevent it going sideways while it is going forward. That is James's explanation, and I hope everybody understands it. But where is the sense in calling a piece of sheet-iron a board and a rope a sheet ?—that's what I want to know.

When we got off the shallow again, I awoke to the fact that a strong breeze had suddenly sprung up from somewhere, and that it was lopping off the tops of the waves like cabbages and throwing them into our boat. Flop ! right across the knees. Flop ! over our faces and round our shoulders. I suggested to James that we could get rid of the horrible suspense and futile dodging by jumping over the side of the boat and getting wet all over at one go. At least we should have had calmer minds. But he suddenly appeared to have got extremely crusty, and wouldn't speak until I had asked him twice what had gone wrong.

"A fellow can't steer and keep replying to idiotic remarks all the while," he said. "Get the whisky out ; I'm beastly cold."

That was it ; he felt cold and miserable ; so I forgave his rudeness and went to the locker for the flask. "Here you are, old chap !" I said. "It will put new life——"

I couldn't see James. His seat was vacant, and the tiller was swinging idly to and fro. Then I heard a guttural rumbling sound on my left, and, looking through the gloom, could just see a figure bending over the side. "Remarkable phosphorescence in the water

to-night—notice it?” was all he said when he came back to the tiller.

I do like a man with a good pluck, and my admiration of James kept me speechless until he had got the boat's head round into the wind again, which manœuvre led me to ask what club-hauling a ship meant. I said it was in Captain Marryat, but I did not quite understand it.

“Never heard the term,” he replied.

Never heard the term ; and professing to know all about seamanship ! My admiration speedily changed to amazement, and from that moment I began to lose faith in my nautical cousin.

“Look up !” he shouted just then.

I looked up ; and what do you think I saw ? More shooting stars than I ever before saw without the aid of a powerful telescope.

“I told you to look up,” he growled. “That's a jibe.”

“*Is it ?*” I said. A simple question ; but I could think of nothing more forcible just then. I was thinking of comets. One wants to go sailing to become fully cognisant of the limitations of the English language. I put up my hand to my forehead, and found it had swelled out almost to a level with the tip of my nose. My cap had gone overboard, too, and it was impossible to pick it up. I mildly drew James's attention to these two facts.

“Sorry !” was all he said, and that with the most cold-blooded indifference.

But an end to all things. The remainder of that voyage was accomplished in thoughtful silence. All that could be heard was the sound caused by every third wave crashing over our shivering bodies. We were literally soaked, drenched, deluged ; everything that means the wettest of wettings. Twice James left his seat to examine the phosphorescence in the water ; but not a word was spoken. At last, in grim silence, we landed ; in silence we walked to James's place ; and in silence, without supping, we straightway sought our beds and stayed there. How my head did ache and my wrist burn ! As a fitting climax to the day's adventures, I had a dreadful nightmare. A foul fiend, with a face which strongly reminded me of James, clutched me by the throat, and was hitting me about the head with a flask, hissing out at each blow : “That's a jibe ! That's a jibe ! That's a jibe !”

The next bit of sea air I had was on a steamer bound from Cowes to Southampton the very next day. I enjoyed it. In the railway carriage, out of sight of the sea, my thoughts returned to their ordinary, every-day character, and I made a mental profit-and

loss account of my voyage on the previous day. On the principle of not looking a gift-horse in the mouth, I refrain from valuing the items gained.

LOST.

- 1 Yachting cap. (5*s.* 6*d.*)
- 1 Good temper. (Priceless.)
- 1 Friendship. (2*d.*)

GAINED.

- 1 Livid scar on the wrist.
- 1 Severe contusion of the forehead.
- 2 Handfuls of blisters.

AND

- 1 Strong determination never to go sailing any more.

FRANK E. HALL.

HILLEL.

Every race, every religion, may personify itself in certain men, who are, as it were, its highest manifestation.

LEROY BEAULIEU, "Israel among the Nations."

THE empty leaf between the Old and the New Testaments of the Bible is no blank in the history of Hebrew literature. It represents three centuries of active development. The law and the prophets, whose calling had come to an end with the close of the Hebrew canon, found their worthy representatives in a class of men known by the name of rabbis, or masters. Long before the Temple in Jerusalem fell the rabbis had become the true saviours of the religion of Israel. Their credentials, like those of the prophets, were not nobility of birth, not priestly caste, not tribal excellence, but the fear of God, humility, and piety. They sprang from all classes of the people, high and low, even from the heathen. You find them among workmen as well as among the princes of the land; it was learning that was their badge of honour. We read of Rabbi Juda the prince, Rabbi Juda the tailor, Rabbi Hillel the woodcutter, Rabbi Jochanan the shoemaker, Rabbi Yitzshak the smith, and others. The task of the rabbis was to adapt the law to the altered circumstances and exigencies of the times. Their acumen and quickness of mind in interpreting the law made them fit and proper continuators of the lawgiver, and it was a liberal interpretation that prevailed among them. A number of hermeneutic rules established by them were the tools with which they worked. The great storehouse of the Talmud bears witness of their work.

The purpose of this essay is to introduce to my readers one of these Talmudic interpreters. It is Rabbi Hillel the elder, also called the Babylonian, who was born 75 B.C. and died 5 A.C. The place of his birth in Babylonia is not known. He was the descendant of one of the Babylonian exiles and of the royal family of David. The Bible tells us that not all the exiled Jews returned to Palestine when Cyrus (536 B.C.) gave permission to return; but a good many stayed in Babylonia, considering it as their home (Jer. xxix. 7), where a considerable Jewish population was settled. There were Jewish colleges in several Babylonian cities, notably Nehardea, Pumbaditha, and Sura,

and there was a continuous intercourse between them and the Palestinian colleges, such as Jerusalem, Yamnia, and Tiberias. They exchanged experiences and assisted each other in interpreting and applying the law. It was in 36 B.C., one year after Herod had ascended the throne of the Maccabees in Jerusalem, that Hillel came to Palestine. In spite of his high and noble descent, he was very poor. He does not seem to have had the business capacity of his brother Shebna, who was one of the richest men in Jerusalem. Hillel was a woodcutter, gaining his livelihood by the sweat of his brow. His greatest desire was to become learned in the law. It once happened that he had not earned as much as would pay the entrance-fee to the college. In his eagerness to hear the discourse of the master he climbed on to the flat roof of the college and laid himself down by the skylight in order to listen to the discussions of the learned. The evening was cool, and, benumbed by the cold, he fell asleep on the sky-window. He was found in the morning, as he darkened the light, and was by artificial means restored to life. When it was ascertained why he had been on the roof the principal allowed him thenceforth to attend the lectures without payment of fees. So successful was he in his studies that it did not take him long to attain the degree of rabbi, *i.e.* master of arts. As he had already directed the attention of the college authorities upon himself, he much more aroused and actually centred the minds of the learned by his common-sense and sagacity. At one of the meetings of the academy, where religious and ritual questions were discussed, it happened that the first day of Passover fell on a Sunday. The question arose, Was it permitted to kill and prepare the paschal lamb on the previous day, on which, being a Sabbath, work was forbidden? The *savants* could not come to a conclusion; such a question had never come before them. They seemed perplexed. Hillel rose and argued the point from the rule of analogy as follows. In the law concerning the daily sacrifice it is said (Num. xxviii. 2) that it was to be offered "in its *due* season"; likewise in the law regarding the paschal lamb we read, the children of Israel shall keep the Passover "in its *due* season" (Num. ix. 2). Now, concerning the daily sacrifice, the law enjoins that it was to be offered also on the Sabbath; the expression "in its due season" meant that the offering must take place at the appointed time, under all circumstances, even on a Sabbath-day. Therefore, Hillel concluded, the expression, "in its due season," which also occurs in connection with the command of the paschal lamb likewise permitted the offering being brought at the appointed time even on a Sabbath-day. The

assembly of the learned, having followed the conclusion of Hillel with profound attention, warmly applauded, and the decision was given according to Hillel's inference.

The president of the college stepped down from his chair and asked the meeting to appoint Hillel to the office of president. At the same time the title of Nasi, Prince of the Synhedrin, was given to him ; it was a title that was rather of a religious than political import.

It was the policy of Hillel not to make religion a burdensome yoke, but a pleasant duty which could easily be fulfilled. We remember that already in 167 B.C. the Maccabean leaders decided that in case of danger to life the Sabbath might be desecrated. Hillel, and after him rabbis of his stamp, laid down the rule, "The Sabbath is given to man, and not man to the Sabbath." It was founded upon the words of Scripture (Lev. xviii. 5 ; Ezek. xx. 11), "Ye shall therefore keep my statutes and judgments, which, if a man do, he shall live by them," to which these Talmudic doctors added, "and not die by them." It was not the letter, which sometimes, not always, killeth, but the spirit of the law which "giveth life," that Hillel wished to inculcate in the minds of his followers.

The time when the law—or, as it was called, the *written law*—was given had changed. The different times demanded new applications, and Hillel, without abolishing the law, like Jesus himself a century after (Matt. v. 17), found a way out of this dilemma.

He interpreted the law and extended its provisions. He expounded it according to logical and hermeneutical rules, and this rabbinical exposition and interpretation is the oral (or traditional) law, because it was at first not written, but handed down by word of mouth from master to disciples, and so on.

But for these hermeneutic rules the law would have remained a dead-letter, or become fossilised, as in the case of the Karaites, who did not acknowledge tradition, whilst through these rules it became a living force. It will be of interest to the thinking reader to know these rules of Hillel, to which later rabbis added many more. Those of Hillel were seven, and they are :

- (1) The inference from analogy of expressions.
- (2) The inference (*a*) from minor to major, and (*b*) from major to minor.
- (3) Generalisation of one special law or provision.
- (4) Generalisation of two special provisions.
- (5) The effect of general and particular terms.
- (6) The analogy made from another passage.
- (7) The explanation derived from the context.

I have no doubt it will interest the readers of this article to have at least one illustration for each of these rules. (1) For the inference of analogy of expressions an example has already been given above concerning the offering of the paschal lamb on Sabbaths.

(2) The inference (a) from minor to major is illustrated by this : In Exod. xxii. 13 the law is laid down that if a man borrow of his neighbour an animal or a thing, and the animal die or the object be destroyed, the borrower must restore the loss. But it is not expressly mentioned in this law whether the borrower was also responsible in cases when the borrowed animal or thing is *stolen*. The liability in this eventuality is then proved by way of an inference from the law concerning a paid depositary, who, according to Exod. xxii. 9-11, is not bound to make restitution when the animal entrusted to his care dies or is hurt, and yet is held responsible in case the intrusted thing is stolen. The inference is made thus : If the depositary, though free from responsibility for damage and death, is still bound to restore the thing stolen from him, ought not the borrower, who is responsible for damage and death, to be the more bound to restore the thing stolen from him? Here the depositary is minor, the borrower major.

(b) An illustration for the inference from major to minor is this : While the Sadducees took the law in Exod. xxi. 24, "An eye for an eye," &c. literally, according to the law of retaliation (*jus talionis*), the interpretation of Hillel was that a limb was not actually to be maimed for a limb, but that the harm done to the injured person was estimated and a pecuniary equivalent paid by the offender. The inference drawn (from major to minor) is this. According to the law (Exod. xxi. 29, 30) the proprietor of a beast which is notably dangerous, and which has killed a person, being liable to the death penalty, could yet be redeemed by money. Now, if the law expressly admits pecuniary compensation in a case where the guilty person deserved capital punishment, how much the more is a pecuniary compensation admissible in this case, where it does not concern capital punishment, but merely the maiming of a limb?

(3) The rule of generalisation of one special provision is illustrated as follows : In Deut. xix. the law contains some particulars, supplementary to a former law, concerning the cities of refuge which were designed to serve partly as a protection, partly as a punishment and atonement for him who unintentionally had committed manslaughter. In this connection the special provision is made that when a man goes into a forest with his neighbour to hew wood, and the iron of the axe slips out from the handle and accidentally kills the neighbour,

the slayer shall flee into a city of refuge. This special provision is generalised by Hillel so as to be applicable to analogous cases, *e.g.* if one in breaking down a wall accidentally kills a man by one of its falling stones. If, however, such an accident happened in private premises, where the man who was killed had no right to enter, he who unintentionally caused his death is entirely acquitted without having to flee to a city of refuge. For the forest mentioned in the law is a public place, where the slayer and the slain man had equal rights to enter, whilst private premises precluded the slain man from entering, and his entering was entirely on his own risk.

(4) Generalisation from two special provisions. In Exod. xxi. 26, 27 the law provides that "if a man smite the eye of his servant and destroy it, he shall let him go free for his eye's sake, and if he smite out his servant's tooth, he shall let him go free for his tooth's sake." Here two provisions are made—one concerning the eye, and the other concerning the tooth of the servant, though different organs—eye and tooth—have this in common, that they are essential parts of the human body, and the loss of them cannot be restored. Hence Hillel draws from these two provisions the general conclusion that the mutilation of any member of the servant's body in consequence of brutal treatment by the master causes the immediate liberation of the slave.

(5) The effect of general and particular terms. The general includes nothing but the particular. Illustration: Lev. i. 2, the law defines the offerings brought on the altar by the following words: "Ye shall bring your offering of the beast, even of the herd and of the flock." The general term is here the "beast," which otherwise includes any kind of quadrupeds, both wild and tame (Deut. xiv. 4), but the special terms "herd and flock" limit the offering to these domesticated animals. The law is then construed thus: "Of the beast," viz. only of the "herd and of the flock," ye shall bring your offering, but not of the wild beasts. The construction of the modern laws is analogous to this of Hillel. "Where a general enactment is followed by a special one on the same subject, the latter overrides and controls the earlier one" (Broom, "Maxims," p. 650).

(6) The analogy made from another passage somewhat similar to rule 1 is illustrated by the following: A quorum of ten men is according to the rabbi necessary for public worship (though this was amended later). This is inferred from a passage in Num. xiv. 27, where the word "congregation" occurs in reference to the evil spies. In Num. xvii. 21 the same word occurs in connection with the

word "midst." This word is also found in Lev. xxii. 32, wherein public worship is indicated: "I will be hallowed in the *midst* of the children of Israel." The conclusion is then drawn, as the term "in the midst" of the congregation in Numbers means ten, so also the same term "in the midst" in Leviticus.

(7) The seventh rule—explanation derived from the context—is illustrated thus: In Exod. xvi. 29 we read, "Abide ye every man in his place; let no man go out of his place on the seventh day." If taken out of its connection this passage would contain an injunction that no Israelite shall leave his place on the Sabbath-day. But if we look to the context, we find that it refers to the manna-gatherers, prohibiting them to go out on the Sabbath with the intention to seek manna, and not to the general going out; therefore the conclusion is drawn that walking out on a Sabbath-day is permitted.

One more case must be mentioned, where Hillel, evading the restrictions laid upon commerce by the law relating to the Sabbatic year, proved a real benefactor to the poor. In consequence of the continuous exactions by the Maccabean kings and their governors, and by bad harvests, the people in Palestine became poor, and had to have frequent recourse to borrowing money; but money-men would not lend them any longer, as the seventh year caused remission of debts (Deut. xv. 2 and 9). Now, in order to induce money-men to lend to the poor, Hillel introduced the institution of the Prosbul (πρὸς, βουλή—"before the council"). A deed was signed and deposited with the judge before the entrance of the year of release, by virtue of which the creditor reserved to himself the right to ask for repayment of his money at any time.

As with every great man, so with Hillel, anecdotes and sayings are related of him which show the greatness of his character and the deep impression he must have made upon his contemporaries. Thus, he is said to have understood all the languages—those of hills, valleys, trees, flowers, beasts, and demons. But by far greater he appears to posterity through the grand and true views he held on the problems of life, religion, and morality. His ethical sayings are still a treasury of common-sense and comfort.

Here is an instance how he applied the Golden Rule. A heathen came to Shammai—a colleague of Hillel, known for his temper—with the request to make him a Jew whilst he stood on one leg. Shammai drove him away. The heathen came to Hillel with the same request, whereupon the master said: "Do not that to others what is hateful to thee; this is the sum of religion; the rest is but a commentary upon it." The heathen, who had come to mock, became

impressed, and was converted. Hillel turned the ideal positive Mosaic rule, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," into the more practical negative command.

The following shows Hillel's sagacity : A heathen came to him, saying he would become a Jew, but only under the condition that he might believe in the written, and not in the oral or traditional law. Hillel said, "Come, I will teach you the written law," and first taught him the Hebrew alphabet in the usual order. On the following day he taught it him in the opposite way. The heathen was surprised, and said, "Why, this is not the right way." Hillel replied, "My teaching of yesterday, which was oral, is all that thou knowest to refer to and to rely upon. It is the same with the oral law ; it is necessary for the completion of the written law." The inquirer saw the wisdom of the reply and became Hillel's follower. Here are some of the master's ethical sayings : "Be of the disciples of Ahron, loving peace and pursuing peace, loving mankind and bringing them nigh to religion." "Do not judge thy neighbour until thou hast stood in his place." "Do not believe in thyself till the day of death." He was particular in personal appearance. He used to say : "They wash the statues and cleanse and beautify the temple. How much greater attention ought we to give to the temple of our soul." "I must hurry home to a guest I have been rather neglecting of late," he said, "a guest who is here to-day and gone to-morrow." He explained to his wondering disciples, "The guest is the soul, which has her lordly palace in the body, but often has very little given beyond the lodging."

One day he heard squabbling in a street ; he said he was sure it was not in his house. His sense for the public weal is expressed in this : "Do not isolate thyself from the community and its interests."

The following show his desire for salvation and knowledge : "Never say, some time or other, when I enjoy leisure, I will attend to my spiritual advancement ; perhaps thou wilt then not have the leisure." "The boor cannot be religious, the ignorant cannot be truly pious." "Whoso is ashamed to ask will not be able to learn." "No passionate man can be a teacher." "He whose mind is given to worldly gain will not grow in wisdom." "Where a man is needed, be thou the man." "The more feasting, the more food for worms ; the more wealth, the more cares ; but the more knowledge, the more food for life, the more study, the more wisdom ; the more reflection, the better the counsel ; the more charity, the more peace." "He who earns a good name gains something that cannot be taken away." "He who does not increase knowledge, decreases." "He

who serves himself with the tiara of the Thora for his own glorification perishes." "If I am not for myself, who is for me, and being for my own self, what am I?" *i.e.* man must be self-reliant, but must not live for himself (comp. Rom. xiv. 7 and 2 Cor. vi. 2). According to another interpretation, "I must work out my own salvation, yet how weak are my unaided efforts" (comp. Phil. ii. 12). "If not now, when?" *i.e.* Don't put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Once, seeing a skull floating on the face of the water, he said to it, "Because thou drownedst they drowned thee, and in the end they that drowned thee shall be drowned," which expresses the great principle of retribution. A common saying of the Talmud is, "With what measure a man measures they measure to him."

The following incident shows Hillel's patience, which has become proverbial :—

Two men laid a wager to arouse Hillel's temper. One of them went to Hillel's house on a Friday afternoon, when he was busily preparing for the Sabbath. The man called out in a rough voice, "Where is Hillel?" not even giving him his title of rabbi. Hillel soon came out, and asked in his usual pleasant way, "What is your request, my son?" The man said, "I want to know, why have the Babylonians peculiarly shaped heads?" "Because," said Hillel, "their nurses wrap them up too clumsily when they are babies." Hardly had the man gone without thanking Hillel, when he returned and called out in the same impetuous manner. Hillel came, and asked in the same affable way, "What is it, my son?" The man wished to know why the Palmyrans had sore eyes. "Because," said Hillel, "they live in sandy plains and the wind blows the sand into their eyes." The man went away as before, and, returning directly, asked a third question, equally trivial: "Why have the Africans flat feet?" Hillel said, "Because they walk barefooted in a swampy soil." The man went away mumbling something to himself. Hillel called him back, and asked what he was saying to himself. He replied, "I cursed thee because I have lost my wager through my inability to bring you into a temper." Said Hillel, "Go in peace, my son; you will never succeed in that."

After a long life of beautiful activity Hillel died, eighty years old, 5 A.C. He was mourned by many. His numerous disciples, some of whom became famous, said of him, "Gone is the pious, the modest one. He was worthy of the Holy Spirit in him. Hillel in his time, like Ezra in his time. When the law had been forgotten in Israel, Ezra came from Babylon and taught it; when it was forgotten a second time, Hillel the Babylonian came and restored it."

JOSEPH STRAUSS.

A LAST-CENTURY TOURIST.

AMONG the memorials that have survived of my great-grandfather, John Humfrey, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of Killerig, County Carlow, and Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin, are numerous memoranda of tours which he made in England and Ireland. The notes, which were evidently written from day to day, form a brief but complete record of some of Mr. Humfrey's travels. Though many of his descriptions of the towns and scenes through which he passed may be of little interest except as family records, the hotel bills he preserved, and the information given as to the distances travelled each day, and the cost of posting, supply a number of facts of value.

Of these diaries the first refers to two tours through England, which began in August 1800, and ended in November 1801. After describing his ride to Waterford, where he got a pass from General Madden, Mr. Humfrey embarked on Friday, August 29, "on board the packet off Duncannon at half-past six in the evening, and landed at Milford on Sunday, 31st August, at six in the evening." As the mail for Bristol did not set out till the next morning, he was able to look about him. He writes: "Milford is a very poor town, composed of a few wretched habitations occupied by seafaring people; but Mr. Greville, the proprietor of the adjoining lands, has built a very handsome new inn, to be opened on September 24, 1800, and a number of very neat houses, which are likely to depopulate the present town. This town contains a Custom House and Post Office from whence mails are daily despatched to Waterford, and the harbour is considered the finest in Great Britain. With this advantage, is it not surprising that greater improvements have not been made?" The question is one that excites surprise a century later.

Twenty-six miles from Milford, Mr. Humfrey passed through Tavernspite, "formerly a town of some importance, but now reduced to the post-house." With the scenery between Carmarthen and Swansea he is charmed. "The road runs through a most delightful country, which presents to the eye the greatest variety of hill and valley, beautifully diversified with meadows, cornfields, and

pasture, and enriched by all the numerous combinations of which wood and water are capable." "Swansea is a neat and apparently flourishing town, . . . and from the coalpits and smelting works in its vicinity is a place of some trade.

"Nine miles from Swansea is Neath, the road to which runs through the smelting works, which during the night (the time of my passing) exhibit a very beautiful and picturesque appearance, as from the flames which the smelting houses emit the entire face of the country seems on fire."

At Pyle he finds "a magnificent new inn," finely situated, "commanding a view of the Bristol Channel." "It was built by Mr. Talbot, who has a very fine park and seat at Margam adjoining it." Cardiff is referred to as "a neat town," and the ferry over the Severn as "dangerous" and "near three miles broad."

Bristol he describes as "a city of vast trade and great extent, but ornament has been little attended to in building or laying it out. It stands on the river Avon, five miles from the Bristol Channel; but so inconsiderable is the river that no vessels can pass unless when the tide is in, and so narrow and winding that all vessels are towed up and down by a boat at an expense of not less than from £20 to £80, a striking instance of the indefatigable perseverance of the English character that could establish a trade under such disadvantages.

"As Bristol seems wholly dedicated to business, so Bath seems entirely devoted to pleasure. Ornament alone seems to be consulted in the buildings, often at the expense of comfort."

On October 31, Mr. Humfrey "travelled through Glo'ster and Tewkesbury to Wor'ster in the long coach from Bath to Birmingham." Tewkesbury "is a town of no inconsiderable size, and remarkable for its manufacture of cotton stockings." Of Worcester he seems to have formed a very favourable impression: "Its streets are clean, open, and spacious, and the people are remarkable for their social and hospitable disposition. . . . Upon the whole, the city of Worcester, though not so regularly built as Bath, seems, from the cleanness of its streets, the richness of the surrounding country, and, above all, from its being situated on a fine and navigable river, to be superior to any other in England."

On November 1, Mr. Humfrey went from Worcester to Shrewsbury in the coach ("48 miles, fare a guinea"), and then on to Holyhead, reaching Dublin on November 6. A few weeks later he crossed again to Holyhead, which he reached December 20, and "at six in the morning set out in the London mail for Chester,

(92 miles, fare £2. 5s.), and arrived there at 11 that night." This gives an average rate of travel of less than $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour! From Chester he "went on in the mail to Lichfield (66 miles, fare a guinea), and thence to Birmingham." On December 22 he left Birmingham at four in the morning by "the long coach for Bristol (87 miles, fare 40s.), . . . and reached Bristol at seven in the evening." This is a little better speed, but on the average it is barely more than $5\frac{2}{3}$ miles an hour! As the mail coaches were supposed to make an average speed of fourteen miles an hour, it will be seen what a prodigious amount of time was consumed in stoppages and changing horses. On January 21, 1801, Mr. Humfrey left Bristol at 7 P.M. in the mail, and "reached Birmingham on the 22nd at 10 in the morning"—fifteen hours again to cover eighty-seven miles.

On August 10, 1801, Mr. Humfrey again crossed from Dublin to Holyhead in "the Clermont packet," arriving at 11 A.M. on the 12th, and rode on horseback to Worcester, which he reached on the 17th. "Being unable to ride further from the extreme heat and fatigue, went in the coach to Bristol." On September 26, he travelled with his family from Bath to London "in the post coach, which carried Mary [his wife], Dick [Richard Fenton Humfrey, his son], Lucy [my grandmother], Bess [his daughter], and myself, fare £5. 4s., and brought us 108 miles in the day." Among places visited in London is "Buckingham House,¹ where is a very fine library and a good collection of pictures, among which are several fine portraits by Vandycke and Reubens." "During our stay the preliminaries of peace between France and England were signed" (October 1, 1801).

A memorandum of a tour of 662 miles made by Mr. Humfrey in 1826 gives interesting details of the cost of posting at that time. The cost of horses, turnpikes, and postboys for this journey amounts to the considerable sum of £66. 5s. 6d. Allowing for the difference in the value of money between that time and the present, it will be seen that travelling in the good old days was indeed an expensive luxury, and, judging from Mr. Humfrey's comments upon many of the inns, a luxury not always attended with much comfort. A summary of the tour and the details of the cost of posting may be of interest. Leaving Holyhead on September 9, 1826, he drove *viâ* Mona and Carnarvon,

¹ George III. purchased Buckingham House in 1762 and settled it on the Queen, "St. James's," according to Horace Walpole, "not being a prison strait enough." At Buckingham House the King "lived in privacy, attended only by menial servants, and keeping up none of the splendour of a court." Addington describes a dinner to which he was commanded by the King as consisting of "mutton chops and pudding."

To Beddgelert, 44 miles : horses	£3. 6s., turnpike	£	s.	d.
10s., postboys 8s. 6d.		4	4	6
10th. To Mallwyd, 40 miles : horses	£4. 11s., turn-			
pike 10s. 6d., postboys 13s.		5	14	6
11th. To Ludlow, 65 miles : horses	£4. 17s. 6d.,			
turnpike 14s. 10d., postboys 16s.		6	8	4
12th. To Monmouth, 43 miles : horses	£3. 4s. 6d.,			
turnpike 14s., postboys 10s. 3d.		4	8	9
13th. To Cheltenham, 55 miles : horses	£4. 7s. 6d.,			
turnpike 14s. 2d., postboys 14s. 6d.		5	16	2
22nd. To Leamington, 44 miles : horses	£3. 6s.,			
turnpike 8s. 3d., postboys 11s.		4	5	3
25th. To Derby, 56 miles : horses	£3. 16s. 4d., turn-			
pike 7s., postboys 14s. 8d.		4	18	0
26th. To Matlock by Keddlestone, 20 miles : horses				
£1. 10s., turnpike 3s. 9d., postboy 5s.		1	18	9
29th. To Lichfield, 38 miles : horses	£2. 14s. 4d.,			
turnpike 8s. 11d., postboys 9s. 8d.		3	12	11
30th. To Malvern, 50 miles : horses	£3. 15s., turn-			
pike 7s. 4d., postboys 12s. 6d.		4	14	10
October 2nd. To Cheltenham, 25 miles : horses				
£1. 17s. 6d., turnpike 5s., postboys 6s. 6d.		2	9	0
November 2nd. To Worcester, 24 miles : horses				
£1. 16s., turnpike 3s. 9d., postboys 6s.		2	5	9
3rd. To Shrewsbury, 49 miles : horses	£3. 13s. 6d.,			
turnpike 9s., postboys 12s.		4	14	6
To Corwen, 53 miles : horses	£3. 19s. 6d., turnpike			
10s., postboys 12s. 9d.		5	2	3
4th. To Holyhead, 56 miles : horses	£4. 4s., turn-			
pike 15s., postboys 13s.		5	12	0
		£66	5	6

It will be seen that the actual number of days spent in travelling was fourteen, which on an average would work out at just over 47 miles a day. But the number of miles covered daily varied from 20 on September 26 to as high as 102 on November 3, horses and carriage being changed at Shrewsbury on the way from Worcester to Corwen. Assuredly our forefathers were capable of undergoing much more exertion without over-fatigue than we are to-day. Allowance must of course be made for the fact that they were inured to the exercise of driving long distances ; but even so, posting

102 miles in one day in hired conveyances appears no inconsiderable feat for a man of over 61 years of age.

During the following year, 1827, Mr. Humfrey made another extensive driving tour through England, travelling 1,008 miles. His diary records the distances travelled, the towns through which he passed, the hotels at which he stopped, with comments upon the accommodation provided at each inn. By some odd chance, time, which destroys so remorselessly human records, has spared nearly all the hotel bills paid during this tour. From these we may glean a few items of interest as to the charges made at English inns three-quarters of a century ago. Breakfast almost invariably cost 2s.; dinner from 2s. to 3s. 6d., 3s. being the usual charge; the price of a bedroom varies from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., with 6d. for lights, 1s. for wax-lights, and from 6d. to 1s. for a fire. Soda water—which is only mentioned in one bill, that of the King's Head, Derby—cost 8d.; and the standard prices for wines were—6s. for sherry, 7s. for port, and 9s. for Madeira, while brandy was 10s. a bottle. Waiters, chambermaids, boots, and hostlers, though generally charged for in the bill, had to be tipped upon a liberal scale, which added materially to the cost. At the foot of many of the bills Mr. Humfrey has added a note of the amounts paid in tips, which varied from 3s. to 4s. at every inn where he stopped the night. The tour of 1827 was made in his own gig and with his own horse, which cost him from 3s. to 4s. per night. From Dublin to Holyhead the boat charges were a guinea for what we call a first-class passage, 10s. 6d. for a servant, a guinea for the gig, with 5s. "slinging money" (charge for loading); horse a guinea, and 3s. 6d. "slinging money." It is curious that more should have been charged for putting a gig than a horse on board the packet.

The fashionable West End tailor does not appear to have been as expensive seventy-five years ago as he is now. Among Mr. Humfrey's papers are some bills of his tailor, Richard May, of 4 Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London. From these we learn that a superfine blue or black frock coat lined with silk cost £5. 15s., a buff or black "casemere" waistcoat £1. 1s., a superfine black cloth coat £4. 16s., and a pair of "light mixed casemere pantaloons" £2. 2s.

From notes made by Mr. Humfrey in 1815, during a tour to the Giant's Causeway, one or two brief extracts may be of interest. Leaving Dublin on May 15, he travelled to Castleblaney (fifty-two miles) in the Monaghan coach, from six o'clock in the morning till five, the fare being 25s. From Castleblaney he posted to Armagh, "through a wild and uncultivated country, abounding in small loughs and a continued succession of low hills." Armagh and its

environs are described as "extremely beautiful." Built upon a hill, the town is clean, well flagged and lighted. "The cathedral stands very boldly upon an eminence, and is a conspicuous object from the surrounding country. . . . The most striking objects are the Primate's Palace and Cathedral Library, the Court House, College, Barracks, Market House, and Mall, a very beautiful and well-kept public walk."

From Armagh he went to Omagh, "a most uninteresting road through a naked, uncultivated wild. Between Omagh and Newton Stewart passed through Lord Mountjoy's demesne. It has no house, but the grounds are extensive and well wooded, though very poor in quality." The next day Baron's Court, the seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, is reached, and the visitor is delighted with the beautiful and richly wooded grounds and "the fine artificial sheet of water." But the country around is "wild and uncultivated and the soil poor." The road on to Strabane is "bleak and bad," but the country improves as Derry is approached.

From Limavady—"a clean and cheerful-looking town," Mr. Humfrey visited Downhill House, "built by Lord Bristol when Bishop of Derry. The house stands boldly over the ocean, but in a bleak and exposed situation. It contains two very handsome rooms, the principal drawing-room and library, both splendidly furnished and with great taste, the ceilings admirably painted. There are several valuable pictures, and amongst the most conspicuous a very beautiful Madonna by Raphael. But the most valuable ornaments of these superb rooms are several antique statues and busts and beautiful vases brought from Italy by Lord Bristol. There is not probably any house in Ireland that can exhibit such a valuable collection, nor any in which the politeness and liberality of the owners for the accommodation of visitors, even to their own personal inconvenience, are so conspicuous."

In an enthusiastic description of the Giant's Causeway, Mr. Humfrey says: "This great and stupendous work of Nature has occupied the attention and excited the wonder of the ablest and most scientific men of this and other countries; but by none has the subject been investigated with more ingenuity and scientific research than by our countryman, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, in his 'Letters Concerning the Coast of the County of Antrim.' All efforts of the most enlightened philosophy have hitherto proved ineffectual for the solution of this extraordinary phenomenon. It only remains then for uninformed minds to wonder and be silent, lost in astonishment."

The writer of these diaries, who belonged to the branch of the Humfrey family that settled in County Carlow in 1685, was a man of singular charm of manner and sweetness of disposition. For some years he had an extensive practice at the Irish Bar, and won considerable reputation as a sound lawyer. By his descendants his memory is cherished as that of a high-minded, chivalrous gentleman, who, during an age when drinking, gambling, and debauchery were only too common among the educated classes in Ireland, lived a sober, useful life, devoted to his family and friends. Of his literary and artistic tastes many evidences still exist ; while two fine miniatures of him by H. Hone, A.R.A., show him to have been an exceptionally handsome man. His wife was Anne Mary, a daughter of Elias Best of Bestfield, and Elizabeth Caulfeild, the daughter and heiress of the Honble. Toby Caulfeild, of Clone Castle, brother of the second Viscount Charlemont. Of Mr. and Mrs. John Humfrey's six children only two lived to grow up, a daughter, Lucinda Caulfeild, who married Richard Boyse Osborne, my grandfather, and Richard Fenton Humfrey, who, though he died very young, achieved some reputation as a musician and a composer. Mr. Humfrey, who died May 6, 1829, at the age of sixty-three, had his full share of sorrow in the world, as the following touching inscription, erected by him over the grave of his wife and children at Killerig, testifies :—

Near this place are interred the remains of

ANNE MARY HUMFREY,

Wife of John Humfrey, of the City of Dublin, Esq., and daughter of Elias Best and Elizabeth Caulfeild, who having discharged the various duties of a daughter, a wife, and a mother with tenderness, fidelity, and affection seldom equalled, was summoned by her Heavenly Father to that blessed society for which the spotless purity of her life most eminently qualified her, on the 15th day of January, 1812, in the 50th year of her age.

In testimony of her worth, and of the affection that he bears to her memory, a justly afflicted husband has erected this monument.

Beloved of my Soul, Farewell !

Here also are interred five of their children, viz. :—

Anne Mary, born 10th June, 1794 ; died 8th May, 1799.

Elias Best, born 31st Aug., 1799 ; died 12th Nov., 1799.

John Caulfeild, born 27th April, 1790 ; died 2nd Dec., 1799.

Elizabeth Rebecca, born 26th May, 1792 ; died 5th Nov., 1802.

Richard Fenton Humfrey, their eldest and only surviving son, born 30th Dec., 1785.

The early promise which he gave of taste and talent excited the most flattering hopes in the bosom of a fond father ; but, alas ! these hopes were blasted. He fell a victim to a lingering and painful disease on the 17th January, 1812, at the age of 26 years, having survived his mother only two days.

A husband and a father followed their remains to one common grave.

CHARLES C. OSBORNE.

MADAME, MONSIEUR, THE SISTER OF MONSIEUR, AND AN-NA.

AN-NA is our *fille de table*. A neat little figure has An-na, a sweet Madonna face, golden hair brushed up and back, and frightened, innocent blue eyes. But I grieve to find that a serpent has entered into the soul of An-na, and inspired in her a spirit of wilfulness and naughtiness. Monsieur confides in me over our coffee, which he manufactures with great skill and loss of time. "An-na ! Ah, yes ; she is impertinent. She has demanded to Madame to go home to see her mother which is ill in bed. But, think you, all at the hour arrives the sick mother by her own legs. Then An-na say : ' Ah, well, Madame, I give you notice of a week, and I go out one hour all the days to seek new service.' But what think you ? Madame say : ' My service must be made ; you cannot go out one hour, but you depart after a week.' "

So the situation is strained. An-na " makes her service " with a pretty air of injured innocence, and meekly smashes plates and breaks corks in wine-bottles.

I am not so enamoured of Monsieur's English, or Madame's French, as is that amiable and energetic lady, the sister of Monsieur. Every day she pays us a visit, a great part of which is devoted to loud admiration of her relations' linguistic talents. Perhaps I am a little difficult to please. Madame is of English birth—shall we say perhaps from Hampstead ? The French that she speaks with the domestics is suspiciously easy for me to understand, frankly free from all idiom. She talks of a neighbouring port as " Boolang." So I am driven with reluctance to disagree silently with the sister of Monsieur when she proclaims from the hearth-rug that Madame speaks French "*très bien*." But never will I refuse to Madame the homage due to a good and kind heart, and I sympathise with her more over An-na's enormities than over her conscientious struggles with the difficulties of French pronunciation.

The personality of Monsieur is connected in my mind with the idea of briskness, whether from the vast amount of petty business he

gets through, or from the odour of eucalyptus which he sheds prodigally round. If he could only clothe himself with idiomatic English as lavishly as he does with garments, he would be more worthy of the adoration of the sister of Monsieur. I suspect him of wearing six layers of clothing when he walks out ; there may be more. I have evidence of a "guernsey," a short waterproof jacket, a pilot's coat, and a thick cloth cape. He claims a distinguished churchman for a relative, but his views are frankly utilitarian. One of the aspirants to An-na's position makes inquiries as to the opportunities for attending Mass. "Ah, well, that is your affair. This is Liberty 'All. You make my service, then you do what you please." Monsieur owns to great difficulty with the English aspirate, and cuts the knot by ignoring it altogether. This does not as a rule lead to serious complications, except in the case of a story concerning the Scotch Islands or 'Ighlands. Monsieur is scientific, and takes much interest in the lifeboat and all its works, in the rocket apparatus, and in mechanical toys, over the explanations whereof we mutually suffer, I from a total ignorance of mechanics, he from insufficiency of technical English. After dinner, in the evenings, he works out formulæ, and casts up his accounts aloud. The latter are very minutely kept, and include disbursements (generally reckoned by the modest sou) for "pain, poisson, tabac, journaux, tramway," and so forth. Monsieur is a victim to yawning. His efforts generally end in a vocal "Ah, ah." With the polite desire to conceal the fact that he has yawned, or possibly to amuse his friends, he always proceeds with "bè, bè ; cè, cè ; dè, dè," as if seizing the opportunity to polish up his alphabet. I may add, for the credit of his friends, that they are neither deceived nor amused.

I have not arrived at the name of the sister of Monsieur. She either has not got one or it is something improper. Madame says it is too hard to pronounce ; I think Monsieur has forgotten it. The sister of Monsieur is a stout little lady, extremely vivacious and steadfastly engaged in the pursuit of slaying time. When she has expatiated for an afternoon on Madame's French, Monsieur's English, and An-na's enormities, she turns to the clock with an anticipatory air of disapproval, and, in triumphant condemnation of the slowness of Time, tells us that it is an hour earlier than she thought. The life of the sister of Monsieur has not been all sunshine. Within a year her husband and her son, her only child, were torn from her, and lie in foreign graves. Poor soul ! she dare not look back ; and slowly indeed do the hours pass until she is reunited to her beloved ones.

An-na ! I print her name so, because it is in some such way that Monsieur pronounces it, dwelling on the first syllable and throwing the other after it as an unconsidered trifle. Poor pretty, naughty An-na ! When Madame makes out her "certificat," her character, she will only say that our little *fille de table* is honest and industrious, and will allow her nothing for her waiting. "I gived her," says Monsieur, all of whose verbs are weak, "I gived her good trial, but she does not know her service." And yet I rather like her waiting. She moves about quietly and deftly (unless it be when the serpent within her moves her to break things), and her "'ci, 'sieu'" (which being interpreted is "Merci, Monsieur") is very soft and gentle. But perhaps I am not entirely disinterested, for I know that until another An-na turns up we shall be waited on by the cook, a moon-faced, motherly personage, beneath whose weight the stairs creak and grumble, and with whose portly frame a rusty bombazine is in constant and not universally successful conflict.

I sometimes escort Madame to the greengrocer's when she goes out shopping in the morning. It is a popular but untidy shop, with only one chair, which is the goal of a friendly rivalry between the customers. Madame always indulges in a placid wrangle with the greengroceress, with whom she has maintained a mild warfare and an unbroken friendship for some twenty years. I do not know which is in the right ; but from the fact that small peace-offerings occasionally arrive from the greengroceress I surmise that she has a conscience.

We return to our *déjeuner* at 12. Monsieur is generally awaiting us with impatience. "I think the least as you can do is to be in time for dinner," says he to Madame, who placidly agrees. The sister of Monsieur is always at hand with a red herring to drag across the trail. She makes searching inquiries about Monsieur's inward parts, or retails small scraps of gossip or even scandal, and so equanimity is restored. "I give you a glass of wine," says Monsieur to Madame, "if you will be good for a week." "Oh, that is far too much," says Madame, referring not so much to the quantity of wine as to the undue prolongation of good conduct. "Then I give you an 'alf glass," says Monsieur triumphantly, and with an air of finality, as who should say, "I can't give less."

One morning, as I stroll homeward, I am aware of a hatless young lady patiently waiting at our gate. This, Madame informs me, is An-na's sister ; and this is An-na's last appearance. Our little maid is seen at table in her Sunday finery, aggressively cheerful and determinedly iconoclastic. With a sweet but rather wavering smile,

she does all the small damage she can cram into the few remaining minutes of her time. Madame firmly and unmercifully reviews her past behaviour, and the sister of Monsieur explains any of Madame's phrases that may not be sufficiently clear. Monsieur puts on the black cap. "You comed here not knowing your service, and you depart not knowing your service. You be here to-morrow, and I give you certificate for honesty and work, but for service—ah, no." The blue eyes fill with tears and the red lips quiver. Then to Madame:

"Bonjour, M'dame." "Bonjour, An-na."

To the sister of Monsieur:

"Bonjour, M'dame." "Bonjour, An-na."

To Monsieur:

"Bonjour, 'sieu'." "Bonjour, An-na."

Then to me. (By this time, I must confess it, the lips are compressed again, the tears have gone, and in their place is a saucy twinkle, with even a suggestion of a wink):

"Bonjour, 'sieu'." "Bonjour, An-na."

And so exit. But I am amused to find that now, a week after these great events, An-na has not yet been for her "certificat," and is said to have got another place without it. Madame, Monsieur, and the sister of Monsieur do not appear amused.

CHARLES OLIVER.

GUERNSEY FOLKLORE.

WITH the easier and more rapid means of communication which now link all parts of the world together, our once obscure little Channel Islands are year by year better known ; and "Tomato Land," as its English admirers prosaically call Guernsey, is becoming as modern as it is familiar to the all-pervading British tourist.

Lovers of folklore, and of all ancient customs, must needs regret the too prevalent spirit which has cast off national costumes, national language, and traditional ways in many parts of modern Europe, a spirit which is rapidly levelling to the barest commonplace the cottage homes of our Jersey and Guernsey peasant proprietors, whose sons and daughters now think scorn of the expressive patois in which their fathers conversed, and still greater contempt of all the pretty legends which were murmured of old beside the *lit de fouaille* on winter evenings by their grandmothers, as they knitted and nodded in gentle asseveration of "vèr" and "oui-da" to the story-teller.

My mother's ancestors were island born and bred ; living in quaint, semi-feudal state between their "town house" in winter and the "country" one away in rocky Alderney. And in my own childish days there were still some among the ancient great-aunts and cousins in near or remote degree who told all the old tales, believed in all the whispered spells, the "white witches" and "black witches" (*sorciers blancs et noirs*), of their youth. It has been asserted to me most positively by cultured ladies that they were unable to account for the "fact" of *les sorciers noirs* causing, by a look, the head of a man or woman to swarm with lice, which a moment before had been as clean as their own. And my mother, having asked an old countryman "whether he had ever seen a fairy," he replied in all seriousness, "Nenni, pas mé, mais mon grandpère les vi bien des fais." So that the times of belief in such legendary lore are not so very far distant.

But to begin at the beginning, as children say, it seems that the Guernsey folk come of elfin ancestry, which accounts for their being,

for the most part, somewhat small of stature. The legend tells us that one day—the Eve of St. John, still the great Guernsey holiday and festival—a young girl passing by a portion of the north-west coast, which in early times was a forest and is now a long low bay, saw within its shades a multitude of little men dressed in green, with bows and arrows, being marshalled for a fight. She ran to the town, told her father and friends, and the men banded together and set forth to repel the invader. But the tiny men, when parleyed with, made preposterous demands: the half of all the island for their portion, and its choicest maidens as wives. This was refused, and men and fairies met in mortal combat, when the townsmen were ignominiously beaten, so that their blood ran down to the sea in what is now called *la Rouge Rue*, and every man and boy was slain. Then their young women were taken as wives, and the old as slaves, by the fairies, who reigned for a certain period over the island, until the mysterious summons came, which invariably appears in all fairy legends, for their “return whence they came.” Then fairy husbands and fathers, husbandmen and householders, all trooped westwards, and disappeared in the long low bay, lit up by the setting sun, leaving bright-eyed stalwart sons and slender daughters to carry on that strangely mixed race, half fairy, half Norman. And, as always happens too in such legends, the wistful little exiles could not but haunt their earthly homes, and rock a grandchild’s cradle here, or sweep a weakly woman’s hearthstone there, or leave the print of their tiny footsteps on some great gaunt rock beside the sea. And sometimes, too, a fairy changeling would be laid in mortal cradle, to be cared for by the unsuspecting mother for some years, till the mysterious signal came for its departure, and it needs must rise and go, as was told in this favourite story of my childhood, “*Le petit Colinet*.”

LE PETIT COLINET.

A certain widow woman, named Lizabeau, who lived near the Woodlands estate, and was accustomed to act as sick nurse and midwife to her poorer neighbours, was awakened one night by a great knocking at her door, and a man’s voice calling to her: “Come quickly; you are wanted!”

She was accustomed to such sudden summonses, and so rose quickly, dressed, and opened the door. Awaiting her was a man of singularly small stature, wrapped in a cloak, with which he concealed his face as she bent forward with a light to discover which of the

neighbours was thus addressing her ; and he reiterated his demand that she should come quickly to attend a sick person. She hesitated for a moment ; but he set off walking quickly down the road, and she, half in curiosity and half in earnest, followed him. They went on towards the seashore, "Vazon Bay," the haunted spot which had once been a fairy forest ; and as none but fisherfolk lived that way, and her guide "looked like a gentleman," she called out : "Sir, you must have taken the wrong road ; this leads only to the sea !"

"It is all right," he called back to her. "Follow me."

So they went on, till in the dark night she felt the rough shingle of the bay beneath her feet, and then she called again : "There are no houses hereabouts, sir. You have certainly lost your way. If you would tell me where you live?"

And the soft little voice answered : "You shall see presently, good woman ; only follow me."

So they crossed the bay and came to a more rocky part, by Houmet Tower, and the night grew darker, so that she scarce could see before her, and she stopped again, saying : "I cannot go any further. We shall fall into the sea."

"Give me your hand," said the strange little man. She did so, and his hand was soft and small as a child's, yet leading her on so boldly and carefully that her fear went away, and she only wondered where she was going to. They had entered a cave, and she could not see a step before her ; and still they walked on and on in the total darkness, until the man desired her to stop, and asked her "if she did not see anything?"

Lizabeau never told *what* she saw ; but the next day she had a weakly little baby in her arms, and all she answered to the many questions about him was : "A gentleman gave him to me." The neighbours talked a great deal, and marvelled whose child it might be ; but they were tired of talking at last, and by the time that little Colin was seven years old it was almost forgotten that he was not Lizabeau's child.

He was a very beautiful boy, with wild sparkling eyes and long fair hair, but so small that many of the peasant children at three years old were as tall as he, and much stouter. However, he was altogether unlike other children : he never played with them, or went to school, or did anything but wander about by the sea-side, sometimes bringing home fish, sometimes shells and seaweed, but often telling his "mother Lizabeau," as he called her, of a strange man dressed in green who used to watch him at his solitary play, and

sometimes watch him *in his sleep* too. Lizabeau did not like to hear him speak so at all, and would bid him be silent; and as Colin grew older he never told her of these things, for he saw that it grieved her to hear them.

When Colin was about fifteen years old the minister of the parish reproved Lizabeau for not having sent him to school or made him work, and then, won by the boy's bright, intelligent face, he took him into his own house, and essayed to "train him" in some domestic capacity.

One night as young Colin's new master, the minister, was returning home from a visit in a neighbouring parish, as he passed by a huge stone called, in popular parlance, *le Roc du Coq Chantant*, he heard a voice calling to him, which seemed to issue from the stone itself. It called his name again and again—"Jean Dumaresq ! Jean Dumaresq !"—until he stopped to listen, and then a clear, soft voice, cried : "Dites donc au petit Colin que le grand Colin est mort !"

When he returned home he called the boy and said : "Colin, I heard a voice to-night saying, 'Dites au petit Colin que le grand Colin est mort !'"

"Ah !" exclaimed the boy hastily, "then farewell, master. I must be gone !"

"Go ? Where ?" said his master.

"I cannot tell you," replied Colinet. "Farewell. Do not detain me."

"Well, but I owe you wages," said his master. "Wait till I pay you."

The boy laughed. "Never mind that," said he. "There is no lack of silver and gold where I am going." And, running out of the door, he disappeared into the darkness.

That same night Lizabeau woke up to find her foster-son standing by her bedside weeping. "Colinet, my son," she cried, "what ails you ?"

"I weep," he replied, "because I must needs go a far journey, and I may never see thee, my earthly mother, again ; and I know that, in the land where I am going, silver or gold will never buy me such love as thine. Bless me, my mother, bless me, for I *must* go."

Then, very quickly, and before she had time to answer, he vanished away. She thought it a dream, and went early next morning to the minister's house seeking him ; but he was not there, and no tidings of him ever came to his sorrowing foster-mother, who

pined away and died of grief at her loss, telling this story on her deathbed.¹

Another story told how a Guernsey maiden, who lingered beside the fairy cave "le Creux des Fées," had been carried off, not unwillingly, to fairyland, and sent back a token of love to her mother, the beautiful scarlet and gold "Guernsey Lily," scentless, in memory of the maiden who had lost her soul, but glowing henceforth in many a cottage garden in the home of her youth.

Then came the period of the Saints; and a quaint story tells how St. Patrick and St. George, roaming in search of "fresh fields and pastures new" over the world, met one day in the centre of the island, beside an old seigniorial manor belonging to the Andros family.

"By the powers!" said the Irish saint, crossing himself, "isn't this a purty little island?—a jim of the say, and a moighty agreeable place entoirely! Isn't it a pity it's so far off Ireland? I'm thinking 'twould make an illigant place for a 'station.' Sure there's plenty of pilgrims would come to it, only for the inconvaynience of the wather! But I'll be spaking about it. At any rate, I'll joost sittle a few monks on it, and make it a snug little farm of me own."

"Not so fast, brother," said St. George. "I've a fancy that way myself. It is really a beautiful spot, and as our rights are equal, you see——"

"Not a bit of it!" interrupted St. Patrick. "Isn't it an island?"

"Certainly," said St. George; "what of that?"

"Why, thin, am I not the particular saint of all islands, by the token that I'm King of Ireland? And surely that's an island, God's blessing be upon it!"

"And so is England," exclaimed St. George, rather impatiently.

¹ Since writing the above I have come across a somewhat curious coincidence in folklore, in Agnes Repplier's *Fireside Sphinx* :—

"In the Norwegian tale the cat is a young Troll, who, hiding from the jealous wrath of Knurremurre, lived for three years as a peaceful pussy in the house of a Jutland peasant. One day this man, toiling to market with his basket of eggs, was met by a Troll from Brönö, who sang out to him lustily :

'Hark you, Plat :

Tell your cat

That Knurremurre is dead.'

"In no way enlightened by this message, the peasant went home and reported it to his wife; whereupon his cat leaped from the hearth, cried joyously 'Then I am the Master Troll,' and overturned the pot of soup in his haste to scramble up the chimney and be gone."—T. L. L. T.

"Sorrow a bit of it," says Pat ; "sure it's joined to Scotland, and doesn't that make it a continent? You've forgotten your learning, brother——"

"Continent or island," shouted the English knight, who was readier with his sword than at his books, "you've no right to the place, and——"

I am afraid the saints might have fallen out very seriously upon the occasion had not the good-tempered knight of the Shamrock, inspired by the wisdom of Solomon, suggested that it should be "neither mine nor thine," but that each should give it his blessing and go his way ; for it would be a burning shame to destroy the peace of the quiet little place, to say nothing of the sin. So St. Patrick struck his staff into the ground, and, signing it with the cross, he declared "that whilst trees stood and herbs grew no poisonous thing should ever live upon the face of this earth." And it is remarkable that "from time out of mind" no venomous insect, viper, snake, or bloated toad has ever been found upon this sacred island.

Then St. George smote a little stream that gurgled by, and behold it sprang into a deep, pure fountain, "the waters of which," he said, "shall be for the healing of many diseases, and a blessing to the owner of this spot, whose bread shall never fail, nor his house be childless, whilst this well is preserved untainted."

I believe it to be a well-known fact that every effort to break St. Patrick's spell and introduce viper or toad into the island has proved fruitless, though the neighbouring island of Jersey by no means boasts such immunity from vermin ; while that ivy-covered well whose spring gushed forth under the staff of St. George still bears the title of "the Holy Well," and its waters, in great repute of old for the healing of various swellings and other affections of the limbs, locally known as *le mal de la fontaine* (probably a form of the old "King's Evil"), were still believed in and used not long since by the country people, who drew its water in secret, depositing a small piece of money in the niche at the foot of the cross, as an offering to the patron saint, while the peasant children would pass fearfully along the road which skirts the grounds of "St. George" after dark, lest the head of that saint's charger, breathing fire and flame, should appear amongst the bushes. It was also a not infrequent resort of "love-sick" damsels ; for was it not well known that if a maiden did but visit the Holy Well, fasting and in silence, for nine successive mornings, carefully depositing a piece of silver in the niche as an offering to the saint, she was assured of matrimony

within nine times nine weeks, and by looking into the well with an earnest desire to behold the image of her future husband, his face would appear mirrored in the water? So seriously did this belief obtain, that a damsel, seeing such image in the well, might certify his name to the priest, who thereupon summoned him to marry her in the name of St. George!

Among the family portraits in the ancient manor house, which bears St. George's name, is one representing a fair-haired boy of some six summers, holding a canary on his finger; and the family legend tells how this boy, only son and heir to the then lord, was one day feeding his pet canary, a rare bird brought for him from foreign climes, when, the cage door being open, its feathered inmate escaped and flew into the shrubbery. The boy gave chase to it from tree to tree, and as it paused above, or perhaps lighted on, the Holy Well the child stretched its arms to catch it, stumbled, and would have fallen in, but at that moment *the neigh of a horse was heard*. He started, and looked round, and lo! St. George's fiery charger disappeared into the darkness beyond. The boy was saved!

Arriving within the domain of history, we find that the early Celtic races who peopled the opposite shores of ancient Gaul believed "*les isles Cotentin*," by which name they knew our islands, to be the abode of departed spirits. And one writer, Procopius, tells how once, at midnight, some Celtic fishermen were aroused by a low knocking at their doors, which ceased not till they went out and down to the seashore; and there, by the side of their own boats, lay a strange long, low barque, laden till its gunwale dipped almost to the water *with an unseen freight*, and it was intimated to them that they should accompany and pilot it to the Islands of Rest. And as they rowed away, their wives heard strange weird chants floating back from the spirit-laden boat as it floated out into the darkness.

The "haunted house" away on the waste land on the western coast, commonly known now as "Victor Hugo's haunted house," is, however, the weirdest place of all. A great gaunt house, with bricked-up windows and desolate aspect, it stands in the place associated for centuries in the popular mind with awesome tales of sorcery and devil-worship. It was here that, Friday after Friday, all the witches and wizards of the island kept their hellish "Sabbath," repairing thither after dark, not on the traditional broomstick, but, *by virtue of their fairy ancestry*, on invisible bat-like wings, which many a peasant vowed he had heard pass his window by night. One, their chief, Helier Mouton by name, lived in this now half-ruined house,

whose ill reputation still survives, called Le Cakeuro, or Castel au Roc (Castle on the Rock). The rest were unrecognised by their neighbours, or only dimly suspected, and *propitiated*, therefore, by timely gift and civil word. Indeed, it would not have been safe to denounce them, for many of the best island families numbered a *sorcier* amongst its members, and the mysterious power was believed to be transmitted, in many instances, by inheritance.

A strange and sad example of this belief is exemplified in the following tale, the principal personage of which, I was informed, was still living when the tale was told to me, in 1880.

A certain farmer's daughter was engaged to a young farmer of excellent character and good position. She was also courted by another young man less worthy, who was determined, if possible, to break off the marriage. The accepted lover was in the habit of tying his horse to the gate of the farmhouse when spending an evening hour with his *fiancée*, and on one occasion this less-favoured rival saw the horse there, and determined on a trick. He remembered that it was Friday evening; so, loosing the horse, he rode him fast to the Cakeuro, tied him to its wall, and left him there. When Jean, the lover, had said farewell to his betrothed and left the farm, he looked in vain for his horse, and, not finding it, supposed that it had broken loose and gone off; so, as horse-stealing would be impossible in so small an island, and having doubtless pleasanter thoughts to occupy his mind, went home to bed, intending to look it up in the morning. But at break of day his enemy was up and about, and with wicked cunning contrived that some neighbour should pass the haunted house while Jean's horse was still tied there. And so word went about that Jean's horse had been awaiting him all night near the *sabbat des sorciers*. The inference was plain, and when the girl heard of it she sent a message to Jean that never more would she see or speak with him. He was a wizard, one of the accursed race. The betrothal gift—six silver spoons, always given to the *fiancée*, with joint initials entwined thereon, by a Guernsey prospective bridegroom—was returned. Protestations were of no avail, and in the end the wicked Philip prevailed and married her.

This was only one of many weird tales and quaint traditions familiar to every cottager and servant girl not long ago, and my mother, in her youth, would listen to their talk of how one neighbouring farmer's wife had refused some buttermilk to "Judith Pipiaux," and ah! next day she churned and churned, but no butter came; and the dairymaid took her turn, and worked till her arm ached; and so did the boy, and the mistress again, and all of them,

but never a lump of butter would come till a sign of the cross, made with a sprig of broom, hunted the witch away who sat, unseen, upon the churn. And another day one of the carters would come in with his tale : how he had been out in the wood and met Gotton de la Rue, whom they all knew to be a witch, picking up fallen wood and furze for her fire ; and he drove her away, setting the dogs at her ; and lo ! when he started to drive his load of hay, Gotton was there, and she *did something*, and all of a sudden the horses stopped, and never a turn could the wheels take, though he beat his horses and pushed at the wheel for hours ; and the horses jibbed and sweated with fear, for they saw the witch before them, invisible to his eyes !

Another *ensorcellement* she actually witnessed, for it so happened that when she was in the kitchen one day a certain fishwife, of evil repute, came with a basketful of fish to the back door, offering it for sale. The cook, who had just received a large consignment of fish and meat from the town, turned upon her sharply. "Eh ! here is master just come from town and has sent in I know not how many pounds of meat. I don't know how we shall get through it. Just look there, that immense piece of beef ; what are we ever going to do with it ? And we had already," &c. &c. And she pointed to a fresh juicy sirloin reposing on the kitchen table.

"Take my fish, all the same," urged the fishwife. "Call the mistress, and I know she will take some from me !"

"No, then, I shan't !" snapped the worried cook. "Va-t-en !"

"Ah !" said the woman, with emphasis ; "it is so, is it ? Tu ne veux pas de mon pison ?"

"Nenni ; va-t-en, je te dis !"

"C'est bien !" answered the woman, shouldering her basket to depart ; "you have a fine piece of beef there, it is true, but—*you will not eat any of it !*"

And sure enough, when the maids turned back to the table, a seething mass of maggots lay where that "fine piece of beef" had been a moment before.

One scarcely wonders that island records tell of "nine women and two men" burnt alive for sorcery between the years 1596 and 1634 ; or that disappointed and baffled housewives should, in more modern times, brew a certain antidote called "*une buiderie*," much dreaded by the witch sisterhood, but how administered I am unable to say.

Legend and spell, wise saw or darkly mystic rhyme, too many there are for these overcrowded pages ; from the midday spells at

midsummer, which I have known to come oddly true, to the ghostly stories attached to *le jour de St. Thomas*, in December, and to the *surveille de Noël*, or Christmas Eve. "On this evening," my mother writes, among her memories of girlhood, "all water is turned into wine at the midnight hour, just as the clock strikes. No one likes to sit up so late in the country; but I remember one night, being unusually delayed, the clock struck. I immediately expressed a great desire to pump and see the wine, when I was forcibly prevented, and assured that a woman did so once, saying, as she drank the water, 'Toute eau est vin.' 'Oui, mais tu es près de ta fin,' a voice answered, and she dropped down dead!"

But I prefer to close with the happier reminiscences of *la longue veille*, or *eve* of the Eve of Christmas, December 23, when "poor indeed must be the cottage which has not a cup of *vin brûlé*, a piece of cheese, and a Guernsey *galette*!" Each family is gathered round its hearth, the steaming cups (coffee cups, not glasses) are handed round amid laughter, song, and story. The etiquette of the occasion is strict in its prescription of one cup for young people, two to married women, and three, or at the most four, to men. The spicy, steaming odour pervades alike kitchen and parlour, and grandparents recall their youth with garrulous chat, while the children sip, bright-eyed and eager, the hot sweet beverage, and cast awed glances at the window, lest the Evil One should lurk too visibly abroad.

But, in the words of one of our old songs,

J'n'en finirais pas si j'contais tout l'gnolin,*
 Qui s'y dit, qui s'y fait durant tout l'annaie,
 Et tous les bouans marchis, et tout l'balivernin,
 Durant toutes les v'nues, et toutes les allaie.

T. L. L. TEELING.

* Gnolin = nonsense.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

THE origin of the solar system has always formed a subject of interest to the human mind, from the earliest ages to the present time. The question which naturally suggests itself is whether the system was originally created in its present form, or whether it has been evolved and developed in the course of ages from some pre-existent form of matter. The account of the creation of the world given in the first chapter of the book of Genesis throws no light on the point at issue. The opening words of that remarkable and graphic narrative are, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void." This clearly refers to the state of the earth before the appearance of life on its surface, but gives us no information with reference to its condition prior to that epoch, except that it was "without form and void." With exception of the sun and moon, no other members of the solar system are referred to. The account, therefore, leaves it an open question as to how the system acquired its present form and constitution, and we seem justified in considering any theory admissible, or at least provisionally acceptable, which will explain satisfactorily in what manner the sun, planets, and satellites which compose the solar system came to exist in their present relative positions. Of course, on the theory of creation by the direct will of the Almighty, we might assume at once that the system was created as it stands, (or rather moves); but such a theory is highly improbable, and in view of recent discoveries a hypothesis of this kind would be repugnant to the scientific mind, and indeed, we might say, opposed to observed facts.

The Nebular Hypothesis of the origin of the solar system has been supposed by some shallow-minded and ignorant people to be in opposition to revealed religion. But this is not the case. On the contrary such a hypothesis should tend to exalt our ideas of the great Creator. As Herbert Spencer has well said, "Creation by manufacture is a much lower thing than creation by evolution. A man can put together a machine; but he cannot make a machine develop itself."

This is evidently true, and the hypothesis of evolution from matter previously created should increase our wonder and admiration for the power of the Almighty Creator.

The hypothesis of the formation of the solar system from a mass of gaseous matter—usually ascribed to the famous French mathematician Laplace—seems to have been first suggested by the great German philosopher Immanuel Kant. In the year 1755 this great thinker published a work on the construction of the heavens, in the second part of which he deals with the origin of the solar system, and suggests that it might have been formed by the condensation of gaseous matter scattered through space. He supposed that these scattered portions of gas were drawn together by the force of gravitation, and that, slowly consolidating, they eventually became solid bodies which now form the sun and planets. Kant's views are sometimes rather vague and unsatisfactory, and lack the unity we find in Laplace's hypothesis. To Kant, however, seems certainly due the credit of having first advanced the bold hypothesis of the evolution of worlds from a primitive mass of gas. But his primitive mass differs essentially from Laplace's nebula, both in its properties and in the character of its motion, and his views are frequently in direct opposition to those of Laplace.

In dealing therefore with the Nebular Hypothesis we will only consider the views propounded by Laplace with reference to this remarkable and interesting theory. Laplace's hypothesis was first published towards the close of the eighteenth century in a work entitled "*Exposition du Système du Monde.*"

The fundamental idea of Laplace's hypothesis is very simple and easily understood. He supposed that the matter which now forms the sun, planets, and satellites originally existed in the state of gas, and that this gaseous mass formed a vast globe, which extended from the sun's present position as a centre out to and beyond the orbit of Neptune. Laplace does not attempt to explain how this gaseous mass originated. He merely assumed its existence, and uses it as a starting-point from which the Solar System was eventually evolved by condensation and solidification. We might conjecture that this enormous mass of gas of nearly globular shape was possibly formed by the collision of two dark bodies in space, but at present we will assume, as Laplace did, that the gaseous mass existed, and examine the consequences which will follow. To suit his theory, Laplace was obliged to make another assumption, and this was that the gaseous mass was endowed with a motion of rotation on itself, in the same way that the earth rotates on its axis. This assumption

was clearly necessary, for if we suppose the gaseous globe to have had no rotation, it would, when its particles began to fall towards the centre, eventually consolidate into a *single body* or sun without planets or satellites. To account, therefore, for the existence of planets and satellites in the Solar System we must suppose that the original gaseous mass had a motion of rotation on an axis. For what will be the result of such a rotation? Rotating and revolving bodies develop what is called centrifugal force. A stone whirled round in a sling is an example. The stone constantly tends to escape from the sling by the centrifugal force produced by the rapid revolution of the stone round the head. A similar tendency is produced in any rotating body. It exists on the earth's surface, but is restrained by the force of the earth's attraction. If the earth rotated seventeen times faster than it does (or in 1 hour 25 minutes) bodies at the equator would have no weight. The attraction of the earth would just be counterbalanced by the centrifugal force. With a slightly more rapid velocity of rotation they would be shot into space, never to return. That is, of course, loose bodies lying on its surface. The solid rock would not, of course, move, as the force of cohesion would prevent it from being disturbed. In the gaseous mass supposed by Laplace the power of cohesion would be of course very weak, so that a slight motion of rotation would be sufficient to detach portions from its surface. The tenuity of such a mass is almost inconceivable. It has been computed that if the total mass of matter contained in the Solar System could be reduced to a gas of such rarity that it would fill a sphere of a diameter equal to that of the orbit of Neptune its density would be over sixteen million times less than that of hydrogen gas !

It may be easily imagined that the force of cohesion in such an attenuated gas would be very small indeed, and that a very small motion of rotation would be necessary to produce disruption at the external surface. Further, the gaseous mass would soon begin to consolidate, owing to the gravitation of its particles towards the centre of the sphere, and this condensation and reduction of volume would—according to a well-known law—increase the velocity of rotation. A point would then be reached when, according to Laplace's hypothesis, some of the gaseous matter would be detached from the parent mass in the form of a ring. This ring would probably break up into separate globular masses, and if one of these masses was very much larger than the others it would gradually gather them in by the force of its attraction, and eventually form a spherical gaseous mass which would afterwards consolidate into a

planet, revolving in an orbit round the original mass. Before condensing, however, these smaller masses might, in their turn, detach rings which would subsequently form satellites. The parent mass would go on condensing and throwing off rings, one for each planet, until at last it had consolidated into a central nucleus forming the sun as we see it.

Such is an outline of Laplace's famous Nebular Hypothesis, which has been attacked and defended for nearly one hundred years, and which still forms a subject of discussion among astronomers and physicists.

Laplace's hypothesis satisfactorily explains the following facts connected with the planetary system : (1) the approximate coincidence of the planes of the planetary orbits with the plane of the sun's equator ; (2) the small eccentricity of the orbits, which originally were probably circular ; (3) the direction of revolution of the planets round the sun, and their rotation on their axes ; also the motion of the satellites round their primaries—all in the same direction (with exception of the satellites of Uranus and Neptune). This accordance in the motions is very remarkable, and the probability against such an arrangement being the result of mere chance is enormous. Indeed the agreement of the above facts with Laplace's hypothesis has always been justly considered as strong evidence in its favour. When Laplace's views were published, only five small planets were known between Mars and Jupiter. The number of these small bodies has now risen to over 480, and they all move round the sun in the same direction as the other planets, a fact which further strengthens the hypothesis. The theory has, however, been assailed by numerous writers, and the following are some of the principal objections which have been advanced against it.

1. The objection has been raised that in a nebulous mass of such tenuity as the original nebula must have had, the formation of rings would be impossible. But those who advanced this objection seem to have overlooked the fact that Laplace supposed that, previous to the formation of the rings, a nucleus had been formed of considerably greater density, and that the rings were separated from this nucleus and not from a homogeneous mass of gas.

2. Admitting the formation of rings from the parent mass of gas, it has been argued that the formation of planets by the condensation of the rings would be impossible. But M. Roche has shown that the formation of planets from rings of nebulous matter *would* be possible under certain conditions.

3. Another objection which has been raised against the Nebular Hypothesis is that many of the satellites are at distances from their primary which are inconsistent with Laplace's theory. The moon is a case in point. Its distance from the earth is greater than the radius which the earth in its gaseous state would probably have had at the time of its formation from a nebulous ring. The inner satellite of Mars, Phobos, forms an exception in the opposite direction, its period of revolution being less than the planet's period of rotation on its axis. This point was briefly considered by Laplace with reference to the satellites of Jupiter. A more careful investigation of the subject has, however, been undertaken by M. Roche. He considers that the satellites were not formed during the early existence of the planetary nebula, and would not be formed until the nebula had—like the original solar nebula—considerably condensed at its centre, the mass being influenced in this case also by a strong tidal solar action. It follows from M. Roche's investigations that the planets nearest to the sun, being acted on by a stronger tide, would produce satellites more slowly and at a smaller distance from their primary than the others. The moon, being an exception to this rule, must have been formed under peculiar conditions. As already stated, the moon's comparatively great distance of sixty times the earth's radius is considered as an objection to Laplace's hypothesis. Calculation shows that when the gaseous mass, which afterwards consolidated and formed the earth, rotated in a period of 27·3 days (the moon's period of revolution) the nebulous mass would have extended only three-fourths of the distance which now separates the moon from the earth. M. Roche, however, points out that in considering the effect of tidal action on the nebulous mass, we should—as in the case of oceanic tides on the earth—take into account, not the absolute attraction of the sun, but the difference between the solar attraction exercised on a molecule of the atmosphere and that exerted on the centre of the earth. On this view of the matter he finds that the longer axis of the nebulous spheroid would, at the epoch referred to, be exactly sixty radii of the earth as it exists at present. This axis would, however, be always directed towards the sun, the other axis at right angles to the major axis being shorter. M. Roche then concludes that the moon had its origin, not in a ring, but in matter thrown off at the extremity of the longer axis at a time when the nucleus had sufficiently consolidated. Researches by M. Simon agree with those of M. Roche. The formation of internal rings in the nebulous mass which afterwards formed the planet Mars would account, on this hypothesis, for the

formation of Phobos, which seems to have been of relatively recent origin compared with the age of our moon.

4. Another objection to the Nebular Hypothesis is that the satellites of Uranus and Neptune revolve round those planets in a retrograde direction. The question of the rotation of these planets on their axis has not yet been finally decided, but it seems highly probable from analogy that they rotate in the same direction as the satellites revolve round their primary. It seems probable that, according to the Nebular Hypothesis, the planets when first formed should have had their axes of rotation at right angles to the planes of their orbits, or the general plane of rotation of the original nebula. How, then, was the axis of Uranus brought so nearly into coincidence with the plane of the planet's orbit? The answer to this question would involve the general one, namely, Why are the equators of all the planets more or less inclined to their orbit planes? As far as is accurately known, the planet Jupiter is the only one whose equator plane nearly coincides with the plane of its orbit, the angle between the two planes being about three degrees. This question has been considered by Professor G. H. Darwin and M. Simon. The latter has shown that if we suppose the earth to have been formed by the consolidation of a series of rings, the inclination of these rings, acted on by the attraction of the sun or central nucleus, would have increased in time. Professor Darwin, supposing the planet to be in the state of a viscous spheroid—which, according to Lord Kelvin, is subject to the same laws as a nebulous mass—concludes that every increase in the equatorial protuberance would tend to increase the inclination of the equator to the plane of the planet's orbit. In the case of the more distant planets he is obliged to invoke the aid of the satellites.

M. Wolf, reviewing all the objections which have been raised against the Nebular Hypothesis, considers that most of them have been satisfactorily answered. He thinks that only two doubtful points remain: (1) How the gaseous matter of the ring left behind by the original nebulous mass was consolidated into a planet of large size; and (2) How the inclinations of the planetary equators and the orbits of the satellites on the planes of the planets' orbits have been produced. These difficulties are, however, not peculiar to Laplace's views, but are common to all theories which suppose the planetary system to have been evolved from a rotating nebulous mass.

Let us now consider the evidence which modern discoveries afford in support of the Nebular Hypothesis. The existence of

spiral nebulæ was unknown to Laplace. These wonderful objects were discovered by Lord Rosse about the middle of the nineteenth century, and his discovery—at one time doubted—has been fully confirmed by photographs taken by Dr. Isaac Roberts and others. The Crossley reflector at the Lick Observatory (U.S.A.) has revealed, by photography, thousands of new nebulæ hitherto unknown, and the late Professor Keeler estimated that it would show in the whole sky at least 120,000 nebulæ. Of these he considered that at least half would be spiral. According to Scheiner, the spectra of spiral nebulæ are generally continuous; in other words, "a spiral nebula is not gaseous." They have probably sufficiently condensed from their original gaseous state, and formed liquid or solid particles. These would give a continuous spectrum. He finds that the spectrum of the great nebula in Andromeda—which Dr. Roberts finds to be spiral—shows no trace of bright lines, and he considers that the component particles, although too minute to be visible in the largest telescopes, may still constitute small stars. The spectrum is somewhat similar to that of the sun. Dr. Roberts's photographs show that spiral nebulæ, when seen edgewise, are comparatively thin in proportion to their diameter, and approximate to a disc-like form. This tendency to formation in a plane is also shown by the solar system, the rings of Saturn, and even by the Milky Way. It may be shown by the principles of dynamics that this tendency to motion in a plane is due to a law known as the conservation of "the moment of momentum." The original amount of energy with which the system was endowed may be slowly dissipated by conversion of motion into heat and radiation of this heat into space, but the moment of momentum must be preserved, and it may be shown that motion in a plane fulfils this requirement with the minimum amount of energy.

The great nebula in Orion, and other similar gaseous nebulæ, probably represent the original form from which spiral nebulæ were evolved. This transformation was probably caused by loss of energy and reduction of volume. This diminution of volume will of course produce consolidation, and hence the fact is explained that spiral nebulæ show a continuous spectrum, indicating that the original gaseous mass has partially condensed and will eventually, in the course of ages, assume the solid form. The spiral nebulæ—at least the larger members of the class—are of course on a much vaster scale than our solar system. They probably represent stellar systems in process of development. It is probable, however, that the solar system was formed from a small spiral nebula.

These recent discoveries seem to show that it is now necessary to modify Laplace's original hypothesis to a considerable extent. Instead of the formation of the solar system from a globe of gaseous matter, we must now assume that the sun, planets, and satellites, were evolved from a spiral nebula by portions of partially condensed nebulous matter being thrown off or left behind in the form of *masses*, and not in the shape of *rings*, as Laplace supposed. This gets rid of the difficulty of explaining the condensation of the rings into planets, which has always been one of the chief objections to Laplace's hypothesis.

Other objections are also satisfactorily met by modern discoveries, and we may say that the nebular hypothesis of the evolution of the Solar System from a gaseous mass now stands on a firmer foundation than it ever did before. In the great spiral nebula in Canes Venatici, in the great nebula in Andromeda, and in other beautiful and perfect specimens of the spiral class we seem to see stellar and solar systems in the actual process of formation before our eyes.

The phenomenon of "new" or "temporary" stars, which, in most cases—like the recent new star in Perseus—have turned into gaseous nebulae, seems to suggest that the original nebula, from which suns and systems are formed, may possibly have been produced by the collision of two dark bodies in space, as suggested by the late Dr. Croll, a collision which would have the effect of converting the solid bodies into the gaseous state, by the transformation of motion into heat. As no "moment of momentum" could be produced by a perfectly *direct* collision, it was probably a grazing one. This would give rise to a motion of rotation, a motion which still survives in the revolutions of the planets and satellites, and the rotations on their axes.

J. ELLARD GORF.

ON THE HIGHWAY TO HIGH SAVOY.

SUNDAY, the 28th day of March, was just commencing to dawn in the East as our "caravan" prepared to start. The red lamp, symbolic of the *Régie*, had only a few hours earlier ceased to burn over the tobacco-shop on the opposite side of the street. For the last time the cycles were examined—then we mounted. The guides, on a tandem, quickly took the lead, followed in Indian file by "X" and myself. Round the corner and across the Place de la Madeleine we sped, then along the Boulevards de la Madeleine, des Capucines, des Italiens, Montmartre, Poissonnière, St. Denis, and St. Martin, crossing the Place de la République. Down the Boulevard Voltaire to its end at the Place de la Nation; thence passing through a part of the Boulevard de Picpus into the Avenue de St. Mandé.

Shortly afterwards we traversed the Bois de Vincennes—once the hunting-ground of Louis IX., and now, amongst other things, a favourite "meet" of the French Jockey Club. The air was cool and invigorating, and "X" and I had little difficulty in following our guides. The Marne was crossed at a point near its confluence with the Seine. Subsequently, our route led us along a series of cobbled—*pavé*—streets, until, at last, we were outside of the city which takes its name from Cæsar's contemporaries, the Parisii. Ere long we reached the Pyramide de Brunoy; a short halt; then again we were moving, the guides towards Paris, and "X" and myself towards the South-East of France.

After a time we came to Melun—a town eight or nine miles north of Fontainebleau—and there we delayed for refreshment. Quitting the place a little later, we made in the direction of Montereau, which, in due course, came into view—situated at the junction of the rivers Seine and Yonne. Once within the town, we stopped to rest, resuming our journey, however, after no great interval. Dusk found us at our first day's terminus—the cathedral-town of Sens. The peasants of the district had congregated in the market-place to enjoy a *fête*, which happened to be in progress, so our arrival was not inopportune.

Apart from its twelfth-century cathedral, upon which I will not dwell, Sens is interesting by reason of the fact that the Earls of Devon descend from the Courtenays, early Counts of Sens. Then, too, there is a relic of the past in the Roman Motte du Ciar. At one o'clock on the day following, we departed from Sens, making our way over the excellent road to Joigny and Auxerre.¹ After a delay at Auxerre, of short duration, we again proceeded, and at nightfall glided up the single thoroughfare of Arcy-sur-Cure, a quaint little village remarkable on account of its caves. Arcy's sixteenth-century manor-house and its eighteenth-century *château* are both picturesque structures.

Having spent the night at the Hôtel des Grottes, we set forth *en route* to Chissey-en-Morvan. The riding throughout the day was difficult. We crossed the Morvan ridge, which, beyond Saulieu, reaches an altitude of 2,000 feet. We were still riding when night came upon us. Villages were few and far between, and the darkness was intense. At one moment we would be mounting a long incline, and the next flying down a mountain side. At last, however, we came to Chissey, where we found accommodation of a crude kind. We had ridden only ninety kilomètres during the day, but we were very glad to come to the end of our journey.

Some fifty paces from our *loge-à-pied* was the Château of Chissey, an ill-kept pile, dating from the twelfth century. We inspected it in the morning, afterwards riding on to Creusot, which we reached at 6 P.M.

As we passed along the terrace in the upper part of the town, we could distinguish through the misty darkness sheets of flame belching from the tall chimneys of the great Creusot Works. Here and there the glow of some mighty furnace stood clearly out, deep down in the hollow below. Two-thirds of the population, it may be added, are employed at the foundries, which turn out the "Creusot Gun."

The following day rain and mist predominated, so we decided to travel to Geneva by train. At Mâcon we were delayed some hours, but we eventually reached Geneva at an early hour next morning. To take Geneva as a centre, it is possible to visit many places of interest in High Savoy and the Lake Cantons with very little difficulty. The roads, from the standpoint of a cyclist, are good—they are better, however, over the French frontier than on the Swiss side. "X" and I took many rides before we parted. To encircle Lake Lemman

¹ Napoleon passed through Auxerre on March 17, 1815. He was then *en route* to Paris, having escaped from Elba to the mainland seventeen days before.

is no difficult task, and the distance is but 120 miles. Following the road leading into Savoy, Thonon-les-Bains is the first town of any note—it was once the capital of Chablais, and the residence of the early Counts and Dukes of Savoy. A short distance from Thonon is the Château of Ripaille, the refuge of Victor Amadeus VIII., of Savoy, the Antipope and Cardinal, who died in 1451. Evian-les-Bains is another town met with on the ride round the lake. At St. Gingolph the frontier is crossed, and the Canton of Valais entered. While the Swiss custom-house officials are strict, they are not as bad as some of their predecessors. In the twelfth century the lords of the Valais had occasion to issue the following statement, in the name of the Bishop of Sion, Valais: "Whereas the Baron de Thurn has caused travellers who have refused to pay tolls and duties exacted by his collectors, to be assassinated on the high roads, the Bishop of Sion shall give in future an escort to passengers for their security."

The Castle of Chillon, passed before coming to Territet, is too well known to require description. After leaving Montreux and Clarens, the road leads through Vevey, which possesses a picturesque Russian chapel, not unlike an Algerian mosque, and an Anglo-Saxon school. A dozen miles beyond Vevey is Lausanne, which has been visited by many celebrities, old and new. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, met Gibbon there in 1787. Voltaire once dwelt in this town, while the present heir to the Throne and his elder brother resided at Lausanne for a period of six months during the winter of 1883. The villages of Rolle, Nyon and Coppet follow in due course in making the *tour-du-lac*. To return to the personal chronicle. I began my ride back to Paris on Sunday, April 25, having sometime earlier parted with "X," whose sojourn had been somewhat curtailed. I had arranged with a Genevese to pilot me over the frontier pass, and it was, therefore, with him that I made my way from Geneva in the direction of St. Julien. The surface of the road was good, and the country comparatively level for the first few kilometres. Far behind us, the Mont-Blanc chain could be discerned, while away to the left, the Salève—altitude 4,280 feet—contributed to the grandeur of the scene. Ahead, rose the Vuache, cutting its way 3,440 feet into space—and acting as a natural barrier to France—which we were quickly approaching; indeed, we soon reached a small house, where, after some argument, a stolid Swiss was induced to detach the "plomb" from my machine, and to return the original deposit exacted by the Custom House at Geneva.

As we drew nearer the Vuache, the road became winding, then, for a time, steep; finally, however, becoming a long and gradual

ascent. Far below, on the right, flowed the Rhone, a seething torrent ; and dotted here and there on the mountain side above it were fortresses flying the *tricolore* showing that France is ever vigilant. Now and then a smoky speck appeared, signalling the approach of a train as it issued from one of the labyrinth of tunnels which intersects the Crêdo—altitude, 5,275 feet. The Fort de l'Ecluse soon came into view, standing out on a crag 1,385 feet in height, commanding the defile. This imposing stronghold dates from the fifteenth century, although it has undergone changes and additions from time to time, more particularly in the reign of Louis XIV., and since the campaign of 1814-1815.

At a peasant's chalet far up the pass, we halted to obtain a frugal lunch, the features of which were wine and cheese. Afterwards, we moved on, climbing with renewed vigour, until at last the summit was reached. Then followed a descent, long and dangerous. Before we had traversed half a mile groups of peasants were passed, *en route*, no doubt, to some mountain sanctuary. The bare rock, hitherto the predominant characteristic of our surroundings, quickly gave way to stumpy shrubs, which, in turn, made room for partially cultivated land, sprinkled here and there with chalets. Down we sped, our velocity increasing each moment until, after several sharp curves, we made the final descent into Bellegarde-sur-Valserine.

Through the town we passed, stopping a short time, however, at the French Custom House. I must add that the officials were extremely courteous, and notwithstanding the fact that my identification card was not *en règle*, they admitted my cycle without the usual deposit. The road now led us to Châtillon-de-Michaille, a village situated at an elevation of 1,720 feet. Here we turned, making a crow-line for the South ; later on we came to Billiat, with the picturesque Crêt du Nu off on the right. It was at Billiat that the opening "incident" of the journey occurred. We were attacked by a dog, of that savage and agile variety, which is found in plenty throughout the rural districts of France, but which, nevertheless, defies description. The dog in question suffered the extreme penalty for his grievous and unprovoked assault upon us. During the ride to Seyssel, a town—or rather two towns under one name—on the Rhone, we were left unmolested. One town—for so I may correctly designate it—is situated on the Ain, and the other on the Savoy bank of the river. The two are connected by a bridge with a portcullis, closed at night to prevent smuggling.

Having fulfilled his engagement, my Genevese guide here left me, and I continued my ride alone to Culoz, arriving there at 6 P.M.

Swiss time). Culoz is a distinctly uninteresting place, lying under the shadow of Mont Colombier, which ends a Jura ridge.

The following morning I awoke to find a semi-tropical sun shining through the window of my room at the Hôtel Barbier. After a light breakfast, I started for Bourg, but I had not proceeded far when I was overtaken by a shower of rain, which eventually developed into a storm of several hours' duration. I continued to ride, however, reaching Tenay at mid-day. Subsequently, I passed through Ambérieu—distant 30 miles from Lyons—thence to Bourg, making arrangements for the night at the Hôtel de France in the Place Carriat.

Bourg is the chief town in the Department of Ain, and has in its possession several noteworthy edifices. Of these the Church of Brou is perhaps the most interesting. It was commenced in 1511 by Marguerite of Austria, wife of Philibert II., *le Beau*, Duc de Savoie. Under the title of "The Church of Brou," Matthew Arnold has written three poems, of which the first contains the following lines :

In the bright October morning
Savoy's Duke had left his bride,
From the Castle, past the drawbridge,
Flow'd the hunters' merry tide.
Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering,
Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullion'd chamber casement,
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

(Whose husband, it may be mentioned, was killed in the hunting-field.)

For a short distance the high road leading out of Bourg, in the direction of Paris, is one of the finest in France. It is perfectly straight, and the land it traverses is without any incline. The surface is, of course, excellent. The only road to equal it in every respect is that lying between Amboise and Blois, on the Northern Bank of the Loire in Touraine. On the occasion of my departure from Bourg, the bit of roadway in question was the scene of a drill, executed by some companies of a line regiment from the local barracks. The villages of Montreuil and St. Trivier de Courte were passed before lunch, and, in the afternoon, I crossed the Saône and came to Tournus. I delayed there long enough to augment my supply of "caporal," afterwards climbing a hill of some magnitude. A couple of leagues more and Sennecy-le-Grand [in name only] hove near—then, at 5 P.M., I rode into the flourishing commercial town of Châlon-sur-Saône.

Châlon is situated on the right bank of the Saône—at the entrance

of the Canal du Centre, which connects it with the Loire at Digoin. The town was once the chief Roman settlement in Gaul. It has been the residence of the Kings of Burgundy, and, in the time of Charlemagne, it possessed counts of its own. From 1237 until 1477 Châlon was subject to the Dukes of Burgundy, but it was united to the Crown of France by Louis XI., whose rule was marked by progress.

The morning after my arrival in the town opened with rain, and in consequence, I did not resume my journey until late in the afternoon. In the meantime, I visited the Pont St. Laurent—spanning the river—and the quay from which the Lyons boat departs. Although I was quite unaware of the fact, my cycle ride was destined to extend only fifty-one kilometres beyond Châlon, and sixteen of these I travelled before night, bringing up at Chagny. The confines of the Saône-et-Loire are reached, practically, at Chagny. The Côte-d'Or is the adjoining department, and is celebrated for its fine vintage.

Having spent the night at the leading hostelry, I broke my fast, mounted my cycle and set out for Dijon, distant some fifty-three kilometres beyond Chagny. I had not proceeded far when, coming towards me, I perceived a donkey pulling a cart laden down with market produce, which projected on both sides. A yokel of antiquity directed the donkey, which was not lacking in the chief characteristic of its kind. The road was particularly narrow at the point of the threatened encounter, and no space remained in which to pass the cart. To prevent a collision, I turned into a ditch some five feet deep on my right. The result was not serious to me, but my cycle was less fortunate. The tubing, being exceptionally light, had become bent in two places, where the upper and lower tubes join the head-tube. The machine could still be ridden, if care were exercised to avoid turning the front wheel (to any great extent) while either of the cranks were completing the forward segment of their circle. I remounted therefore and pursued my journey, passing through Puligny—the birthplace of Montrachet wine—then through Meursault, known for its excellent white Burgundy.

Not long afterwards, I came to Beaune, where I had the misfortune to take three “croppers” on the tram-rails. I now reach a point in my narrative which may almost be termed dramatic—at any rate it has the merit of affording me an excuse to cut short.

Notwithstanding the “croppers” mentioned, I departed from Beaune on my cycle and came to Nuits-St. Georges, another wine centre. Beyond Nuits there is a hill—not an unusual thing in the

Côte-d'Or—and at its base there lies a hamlet called Vougeot. On reaching the hill, I allowed my machine to run at an incautiously rapid pace. Having traversed two-thirds of the way down, my wheel turned, catching one of the cranks . . . and I was violently precipitated on to the highway.

An hour later when my eyes opened, there knelt by my side a priest, prayer-book in hand, praying for the soul of the dead. Several sympathetic peasants stood round about, and, when I was able to move, they lent me every assistance.

Late in the evening I had recovered sufficiently from the effects of my accident to proceed by train to Paris—*via* Dijon. For a more complete appreciation of the hamlet of Vougeot, I can only refer the public to its sole production—"Clos-Vougeot," a vintage of no small merit. Personally, I am not likely to forget the locality for some time to come.

S. BEACH CHESTER.

PLAYERS AND PLAYS IN THE SERE AND YELLOW.

PROUD as we are of that spirit of progress which has filled almost to overflowing the cemetery reserved for mouldering superstitions and dead beliefs, we yet somehow retain a lingering fondness for some of the customs which flourished in that uncomfortable period known as the "good old days." If this is not so, how comes it that the booth, which in the past provided the stage with so many fine actors, Edmund Kean to wit, has managed to survive the vicissitudes of time?

One would have thought that the general enlightenment born of Board schools, the steam engine, and the printing-press would have made short work of this antiquated institution. County councils, magistrates—in fact, all the machinery of the law—have sought to bring about its disappearance, but in vain. The booth survives, because it has managed to create for itself a new environment.

In its palmy days the booth was a nursery, a sort of preparatory school where the young actor mastered the secrets of his craft. To-day it is a refuge for two classes of the profession. The veterans who "lag superfluous" betake themselves to it as an alternative to going on the rates. To avoid this humiliation they will endure all the hardships of the life with great equanimity, so long as they are treated respectfully by the younger members of the company, mostly ladies and gentlemen who, owing either to a lack of pushfulness or want of ability required in the higher grades of the profession, have sunk from the brick and mortar edifices of the towns to the canvas structure of the village.

As the theatre-goers of places remote from railway stations know next to nothing of the drama away from canvas, and as all notions of excellence are based on comparison, Hodge, as one booth-company is much the same as any other booth-company, receives them all alike. Being Hodge, he is moreover constant to all opinions consecrated by time. His forefathers thought highly of the booth, so he does the same.

In the geography of travelling companies the booth is considered so completely off the map that, were it not for the theatrical newspapers, the proprietors would experience considerable difficulty in filling vacancies. These announcements so greatly resemble each other, that one might easily imagine that the whole of the booths in the United Kingdom were under one management.

WANTED.—Leading gentleman for high-class show.

One not averse to pulling down and building up preferred.

Terms, shares. House checked.

Those who think that the sordidness of commercialism has driven the spirit of romance from our planet are wrong. It may have fled the large towns, but it is still cherished, if not in all, at least in a good many of the villages. In towns the advent of a theatrical company, even when it contains stars of the greatest magnitude, provokes but a languid interest. Villages are much more demonstrative. These are generally *en fête* the day the play-acting folk are expected. On their arrival they are welcomed as old friends, the consumption of ale for hours after being enormous. This may seem strange, but it should not be forgotten that theatrical life consists of at least five grades, and that of the one now under discussion the average citizen knows nothing.

The various classes are :

1. London actors, who never perform out of London if they can help it.
2. Those of Provincial companies working first-class towns, mostly with London successes.
3. Ladies and gentlemen who do the second-class ditto.
4. Smalls and fit-ups. These play in towns containing mechanic institutions, halls, and assembly-rooms where a stage can be erected.
5. The booth, which, not being toney enough for even towns of the smallest, is relegated to villages rejoicing in a spare piece of ground suitable for theatrical shows, wax-works, menageries, and so on. N.B.—Rent in advance.

There must be a nameless fascination about the stage, for it is seldom its followers can be induced, even when their efforts are dogged by misfortune, to exchange it for any other calling. The receipts may be insufficient to pay more than half-salaries, or, as frequently happens, none at all.

The manager may abscond, leaving his company not only without the necessities of life, but, unless their landladies are more than

usually sympathetic, homeless as well ; but the victims, however loud and deep their execrations may be, never dream of exchanging the stage for a less risky calling.

As the instinct, or whatever it is, that makes good actors is quite independent of ordinary intellectual ability, it is no uncommon thing to find that the subordinate members of a company are far more intelligent and well informed than the principals.

In a certain booth I wot of, there are three college men all of whom graduated with high honours, and two ladies of gentle birth and quite exceptional accomplishments of the non-theatrical order, playing small parts.

The leading actor and heavy man are both comparatively illiterate, apart from acting. The only really ignorant person however in the company is the manager, who it is said can neither read nor write. Naturally he is very sensitive on his educational shortcomings. On one occasion, being stung by an ironical remark of one of the company, he vindicated his claims to scholarship by walking on the stage between the acts and announcing "that tomorrow evening the play of 'Romeo and Juliet,' re-written and reconstructed specially for this theatre by your humble servant, would be performed."

In an ordinary theatre no actor would, of course, ever dare to allude to so delicate a subject as his manager's educational shortcomings, but in booths the system of sharing the receipts amongst the company deprives the manager of much of his power, unless he and his wife play all the principal parts. Sharing terms vary. In the majority the receipts are divided into 25 shares, of which the leading man takes 2, the leading lady 2, the heavy man $1\frac{1}{2}$, low comedy $1\frac{1}{2}$, chambermaid $1\frac{1}{2}$, juvenile $1\frac{1}{2}$, responsible 1, utility 1, walking lady 1, thus absorbing 13 shares. The proprietor of the show, it is needless to say, takes the lion's share of the remainder.

For the rent of the theatre he generally wants 3 shares, 2 for dresses, 2 for scenery and properties, 1 for fees for the plays performed, 2 for trap, waggon, and keep of horse, and 1 for coke fires and oil in auditorium. This leaves 2, of which the dresser takes 1 and the orchestra the other. The receipts of two shows a night when divided on the sharing system average anything from £1 a night to 2s. 6d.

It is rarely as good as this unless the company insist on appointing a check-taker—one of themselves—who may be relied on to withstand any pressure brought to bear on him when the time arrives for counting the checks. To ensure fair play the pieces are altered

in order that a character may be cut out or blended with another. Even then the salary of the leading man or lady seldom exceeds £1. This is curious and constitutes one of the mysteries of booth life which has never yet been fathomed. How comes it that when business is bad and the company starving the subordinate members contrive to live, and how comes it that when the receipts have dwindled to 2s. a night the manager not only does well but is able to expend large sums on the purchase of wardrobes?

In places where the audience are not particularly affected by conceptions or readings, costumes have much to do in the moulding of public opinion. In a town the announcement that Hamlet in the last act would wear a costume made of the finest velvet, and trimmed with gold lace which once adorned the state costume of that great and immortal seaman, Lord Nelson, and which costume cost the management no less than £121, would dissolve the audience in inextinguishable laughter; but there are plenty of villages where the appearance of the melancholy Dane in a Court costume which had once graced the person of some illustrious personage would warrant an increase in the prices of admission.

It is recorded that this fondness of the bucolic intellect for costumes aflame with colour, redolent in lace and bangle, once resulted in "Hamlet" being played by the low comedian of the company. The manager, who had been to London for a couple of days, suddenly returned, and despatching a hasty summons assembled his flock on the stage. When all were there, with great impressiveness he announced that "Hamlet" would be performed next evening, and that not only would every performer wear a new costume, but that the King would don three and the Prince of Denmark six.

"But I am in mourning for my father and wear black all through," exclaimed the astonished leading man.

"I have long been of opinion," replied the manager gravely, "that the dressing of Hamlet has been all wrong. To begin with, it is ridiculous for Hamlet to go on wearing black when the Court has gone out of mourning."

"But the lines allude to the colour of the costume."

"Do you suppose," cried the proprietor, with the light of battle in his eye, "that I am going to allow a few lines to stand in the way of my patrons seeing these beautiful costumes? Here is a lovely cerise satin doublet that will give a cheerfulness to the ghost scene which it has hitherto lacked. In this pale-blue plush cloak and orange silk tights you will present so gallant an appearance that

it will be easy to understand why Ophelia loves you. You will receive the players in mauve satin trimmed with gold fringe. It is a lovely tint, and was greatly admired last year in the ballet at the Empire. As you will be much more likely to frighten your mother in the closet scene in crimson than in black, you will wear this. In the graveyard scene white silk trimmed with bullion fringe and gold embroidery will revive the interest of the character, which I have always contended dwindles after Act III. You will fight Laertes in purple, bluish purple being symbolic of blood. Here are the togs ; take great care of them. There will be a fine of twopence for every beer-stain I discover."

"You won't fine me," exclaimed the shocked tragedian, "for I shall not wear them."

"You won't !" screamed the sole lessee and manager.

"I will not," was the haughty reply.

"Then you go." And go the actor did.

It was then discovered that the only other member of the company acquainted with the part was the low comedian. This gentleman did not look the character, being comic in feature and dumpy in figure ; but, on the other hand, having long nourished a desire to play the part, he was prepared to swallow all scruples as to costume.

This so delighted the manager that he permitted the little man to play the part, and his performance if peculiar was strikingly original, being quite unlike anything which had ever been seen before.

In booths, the length of the visit depends entirely on the patronage accorded and the attitude of the local representatives of the county council as to exits, oil lamps, &c. When business begins to droop the manager will sally forth of a morning on horseback, and pour into the credulous ears of the rustics of the adjoining villages a glowing eulogism on the talents of his company and the magnificent way the different plays are mounted. If this fails, the company drive about in state.

But for that optimism which causes every provincial actor to cherish the belief that the day is not far distant when he will be offered an engagement in some West End theatre, the grinding poverty, to say nothing of the utter silliness of their daily work, would fill them with horror of theatrical life. Imagine the feelings of an actor on being called on to inform the audience that the effort to rescue the girl from the dungeon of the impregnable fortress in which she is immured seems so hopeless that the castle is certain to be his grave, when on turning round he sees that the structure in question has no existence save on a piece of canvas

which is so insecurely fastened that the prisoner, to prevent its sinking from view, is compelled to leave her cell in order to pin it up again.

The right of all those on sharing terms in the disposal of the receipts sometimes leads to unrehearsed effects. On one occasion, the takings having sunk to 2s., the manager announced that there would be no performance and offered to return the money, whereupon the property-man came on the stage and said he would agree to the arrangement providing he was paid 1s. for candles. Thereupon the village chandler who happened to be present rose, declaring that if the candles were to be paid for the money should be handed to him, as they had been obtained on credit.

For some unknown reason rustic audiences are very partial to plays of savage life. Scenes in which the heroine, after being lashed to a tree is rescued by the hero at the very moment when the savage is about scalping her, never fail to bring down the house.

The mention of bringing down the house reminds me that there is a way of bringing down the booth which the company are always careful to guard against. When erecting, a sheltered spot is chosen if possible. It is no joke to be called on in the middle of a windy night to stand by in case the frail structure comes down. After the elements have wrecked a booth the curious spectacle is presented of a number of ladies and gentlemen next morning repairing the damage with packing needles, quite indifferent to the comments of the grinning rustics.

Full as their life may be of hardships, it is not without its compensations. There is something about their poverty which enables them to present a much more picturesque appearance than their well-to-do brothers and sisters of the upper crust. So secure from the undermining influences of fashion, these simple unworldly folk sew on diligently, ever and anon altering their position or rearranging their faded garments with a view to effect. As Shakespeare is a name to conjure with in country places, many of the plays are altered with a view of securing striking tableaux.

In one booth Richard III. does not die on the field at Bosworth. With such a rendering two armies would be necessary, and as the stages of most booths are too small to permit of the introduction of even one, Richard expires of fright in the arms of Queen Anne.

In "Hamlet" a much more effective finish is obtained by making the King, after the discomfiture of Laertes, engage Hamlet in conflict. Just as the wicked monarch is going for his stepson the Ghost walks on. This so disconcerts his brother that Hamlet is able to recover himself and settle his antagonist; which so delights the shade that he

clasps his son to his ghostly arms and places on his head the crown. The manager responsible for this most effective tableau contends that such a finish is not only in conformity with the modern demand for a happy ending, but does away with one of those dying scenes so destructive of costly costumes.

Booth-acting, having a style of its own, as a rule unfits its followers for engagements in the higher walks of the profession. This is strange ; for, owing to the presence of experienced old actors in a booth-company, the acting to be seen "under canvas" is generally of a much better order than that furnished by a company working the "smalls." This is largely owing to the fact that booths rely mainly on Shakespeare, and the "smalls" on melodrama.

Whilst the audiences of all principal towns are regaled with the latest successes of the metropolitan stage, the "smalls," as they are called, have to rest content with plays which bear no more resemblance to the genuine article than a comic song does to a symphony by Beethoven.

Untried plays being as a rule risky things to deal in, provincial managers, when looking out for a new piece, either buy the country rights of some London success, or failing this, in view of the competition to secure such plays, get one written to order by some secondary author. For a drama which has withstood the fire of criticism, a bonus of several hundred pounds, in addition to a nightly fee or a percentage on the receipts, is required. No provincial manager, of course, ever produces a new drama till a sated public evinces its displeasure by withholding its patronage.

Some, it is true, manage to survive the vicissitudes of time. "The Two Orphans," "Man to Man," "The Silver King," "The Black Flag," and a few others, have all been on the road a long time, "The Two Orphans" considerably over twenty years ; but, speaking generally, a play, even in the smalls, begins to exhibit signs of exhaustion in three or four years.

What is to be done at the expiration of that time by the "smalls" manager? A new play must be procured somehow. Failing a dramatist, who is there to write it? No one, save the manager himself.

There are difficulties to be overcome, but they are not insuperable.

The playgoers of the large towns may pin their allegiance to the psychological subtleties of the problem play, or flock in their thousands to roar over the witticisms and admire the novel characterisation of other high-class productions ; but the patrons of the

"smalls" have, by repeated doses, become so inoculated with the poison of what might be termed the "drama of rascaldom" that, unless the manager sets before them four gore-reeking acts, crammed with every species of crime and villainy, they withhold their patronage. The success of these dramas is largely aided by the pictures.

Whether the popularity of the picture-poster partakes of the quality of permanence, it is difficult to say. To-day, at all events, it is all powerful. The aim is to produce something so striking and novel that the passer-by is constrained to stop and regard it. The tints and combinations may not be employed with a view to harmony, but what does that matter if the splashes of varied colour are sufficiently lurid to induce the beholder to accord the drama they illustrate his patronage?

Hundreds of bad dramas have been made to pay by the attraction of a poster, and this is so well known that, when a manager of the "smalls" undertakes the compilation of a new play, he does not overhaul the stock of his friend the poster dealer with the object of discovering pictures to illustrate some plot that may be floating about in his mind, but to select those suitable for forming the basis of a play yet to be written.

With the *bonâ-fide* dramatist the posters, of course, illustrate the plot. But in the nailed-up play, where plot, dialogue, and characterisation are all subordinate to situation, the reverse method is designed to fit them. Managers with banking accounts running into three figures, when they have a play they believe in do frequently purchase outright the stones from which their posters are printed; but with others not so fortunately circumstanced the initial expense is borne by the dealer, the manager contracting to take a certain number per week for a specified time.

As a rule posters live just as long as the play to which they belong, unless they possess some quality which leads the trade to believe that some day they will be found useful.

The writing of a drama under such circumstances is not really a difficult matter; indeed, anyone may become a dramatist if he likes, providing he follows the directions in this article.

"As the Navy is popular just now," says the manager to the poster man, "I think I'll do a nautical piece this time"; and forthwith a deck of an ironclad, with the hero in the very act of striking his officer, is placed before him.

"Got a good lighthouse scene?" says the manager, still intent on a nautical drama.

"Here's a beauty," replies the other. The hero is shown in the upper story writing a letter to his sweetheart, all unconscious of the fact that the villain below is fastening a keg of dynamite to the edifice.

"Ah, if you only had a companion picture!—That'll fetch 'em," cries the delighted manager, as a lurid sunset, partially obscured by a shower of legs, arms, hands, and bodies, relieved by chunks of falling masonry, is placed before him.

True the picture was originally intended to illustrate the explosion scene in a Fenian play very popular some years ago, but as one building after being wrecked with dynamite is much the same as another, no one could prove that the fragments are not those of a lighthouse. After the hero has escaped from the lighthouse, in which he has sought refuge after being drummed out of the Navy, he enters the merchant service and serves before the mast on the very vessel of which his enemy, the heavy man, is captain.

Sticklers for probability will want to know how it comes about that the villain, who is a lord of the manor and a country magistrate in the First Act, manages, although destitute of the slightest knowledge of seamanship, to obtain the post of commander on a big liner in Act III. The manager, however, does not bother himself about such trifles. So, if he is shown a picture with the hero on an iceberg engaged in desperate conflict with a polar bear, it is not likely he is going to sacrifice effect for the sake of consistency. Besides, the contrast between the hero on an iceberg, with his manly, but sparsely clothed, figure exposed to all the horrors of a Polar blast, affords a fine contrast to the picture with which he purposes the finishing of the next Act—the unmasking of the villain at a garden-party at Buckingham Palace, to which select gathering all the characters are, of course, invited. Study the unities? Not likely! Besides, the intellect of the manager not being of the microscopical order, why should he waste time over details when it will tax all his resources to dovetail into his new play a tithe of the stirring pictures placed before him?

Study the unities when, by postponing the garden-party till the last Act he can float the hero on his iceberg from the Antarctic to the South Pacific, where he can be picked up by a vessel again commanded by his enemy, who this time lashes his rival face upwards on a raft, and sends him forth to die of thirst and hunger! Rafts are good in their way, because they can land the occupants where you like. By making the raft beach on one of the islands of the South Pacific, the manager can marry the hero to a lovely princess, thus

paving the way for a reappearance on the hoarding of an old "Green Bushes" poster, very popular some fifty years ago—a lady of dusky complexion in hunting costume shooting her faithless spouse.

If a domestic scene with a little starvation thrown in is required, what could be better than a poster showing the sailor-hero bursting into the cottage occupied by his blind mother and her daughter, the heroine, who has incurred the displeasure of the villain by declining to accept a diamond necklace set with stones of such astounding size that even a Vanderbilt would envy them.

A manager intent on finding a way for introducing a picture in which the hero, who has been bound to the rails, is released by the heroine exactly one second before the "Flying Dutchman" goes thundering past, must not be too particular about probability.

After the posters, the play. But the preparation of this becomes a simple matter after the posters have been decided on. Characterisation as before. Dialogue of the simplest description to fit the incidents, flavoured with speeches from all the plays the author can remember. The result is patchworky, not to say jerky, but no one notices dialogue in a poster-play. Needless to say, when produced it is not found to reflect the world as we know it. Indeed, life in the drama of the "smalls" is steeped in mystery. Detectives are ever on the watch, and the paths of innocence and virtue are for most insufficient reasons beset with traps.

Few of the characters seem to have any definite calling, the villain in particular being too much absorbed in the forging of thunderbolts to even look after his private and domestic affairs. Still he has the trait greatly to be esteemed under happier auspices of adhering to his resolution. No villain in the poster shown has ever been known to exhibit the smallest sign of remorse. Till the fall of the curtain he exhibits a fondness for murder and other weaknesses. He has to. Audiences demoralised by a plethora of crime would hoot a villain who repented.

ARTHUR GOODRICH.

GOD IN NATURE.

I.

O H, men that darken life, you dream
 When you with idle words blaspheme,
 And laugh at any ruling God
 More mighty than a common clod.

II.

Have you surveyed all Nature round,
 Proved well the clod that you have found
 As great as God o'er life and death ?
 Say, have you marked its living breath ?

III.

Take one poor little life from out
 The common clod, you do not doubt,
 And trace the wonder of design
 Till justice falters, 'tis divine.

IV.

Can you with cunning learning make
 An insect that shall warm breath take ?
 Nay, Plato could not make it glow,
 Nor even Michael Angelo.

V.

Paint me the glory of the grass
 That doth all purple state surpass ;
 Then tell me whence the wind doth come,
 And where it goes when it is dumb.

VI.

Reveal why in the self-same bed
The lily 's white, the rose is red,
Why colour with unseeming power
Is different in each different flower.

VII.

Translate the language of the oak,
As though in living words it spoke
From out its mighty heart and strong,
The meaning of its ancient song.

VIII.

Sing me the song of all the sea
In moving, wistful melody ;
Unroll its sobbing swell and fall,
Say why waves make a song at all.

IX.

Then sweep the illimitable sky,
And with great wisdom tell me why
The everlasting stars are there,
And lay eternal mystery bare.

CHARLES LUSTED.

TABLE TALK.

THE LICENSING OF PLAYS.

FEW questions admit less easily of a definite and satisfactory answer than the inquiry, Should there be a censorship of the stage? Dramatists as a rule are dead against the idea. "Neither literature nor journalism," they say, "is subject to any form of censure, and why should the stage be?"—and they point to the "Areopagitica" of Milton, the arguments of which have never been answered, and are, in fact, incapable of answer. Not thus airily, however, is the question dismissed. More than once has the French Government, immeasurably more advanced in view than ours, endeavoured to dispense with the control of the stage, and as often has it been compelled to reimpose it. In France, moreover, two books at least exist, and are, or should be, in the possession of the student, in which the history of the stage is told through that of the legislation with regard to it. It was in past days for political reasons rather than for moral that a censorship of the stage was exercised. Control is at present, so far as I know—for I claim no familiarity with recent legislation on the subject in France—in the hands of the police, and the laws which prohibit indecency on the boards, spoken or exhibited, are the same as those which regulate the production of pornographic literature and the *étalage* or public exhibition of obscene illustrations. Now, no one in England regards as an interference with literature the provisions of Lord Campbell's Acts, though juries, like individuals, might be found to condemn as indecent masterpieces of literature—such as the works of Rabelais, Balzac, Sterne, and Zola—and prohibit the publication of anything that shocked their own vulgar and uneducated sense.

INDISCRETION OF THE CENSORSHIP.

THE bitterness naturally begotten of the censorship exercised over plays has been intensified by a recent action of the existing Censor, which it is impossible to regard as other than ignorant, meddlesome, indiscreet, and arbitrary. "Monna Vanna,"

a four-act play of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, given in Paris in May last by the body known as the "Théâtre de l'Œuvre," was announced to be played in London on three June afternoons at the Novelty Theatre. The public to which the projected performances appealed was not likely to be either shocked or otherwise influenced by the piece, supposing it to have been as unconventional as, let me say, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, instead of being, as it really is, one of the purest, most moral, and most delicate dramas of modern times—a work in which only the eyes of bats or owls could have detected offence. The prohibition of the Censor, so far as public performance is concerned, is final. A society calling itself the Maeterlinck was rapidly established, and "Monna Vanna" was given, without any charge for admission, in an obscure, remote, and inconvenient little house, of the existence of which not one visitor in a hundred had heard. Much needless expense was brought upon the zealots by whom the experiment was conducted, the play was acted after all, and the defeated Censure, like the giants Pope and Pagan in Bunyan's immortal allegory, was left grinning and gnashing the teeth at incapacity to enforce the decisions that had been pronounced.

LITERARY PROTEST AGAINST THE ACTION OF THE CENSOR.

VERY far from impotent is, however, authority, and its influence, so far as art is concerned, is actively deleterious. I do not, however, join in the outcry against Mr. Redford, the Reader of Plays. Mr. Redford, a minor official, is practically compelled to do what he is bidden, and his rather shadowy occupation serves to screen the real dictator. In order to get at this irresponsible personage we have to search in very high quarters, and it is as futile to seek to influence the powers by which the objectionable action is taken as it is to condemn the apparent culprit. The theatrical critics—with whom, as Mr. Pinero says, it rests to take action—have, with a solitary and whimsical exception, condemned or derided the interference of authority. Meantime, one of the rare occasions has been encountered when men of the highest eminence have been roused to protest, and a letter complaining of the decision of the Censor appeared in the *Times* of Friday, June 23. This, considering that the signatures had to be obtained in the course of two or three hours, had singular interest, the names appended to it including those of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, probably the three most representative names in English literature. If authority thinks to arrest a movement headed by men such as these names represent,

then it is in the not unfamiliar position of Mrs. Partington seeking with her besom to arrest the flow of the Atlantic. Had twenty-four hours been allowed me I could have got a hundred signatures of men only inferior to those named. Authority does not think much of literary men, even the best. This fact I have tested again and again. Literary men, on the other hand, have a not very exalted estimate of authority.

MAETERLINCK'S "MONNA VANNA."

A FEW words concerning the play thus assailed and defended seem justified. I will not deal with a plot which has been discussed in most London and some country journals. In order to save the inhabitants of a beleaguered Italian city—the period is 1498—a married lady of highest rank, apparelled like Godiva, enters the tent of the besieging captain, who on these terms spares and relieves a place threatened with extermination. So impressed with her heroism and devotion is this leader of mercenaries that he frees her from all further penance, and the large and heavy mantle that covers her nudity is not once raised. Now, this story is pure, chaste, and noble. As soon would I think of arraigning Lady Godiva of unchastity as Monna Vanna. Yet the Censure which permits the translation into English of the worst Parisian obscenity refuses a licence to a work which, speaking as an expert, I qualify as pure and worthy literature. What is the obvious and inevitable conclusion? Authority knows nothing about pure and worthy literature, but knows, and in its heart does not dislike, Parisian obscenity. In spite of these things, I am not sure that I would substitute police control of the stage for the authority of the Lord Chamberlain, irresponsibly as this is exercised.

HOW FAR IS MODERN CHANGE IN LONDON ADEQUATE?

RECURRING to what I said recently, a question that presents itself is whether, having regard to the accelerating expansion of London, our changes, great as these are, are adequate. Are we looking far enough ahead, or are we, after our wont, still "tinkering"? I am not one of those who advocate crippling ourselves financially for the sake of our successors, who, so far as observation may be trusted, will be almost unavoidably richer than ourselves. When we effect changes such as are now in progress, costly buildings are naturally erected on the lines we establish, and the task of further enlarging our thoroughfares will be immensely more costly to our children than it is to us. I am now giving

no counsel. My opportunities of personal observation have been more extensive than those of most men. Let us look for a moment at what, without going far back, I have seen. To take the most striking instance of all, Shaftesbury Avenue is one of the most recently constructed of thoroughfares; it is already one of the most congested. Before a year or two is over, the cab-rank, for which the authorities sanguinely thought they had found room, will have to disappear, and then the whole line, with its costly theatres and restaurants, must be widened. Gray's Inn Road, opposite Gray's Inn, was enlarged not very many years ago. It is now sadly inadequate. The pulling-down of Middle Row, Holborn, and the erection of the Viaduct, have rendered only more evident the need of the enlargement of Holborn. I am now only drawing attention to things on which men will do well to ponder. Some day perhaps I may, rather hopelessly, invite consideration to what I think ought to be done.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1902.

THE MAKING OF LAURA LEE.

BY ALISON BUCKLER.

IT was a very great surprise, even a shock to the nerves of Monkchester society. No one had ever expected Laura Lee to marry. Yet Canon Lawrence's wife professed her inability to see why her news should produce the effect of a thunderbolt in the Deanery drawing-room. She had only little boys, and Mrs. Penrhyn had daughters ripe for matrimony.

"I don't see why one should be surprised," she said. "The girl is undeniably beautiful and an heiress. *He* is a parson and wants money."

"But her birth!"

"At least, nobody knows of anything against it. Even if she were a foundling—well, there would at least be no objectionable relations to turn up."

The matrons remained for a moment expressively silent. There were girls in the room. Every one of them, of course, knew perfectly well that the doctor's "niece" was sometimes supposed to be the doctor's unacknowledgable daughter. He belonged to a family well enough known in the neighbouring county, and Monkchester Close was aware that his only brother, recently killed in South Africa, had been unmarried. His sisters also were unmarried. True, Dr. Statham had never said Laura was his niece. He always described her as his ward—an orphan, who called him uncle in an adoptive sense only. These facts naturally provided food for scandal, plenteous and various. Friends set forth the theory that she was a patient's child, bequeathed from a deathbed.

"Dr. Statham will want someone to look after his house now,"

said an elderly spinster, cheering up. "He is *so* rich," and she sighed.

"Poorer presently by twenty thousand pounds," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Mr. Baddeley won't have to wait for dead men's shoes. The doctor has always let it be understood that Laura would go to her husband with her dowry in her hand, paid down on her wedding-day."

"That will suit Norman Baddeley's book. He is no genius, and he has pride and ambition enough for a cardinal. He means to be a dignitary, and that takes money."

"He took only respectable degrees at Oxford," said Mrs. Helgard, a neighbouring squire. "He was very great in athletics. Laura and he must have found affinity in athletics."

"How can a man admire a girl with such a waist?" scoffed the Deanery girls. "But no men ever did admire her."

"She has never worn a corset. That comes of being brought up by a doctor. She is classical altogether. Edgar says she reminds him of Galatea: marble come to life. Her beauty is quite Greek."

"She is cold and hard enough for marble," said Mrs. Helgard. "I cannot imagine her being in love, or any one being in love with her. It is wrong, but she always strikes me repulsively."

"She is repulsive to everybody. It is very odd, I cannot bear her. She fills me with a sort of shuddering dislike," said Mrs. Penrhyn. "Men, too, never seemed to admire her, though she is beautiful enough for anything; and none of the girls make friends with her, yet she is amiable in her way and perfectly well behaved."

"Splendidly well. For one thing, she is difficult to understand; I suppose she has no roof to her mouth?"

"No, that is not what was wrong, I have heard. Don't you remember how we used to think her an idiot?"

"She was an extremely backward child," Mrs. Lawrence reflected. "It seems just the other day when she came—or turned up, for we never knew she was here until somebody saw her in the garden—a little wide-eyed creature with a blank expression and so very slow of speech, all but dumb. The doctor took a great interest in curing her, though he has not made much of a success of it even yet. He watched over her far too closely; it wasn't healthy. She was kept within the house and garden. He had foreign nurses for her always. It was absurd to have her taught French and German when she could hardly speak English."

"He ought to have sent her to school. It was absurd. She had no practice in talking properly. Her nurses were rough peasants. It was gross carelessness."

"He was much too careful! He took her with him travelling, and he taught her himself."

"Really, he seems to have trained her only to a simulation of intelligence, as a parrot is trained to speak. She hardly ever makes a remark. She is as heavy as lead. Poor Mr. Baddeley!"

"How *could* he!" chorused the girls.

"Some men might think her way of speaking rather attractive," said Mrs. Helgard temperately. "And nobody minds birth nowadays, so long as there is money. Of course, she will have all the doctor's when he dies."

"And that must amount to something enormous. One wonders why he remains a country practitioner, when he is consulted by famous doctors all over the world and has made such a name by his anatomical books and essays."

"He may marry now," hinted the elderly spinster again.

"Not he!" said Mrs. Penrhyn sharply. "Do you remember"—to Mrs. Lawrence—"what a flutter there was when he took The Hermitage—it must be twenty years ago? It was such a big house for a bachelor."

"He got it cheap. He has no land with it, except the garden, and the field where he has his wonderful laboratory."

"The vivisection theatre!" said Mrs. Penrhyn, with a shudder.

"Vivisection is nothing nowadays. People said he kept hypnotised subjects there."

Everyone laughed, but rather uneasily. They would not be behind the times for the world; but there *had* been eerie whispers about that laboratory.

"It is overlooked by Durnford Terrace," said somebody sceptically.

"He was very angry when Durnford Terrace was built," somebody else recalled.

"It spoilt his view and his privacy. Had he really wanted solitude for his horrible operations, he could have bought more land when the Durnfords came to grief and it was in the market. He was always a man of means."

"He was a good-looking man, too. Why in the world didn't he marry? He was not by any means wholly taken up with study and science, for all his great professional reputation. *What* a flirt he was!"

"He used to say the most interesting of studies was human nature as developed by daily life and society," said Mrs. Lawrence.

"It seemed to be especially feminine humanity he found interesting."

Another soft sensation ! Everyone knew or had heard of the disappointments, tragic and comic, caused by the rich bachelor doctor's anthropological researches ; how, after months of close intimacy, each affair had dropped—each human document had been cast aside. Certainly, some of these subjects had been most unsuitable selections for the mistress-ship of The Hermitage : Edith Dobie, for one, a mere child of sixteen. It was infamous that her parents should have allowed any mention of such a marriage ; silly, too, for the doctor's fondness for children was of common knowledge. He always liked to have them about him. Then there was Eleanor Wilson, a maiden of near thirty years. Well, you cannot expect a man to take a faded woman at her own estimate. And there had been gossip about a girl in a neighbouring village. And then society began to look coldly on the doctor. That blew over, like the rest, and the doctor had remained a fluctuating favourite for the matrimonial stakes until Laura Lee turned up. It was not so much that the adoption of a girl might prove an impediment, or at least a discouragement to aspirant spinsters, as that the mystery about her damaged his reputation worse than anything heretofore. Now, should she be out of sight, her dubious lineage might pass out of mind.

"If she is not his niece I wonder he didn't marry her himself," said Mrs. Helgard. "He was always so jealous of her, it is quite a surprise that he should permit a lover."

"He had no reason to be jealous till now," said Mrs. Penrhyn. "I never heard of anybody wanting her before. She never was a popular girl. As for jealousy, the doctor has always tried to push her, rather than not. He is just like a French father with his promise of *dot* and careful inquiries into young men's antecedents."

"I once told him marriage would be the making of her," said Mrs. Helgard. "Somebody had called her 'half-baked,' and he found it out. He was furious ; but he seems to have fallen in with the idea, and ever since he has tried to find a husband for her, like the most desperately match-making mother."

"His affection is nevertheless possessive and exclusive," said Miss Wilson. "He never lets her go into society without him ; yet never did girl seem less likely to get into mischief out of impulse or high spirits."

"Or out of too much attractiveness," said the elder Miss Penrhyn.

"And now he will have his horrible patients back," said Mrs. Lawrence discouragingly.

"Mental patients ?" asked a new-comer.

"And worse. He had mental patients at first. We used to see them in the garden : all but the woman who was violent and had to be sent elsewhere. I never heard of any going away cured. Some died, and he took no more. He went in next for horrible deformities—freaks and monstrosities. That was the most horrible part of it."

"Not monstrosities, strictly speaking," said Mrs. Helgard. "People with congenital physical defects, supposed to be incurable, and he tried to cure them."

"Nobody saw really which they were. They were kept shut up till they died."

"No wonder the girl is half idiotic."

"Oh ! he gave them up when she was old enough to mind."

"Probably she was an incurable case herself," suggested the newcomer.

"Then he hasn't succeeded in curing her," laughed Beryl Penrhyn. "'Half-baked' exactly describes her."

"Yet, she is so beautiful, and clever with her fingers. I can understand some men finding her attractive. She is perfect, in a way : perfect features, perfect figure, perfect complexion. She has, one may reasonably suppose, attracted Norman Baddeley, surprising as it is. Yet the most surprising thing of all is that it should be surprising."

.

Laura Lee sat with bent golden head and drooped blue eyes over an embroidery frame. Her beautiful nimble fingers went quickly and gracefully about the elaborate device, working in threads of silk and gold. Norman Baddeley sat watching her with attentive eyes. There was no adoration in them, not even admiration, though every line of that faultlessly draped figure was superbly admirable, ideally feminine.

"How fond you are of work !" he remarked, for about the fourth time that afternoon.

Though her fingers went so quickly, her words came slowly and rather thickly.

"I like work very much."

An impatient frown wrinkled up his brow.

"D—do please stop working and look at me," Norman burst out with quite startling emphasis.

Her fingers paused, and she looked up at him with her invariable smile of sweet submissiveness. He knew as he spoke that she would respond this way exactly ; and she would wait for him to make a remark, to which she would reply with gentle appropriateness. He

wished he had let her go on working, it was not less exciting ; and he wanted the vestment finished, as it was for his own adornment. Her needlework was perfect ; indeed, she was perfect altogether. He had begun to wish she were less perfect ; yet what could exacting man or ambitious cleric want more than a wife safe in feminine perfections from any danger of unpleasant surprise ? He rather wished she might surprise him unpleasantly. Perfect ; but her conversation left much to be desired. True, she never argued, never asked questions. Surely, excellent abstentions in woman—but were they characteristic of perfect femininity ? And as counter-balance, she would state her opinions in the most exasperatingly authoritative way, and would never be taught to change them ; and she would contradict flatly the most reasonable statements of wiser people.

He wished she would take some interest in his work : his parish and his rituals. He had declared that he did not want a wife to do parish work, but now he found himself wishing she would go with him amongst the poor. He felt sure it would do her good : soften her—her manner, of course, for her heart must have been all right. It would at least enlarge her mind.

The doctor came in. He was always dropping in upon their *tête-à-têtes*. As they were such a perfectly cool pair of lovers, his appearances were not in the least embarrassing.

“ Laura still working ! ” he exclaimed annoyedly.

“ I am sure it is not good for her to work so much,” said Norman hastily ; “ I hope you don’t think it is I who keep her at it. There is no such violent hurry ; though, of course—but the last thing I should wish is to turn her into a machine.”

Dr. Statham turned quite pale with anger. “ A machine ! ” he echoed in a choked voice. Then he recovered himself, laughed forcedly, and said, “ I should hope not. But I won’t have her used like one.”

“ I am sure she ought to be more in the open air,” Norman went on eagerly, his heart beating for his twenty thousand pounds. “ I want to take her round the parish. I sha’n’t let her tire or take her near infection. Parish work is so humanising.”

The doctor started and stared. “ Humanising ! ” he repeated. “ You speak as if she were a—savage. Well, take her out. It may be good for her. Laura, go and put your bonnet on.”

She went at once. She did not even smile or protest at the idea of a “ bonnet.” Her walk was perfect. The doctor watched her admiringly as she left the room.

“ She likes you ?—is fond of you ? ” he asked suddenly.

"I have no reason to doubt it," Mr. Baddeley replied hastily. The beating of a pulse seemed to be in his pocket-book. Laura was certainly not demonstrative, but if she did not love him, in her way, why on earth should she have accepted him? "She looks perfectly happy," he added.

"Oh! yes, she is perfectly happy," said the doctor discontentedly.

"What more would you have?" the young man asked impatiently.

"Nothing! I only ask that she should be as other girls are in similar circumstances."

"She is quieter than some girls might be," Norman admitted. "That is pride, dignity, reserve. I admire her the more for it. She does not wear her heart upon her sleeve. It is perfectly well regulated."

The doctor looked up sharply. "Perhaps it is too well regulated!"

"Oh! it is all right," said the lover despondently, "in the right place."

"What remarkably stupid things you say!" snapped the doctor. "I am absolutely certain that it is in the right place. She is cold. Why don't you warm her up?"

"Perhaps she is anæmic," Norman suggested, in self-defence.

"Anæmic!" indignantly. "Well, I dare say it may be something of that sort. I will give her something to put her right."

Norman told himself that once his wife was out of the doctor's house she should not taste his medicines. A strong healthy girl like that! She had been made a perfect test-tube for his experimental concoctions. He knew there would be difficulties in the way of future medical attendance, for the doctor was so anxious to keep the pair beside him that he intended to buy for his future adoptive son-in-law an excellent neighbouring living, and though twenty thousand down was good, and the living was good, the ultimate inheritance must not be risked.

Laura came back from the hands of her maid brilliant in scarlet poppies and scarlet sash. The doctor chose her clothes according to his artistic fancy, and though her summer gowns were mostly white and her hats black, scarlet always predominated in the composition. It warmed her up; but Norman liked quiet colours, and was nervous about cows.

They went out into the summer sunshine. Her eyes sparkled and her face glowed. She was certainly most beautiful.

Norman conducted a show of conversation as they walked along. He was fond of talking, and Laura's gentle attention to his discourse was one of her chief charms. A stranger might have taken the

conversation for monologue, but Norman missed nothing in the way of response. She never interrupted, never contradicted, never questioned : always smiled sweetly, attentively, respectfully.

"It is good for you to see how the poor live," he said authoritatively ; "good for mind and body—for mind and soul, I mean. Exercise is good for the body, and the mind works on the body; and you shall not risk health. And you should nourish your soul, too, by exercise," he added, remembering his sacred office.

"My soul !" she echoed apathetically.

He was slightly shocked. He went on : "As you are going to be a clergyman's wife, I should like to see you take more interest in Church matters. You don't even come in on week-days, though I am pleased to see you so regular on Sundays. The girls here are all High Church. Do you know, I don't really know what your views are on many important matters—confession, for one."

"Confession!" she echoed. "I don't know."

Her absent tone shocked him again. Indeed, a sudden alarm seized him.

"Have you no mind of your own?" he asked impatiently ; "no faith, I mean? Is it possible," remembering certain abstentions, "that you have never been confirmed?"

"Confirmed !" she echoed perplexedly.

"This is awful," he said, half to himself. "The doctor has brought you up to no religion. Have you been baptized?" sarcastically.

"Baptized !" she echoed as before, more perplexedly.

"Surely you know that?"

"I don't understand—don't remember."

"Of course, you can't remember," peevishly.

He was silent. She looked annoyed and puzzled.

"Oh ! sir," cried a girl, rushing up—a soiled, ragged creature, with a pretty face and a tangle of curls—"I went to fetch you. My sister is dying."

"I will come at once," he said readily. "Laura, do you mind going home alone?"

"You are not going with her ! You are going with me !" she objected vehemently. He had never before seen her so stirred.

"I must go, dear," he said, more firmly than gently. "The girl may die."

"That doesn't matter."

"Oh ! you——" The other girl's language failed her, but pain and horror screamed out of her eyes.

"Go home, Laura," said Norman sternly. "You cannot come with us."

He hurried off with the messenger. Laura watched them, transfixed. He never looked back.

The doctor came up from behind her.

"Norman has business," he said, drawing her hand through his arm and leading her away. "You cannot go with him to places like those. You would be pained, perhaps harmed. That is why he left you."

She walked home quietly with her guardian, smiling placidly. She was accustomed to obeying him, and never set her will against his.

An old brick terrace ran before the house, with seats and stone pots gay with flowers. "Sit here till Norman comes back," said the doctor. "Don't go indoors till lunch. The air is very pleasant."

She sat down as he bade her, and he left her, looking the picture of sullenness. Yet he smiled to himself in pleased approval.

The time was long and felt long. The terrace was at the side of the house, fronting the west. At one end there was the way from the back of the house and the stables to the road. Now and then persons passed : beggars who begged in vain, for she had no money. Then a boy, who had left a parcel and was now engaged in shaping a boat out of a piece of wood with a pocket-knife.

She rose and went near him, as if greatly interested. Smiling, but speaking thickly, she said, "Give it to me."

"I'll give ye it for sixpence," he said.

She had not sixpence, but offered a gold bangle.

He closed at once with the bargain, but handed over only the unfinished boat.

"The knife too," she said angrily.

He was reluctant, but it was still a good bargain, and he handed over the knife.

She set to work at once to cut and chip at the boat as he had done. He did not wait to watch or instruct, lest she should repent of her bargain or lest somebody else should spoil it. She was so deeply absorbed, that a young groom passing with a poke stopped to observe curiously.

She looked up. Something in the bag moved violently and barked.

"It is a dog," she said. "Let him come out."

"He's a bad 'un, Miss," said the groom. "He's going to the river to be killed." He laid down the bag for a moment's rest, and offered to finish the boat for the young lady.

She handed over the material and the tool. The groom, absorbed in his turn over the interesting handiwork, did not notice that she stooped over the bag and unloosed the cord, with a smile of cunning and curiosity. Then she started away, for the dog wriggled furiously once more and burst out of his prison.

It was all in an instant. The groom looked wildly up. The dog flew straight at him, to be received on the point of the knife. His own accidental aim was truer than the terrified lad's might have been. He fell back, stabbed through the heart, dead as a log.

Laura stared, speechless. The groom said: "That's a good thing, any way. He can't do no more harm. He would have hurt you badly, miss, as well as me."

He carried off the fallen foe. Laura quietly picked up the knife he had let fall, meaning to go on with the boat as if nothing had happened.

Just then Norman Baddeley saw her from the steps at the other end of the terrace and came to her. She did not hear him till he was close upon her.

"Ah! there you are," he remarked stiffly.

She sprang round in a fury. He paused in amazement. He had not supposed her capable of any sort of passion, yet jealousy, hate, and fear blazed out of her eyes.

"You hurt me! I will kill you!" she cried, flinging herself upon him, the still crimson knife in her hand. In another moment it would have been all up with the Reverend Norman Baddeley and his career——

A loud report. The girl's strong arm fell, and the knife dropped with a clang. She too dropped, a heavy heap upon the terrace flags.

The doctor came out from his study window, a smoking revolver in his hand. Servants rushed up from various quarters. Norman recovered breath—struggled for speech—choked by indignation, not by grief.

"It—it—it is shameful!" he gasped. "A mad woman—to conceal it—no warning."

"She was as sane as you or I," said the doctor, pocketing the revolver. "Don't be ungrateful to a man who has saved your life—at an expense you can little estimate." He stooped over the prostrate figure and felt the heart. He sighed deeply.

A revulsion of feeling swept over the young man. "Forgive me!" he said. "I am grateful to you, doctor; but it is a terrible thing! That beautiful young life to be sacrificed! How could you do it?—at such a cost to yourself!"

"I could not save you otherwise," drily. "I was too far off. I had just come into my study when I saw. It was a pity, but—well, well! A human life would have been too high a price. I always keep loaded firearms handy. One never knew. The best machinery—I should say, the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

Baddeley stared at such amazing callousness. "Are you human?" he asked sternly.

"I am. She wasn't. But she was a pretty thing, well planned and well trained. But no use crying over spilt milk. It is not irremediable. I can replace her, with improvements—the latest improvements!" He laughed. "She showed me a great deal."

"And you consider yourself to have acted like an honourable man—a gentleman—when you allowed an engagement between myself and a person like that—with such tendencies?"

"My dear sir, you only wanted money, and money you would have had. I could not have expected any man to marry her without: not for love, beautiful as she was. She had not the capacity for loving—I cannot understand why not"—musingly. "Of course, I did not know of what you call her tendencies—homicidal ones. This was the first symptom of their possibility."

"Poor girl! she is very beautiful," sighed Baddeley, kneeling down by the rigid form, from which the other gazers stood apart in a strange fear that was rather horror than awe. "We must trust she is happier than I could have made her. I will pray for her soul——"

"Oh! you needn't trouble about her soul. That was just what was wanting," said the doctor in a matter-of-fact tone.

"A beautiful Pagan! Was she not baptized, then?" asked the curate, shocked.

"Baptized!" the doctor laughed loudly. "Hulloa! what do you want?" he asked, as the village policeman laid a firm hand upon his arm.

"Very sorry, sir, but I must do my duty. I arrest you, Dr. Statham, for the wilful murder of Miss Laura Lee."

"Murder!" the doctor laughed louder than ever.

Norman was quite sure the doctor as well as his ward was mad, and he interposed: "It was not murder, and it was in self-defence—I mean, it was to save me from murder. Somebody must have seen?" He looked round appealingly.

"It was not murder," said the doctor quietly. "I shall explain fully—at the inquest, of course, before experts. . . ."

Dr. Statham's defence at the inquest was of a nature so amazing that a remand was of course ordered to inquire into the state of his mind. There was no doubt as to the actual circumstances of the tragedy.

Several famous surgeons came to bear witness for the defence. By the doctor's desire there were also excavations of importance made under the floor of the laboratory.

Gruesome secrets were revealed there : four human bodies, more or less deformed, carefully preserved in minute portions, into which they had been dissected ; two others, which the local surgeons found had been dissected during life ; some, chiefly children, hideously disfigured by strange freaks of nature. On the laboratory shelves were glass cases containing curiously mingled fluids for experiment. Others were occupied by rudimentary human forms in spirits of wine.

Stranger still, apparently human forms were discovered, some merely elaborately fabricated automata, others strangely like to flesh and bones, but curiously and variously incomplete. Some had been dissected, some bore scars only : strange wounds, cuts as if made for inspection, to see what was wrong, and the bodies neatly put together again. All these cuts had been made after death, or, at least, not during life. Only two out of all were men, the rest women and girls, and girl babies.

"The defence is that neither murder nor manslaughter could possibly have been committed," said the counsel, charged, after reluctant conviction, with the defence. "Dr. Statham is well known as the greatest of living anatomists, and his has been the crime—if crime at all—of Prometheus : one not recognised by the criminal law of England. He made a woman.

"She was made of no human flesh and blood. Her flesh and blood were the triumphant result of life-long study, built upon a legacy of experimental knowledge : a secret handed down from master to pupil for more than a century. The constituent elements of human nature being discovered by analysis, it needed only surpassing skill to knead them into human form. In some of these graves and cases we have previous experiments, all more or less imperfect. . . .

"Prometheus stole fire from heaven for vivification. What is heaven's fire but lightning—electricity ? What is life but electricity—the vital spark of heavenly flame ? Do you try your children for murder when they break their dolls—even their best mechanical toys—to see how they are made ? . . .

"She was not perfect, wonderful as she was, though her inventor hoped her imperfections were not such as might do serious harm in the world. The blood that circulated in her veins, pumped cleverly from her magnificently contrived heart, had seemed to be deficient in that element needed to produce passion. The experiences and toils of another generation or two were possibly required to discover that missing motor. It was an unexpected and thrilling triumph to see that at last jealousy and revenge, the lowest of the passions, had been stirred in that splendid but cold bosom. Yet, from the first there was always danger of accidents. No one has yet invented the machinery that will never go wrong. But as far as she had been tested, until that last moment, she was a magnificently regulated piece of mechanism ; and that is all you might say of many real women. Marriage was to be the crowning experiment . . . to teach her that affection which had hitherto failed to reach her. . . .

"Infamous—impossible to dream of marrying her to a confiding man ! Well, it would have been preferable could she have been married to a husband of like origin ; but the experiments in masculinity have, it seems, so far failed. A ready-made man or woman was never attempted—or, if attempted, had been found a mistake—a beginning at the wrong end. To secure successful imitation, they must grow up from small, carefully incubated beginnings, as much as possible like the growth of ordinary man. The baby boys died.

"At first it occurred to Dr. Statham that he must build up his new race with all such improvements as would save it from liability to the common ills of man. It seemed to him that such liability proved faultiness in the making. Sickness and disease and faults of character may not always be attributed to microbes, inherited or contagious. He examined all manner of deformities and tried experiments out of the beaten track of nature, that nature's faultiness might be improved away. He invented a stronger kind of heart, sounder lung material, less sensitive nerves ; but they wouldn't work. The old-fashioned stuff was best, after all, with all the ills it is heir to. . . ."

Such a fantastic defence could not be officially accepted. Dr. Statham was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Had it not been for the absurdity of the defence, the royal pardon might have followed immediately, since there was no doubt whatever of the motive of the crime.

But Dr. Statham is not chained to a lone crag of Dartmoor, where carrion fowl may feast upon his liver. Prison bars sometimes

open to scientific curiosity, though it may not be well to let the unscientific into the secret ; and exile may amount to no more than the pursuit of strange experiments in a foreign land. But no uneasiness must be aroused in the public mind as to the source of anything startlingly "new" in its wives and mothers. Mental modernity is often sufficiently disquieting.

PHINEAS PETT, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN No. 3 Room of the National Portrait Gallery hangs the portrait of a gentleman of the seventeenth century, in black velvet doublet and large turned-down white collar. The face is grave and somewhat pensive, the eyes large and grey, and the long dark-brown hair is thrown back off a high pale forehead. At a first glance he might be taken for an artist or a poet, or one who might rise to great heights of enthusiasm as a religious leader ; but the square-cut, determined mouth indicates a man full of purpose and strong character whatever his calling might be.

Such is the portrait of Phineas Pett, master shipwright—or, as we should call him, naval constructor—to James I. and Charles I., who built most of the ships that sailed under the great sea-captains who still survived the famous Elizabethan era.

The foreground of the picture presents a view of the high gilded stern of Pett's greatest work, the *Sovereigne of the Seas*, launched in 1639, and the biggest ship then afloat, for she measured 1,683 tons, and carried 126 guns of various sizes.

In the same gallery is a picture containing the portraits of the eight Commissioners who met at Whitehall in 1604 to ratify the treaty with Spain. There are four representatives of each country, and amongst the English Commissioners sit Pett's greatest friend and staunchest patron, the Earl of Nottingham, better known as Lord Howard of Effingham, of Armada fame, and his bitter and persistent enemy, the Earl of Northampton. Both these noblemen figure largely in Pett's diary, which is the text of this paper ; and it is interesting to note their features and expressions as portrayed by Marcus Gheeraedt : Nottingham, a broad-shouldered, hale old man, with open, smiling countenance ; and Northampton, thin and pale, with "narrow, foxy face."

Hereafter we shall see what manner of men they were, and how they treated our hero, each after his own nature.

The Petts were a family of shipbuilders, following the occupation in regular succession from father to son for nearly three hundred years. Phineas's father, Peter Pett, was master shipwright to Queen Elizabeth at Chatham, and his three brothers followed the same profession in various dockyards. Then came his sons, nephews, and grandsons, all in the same line, until the end of William III.'s reign.

Truly might Fuller say in his "Worthies of England": "The mystery of shipwright for some descents hath been preserved successively in families, of which the Pettes, of Chatham, are of singular regard."

The history of Phineas's diary is as follows: In 1836 Sir Robert Seppings, the famous naval constructor of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, obtained a copy of it from a Mr. J. D. Rolt, a retired official of his department, whose mother was a lineal descendant of Pett. From Sir Robert Seppings it came into the hands of his grandson, and so to the present writer.

The literary merits of the diary are few, but its very baldness and matter-of-fact account of events within the knowledge of its writer, give it an interest as a true picture of the life and manners of those times.

Pett might have told us much that the historians have left unsaid of Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh; but of the first two he says nothing, whilst of the last erratic genius he only records the discreditable fact that he failed to pay for a ship he built for him, whereby our shipwright suffered heavy loss. He built, or repaired, some of the ships in which they fought their desperate battles with the Spaniards on the Spanish Main and elsewhere. To their construction he freely gave his highest skill, but when they were launched upon the stormy seas his interest apparently ceased; at any rate, he tells us nothing further about them or the great deeds their captains wrought in them for England's fame and glory.

We hear much of Prince Henry, that brightest spirit of the unhappy house of Stuart, to whom Pett was formally handed over by his patron, Lord Nottingham, to be his special servant in naval matters. His attachment to the Prince was deep and sincere, and deep his grief at his untimely death, which he laments in touching language. Of the cause of his death he says nothing, and the dark and horrible suspicions of foul play on the part of the King, his father, hinted at by others, were either unknown to Pett, or he was too cautious to record them even in his private diary.

Phineas Pett was born into the shipbuilding business, being the

third son of Peter Pett, Master Shipwright at Deptford Dockyard. Born in the year 1570, his childhood and early youth were spent there and at Chatham, always amongst ships and shipbuilders, till it would seem as though the scents of brine and tar and timber had penetrated his very blood, and compelled him to follow the family calling.

His father, a well-to-do man, sent him to school at Rochester, probably to the old grammar school, which still flourishes; then to a private school at Gravesend, and thence to Cambridge. At Shrovetide, in 1586, we find him entered at Emmanuel College, and apparently amply provided for by an allowance of £20 per annum, "besides books, apparell, and all other necessities during my father's life." Rather more than three and a half years he spent at Cambridge, but took no degree. His University career was cut short by his father's death in 1589, and his mother's speedy remarriage, and he left Cambridge at Christmas 1590. This event, of such momentous importance to himself, he thus describes:

"It pleased God to call to His mercy my reverend, loving father, whose loss proved afterwards my utter undoing almost, had not God been more merciful unto me; for leaving all things to my mother's directions, her fatal matching with a most wicked husband (one Mr. Thomas Nunn, a minister) brought a general ruin both to herself and whole family."

This Mr. Thomas Nunn, minister, was a most unmitigated scoundrel; a robber and a murderer, who only escaped the extreme penalty of the law through the leniency then shown to evildoers with influential friends and money. Having married the confiding widow of the master shipwright, he got the whole of her property into his own hands and left her family penniless. It is true he took the youngest son and the three daughters into his house, but treated them in true stepfather fashion. In 1597 the mother died, and Nunn, freed from whatever restraint her presence might have been, gave rein to his violent evil temper, and ended by murdering the eldest unmarried daughter, Abigail.

The poor girl had neglected to clean his riding-cloak; that was all her offence. Trembling at his fury she stands by the hearth, faltering out her excuses before the furious, half-drunken brute. He picks up the tongs and fells her to the ground; then, in his mad rage, seizes a great firebrand and so beats her with this that in three days she dies. Mr. Nunn has his poor victim hurriedly buried, and tries to hush up his crime by some plausible story. Now comes a

curious picture of the credulity of those days and the kind of evidence accepted in a coroner's court. The neighbours reported the murder to the Justice, who caused the body to be exhumed. At the inquest Nunn is confronted with the corpse, which at once gives indisputable evidence against him by bleeding afresh and the sensible opening of one of its eyes. The murderer was tried by Lord Chief Justice Sir John Popham at the next assizes at Bury, and Pett was evidently surprised at the impartiality of the Judge, for he says, in quite a matter-of-fact way: "He showed such true justice, notwithstanding great interest was made for him (Nunn), not only by his friends, but by the clergy of that county, that all his cruelty and wicked proceedings were laid open, and he convicted of manslaughter, and by the judge committed to prison to sue for the benefit of the Queen's pardon, from whence, being shortly freed, he, by God's just revenging hand, lived but a short time after."

Pett's experience of the clergy seems to have been a very unfortunate one, for, two months after his father's death, his eldest sister was married to a Mr. Newman, minister of Cavendon, in Essex, "a man of most dissolute life, with whom she not long enjoyed, for God of His great mercy took her and delivered her from a most miserable and slavish life which she lived with him."

Poor Phineas, at his father's death, fell on hard times indeed. His career at Cambridge suddenly cut short, cozened out of his inheritance by the rascally Nunn, refused help by his elder brother Joseph, now his father's successor at Deptford, he was left, as he pathetically says, "without either comfort or friend but only God." But his stout, brave heart never failed him, and he at once set to work to earn his livelihood. Being, as it were, a born shipwright, he naturally sought employment at the dockyards, and found it under Mr. Richard Chapman, shipwright at Deptford, to whom he was apprenticed for two years, receiving the munificent stipend of £4 6s. 8d. per annum; out of which he had to find himself in tools and apparel.

In 1592 Chapman died, and Phineas was adrift again. Refused work at Chatham, and at Deptford by his own brother Joseph, he had no resource, if he would avoid starvation, but to go to sea. So now he takes the berth of carpenter's mate on board the galleon *Constance*, of 200 tons burden. Though he calls her a man-of-war she was private property, being owned by one Captain Edward Glenham, a gentleman of Suffolk. In this vessel he cruised about for twenty months in the Levant seas and on the coasts of Barbary and Spain; at times trading with the Turks, at others fighting with the corsairs

who infested the western waters of the Mediterranean. A hard life and a risky in those days, when so many Christian slaves dragged out weary years of captivity amongst the Moors.

Short commons, too, were not unknown to Pett, who complains bitterly of the misery he endured on this voyage for want of victuals and apparel. A great man for apparel was our friend Phineas, for his chief grief in the days of his poverty was that he could not come by suitable garments. Little doubt that in the days to come, when he could afford it, he was as great a dandy as the immortal Pepys, only then, unfortunately, he was too busy building his ships and combating the "malicious practices" of his enemies to tell us anything about it.

It was at Christmastide, in 1594, that he returned from his unfruitful voyage in the *Constance*, and presented himself before his brother Joseph, who evidently did not like poor relations, for he received his penniless brother "very coyley," but lent him forty shillings. Again Phineas's first thought is for his "apparell," for with his forty shillings in his pocket he goes straight to "Burchin Lane," where, he says, "I bestowed it so frugally as I could, contenting myself with mean attire till it should please God to provide better for me."

Birchin Lane a place to buy slops in! Think of that, you hurrying crowds of City men, passing by its banks and insurance offices on your way from Lombard Street to Cornhill!

Phineas was now twenty-four years old, a strenuous, able man, hardened in the rough school of adversity, but not soured by it in any way. When prosperity came to him, as it soon did, it found him a generous helper of his sister's poverty; generous with his money to those who needed help, he also possessed and practised that highest form of Christian virtue which enables a man to forgive injuries, and to return good for evil. A God-fearing, kindly man was Phineas; a man worthy of esteem and of respect as doing with all his might whatever work came to his hand to do. This is a just estimate of his character, as gathered from the unvarnished record of his diary, notwithstanding that he tells us he was often called in question, with other officials of the Admiralty, for his transactions with public stores. No doubt he took bribes, as did almost every official of those days, from the highest to the lowest, when official morality was at a very low ebb indeed. We must remember that appointments in public offices were freely and openly bought and sold, and the buyers had to recoup themselves as best they could. Phineas himself purchased the reversion to his brother Joseph's

place of master shipwright, or a Mr. Baker's, whichever should fall vacant first, from Sir Thomas Windebank, clerk to the Signet, for the modest sum of £17.

James I. instituted the new order of the Baronetage mainly for the purpose of making money by selling the titles to the highest bidders, or to pay his just debts without putting his hand in his pocket. Phineas himself, in after years, received two baronetages, "blanks" he calls them, one from James I. and another from Charles I., both in lieu of money due to him by those Majesties. He seems to have done pretty well with them too, for he sold both these marketable commodities for good round sums, though by Charles I.'s time the novelty had worn off and the price fallen a bit.

Pett's first public appointment as keeper of the plank and timber at Chatham was worth only 10s. a week, with a small allowance for a servant, and an annual fee of £6. So we must not be too hard on a valuable public servant whose pay was always small and often in arrear, and who was expected to help himself.

At Christmas time, then, in 1594, it chanced that Phineas, being newly returned from his unlucky voyage, and eager for employment, found it in Woolwich dockyard, under his brother Joseph. Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins were about to sail on their last disastrous voyage to the Spanish Main, and their good ship, the *Defiance*, was brought into the dockyard to be sheathed.

Pett leaves the *Defiance* with this bare mention of her repairing, but she is memorable by all Englishmen who cherish the remembrance of noble deeds, as the last ship on which the greatest sea-captain of his age sailed from England, never to return. In the *Defiance* with Drake sailed Sir John Hawkins on their ill-starred expedition, and it was from her decks that the mortal remains of both these heroes were committed to the deep.

Their fleet of twenty-seven sail was delayed for nearly a year by the vacillation of Elizabeth, and when it at length got started, at the end of 1595, the Spaniards knew all about it, and had made preparations to receive their dreaded enemy. Beaten off from Grand Canary and Puerto Rico, where Hawkins died of fever, Drake sailed for the Spanish Main. He found the coast towns deserted and the treasure carried inland, and so resolved to march overland to Panama, hoping to surprise the town. To plunge into that forest land and dense mass of vegetation, in which no roads existed, but only narrow tracks, to lead an expedition of a few hundred wave-tossed, weary men against a well-fortified town, seems a desperate venture indeed. But Drake had so often succeeded by the very

daring of his exploits, as witness his "singeing of the King of Spain's beard" at Cadiz, where with a few ships he sailed into that harbour and burnt the whole Spanish fleet, that nothing seemed impossible to him who knew no fear. Nearing Panama, he found the way blocked by strong forts, and such a force of Spaniards behind them that even he saw it was hopeless to attack such a position, and so retreated to his ships and re-embarked his men.

Spent with the toils of a lifelong war with the hated Spaniards, worn out by fever and dysentery, heart-broken with vexation and disappointment, Drake got on board the *Defiance*, and died a few days after, on January 28, 1596, off Puerto Bello.

John Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," quotes the following stanza on the hero's death :

The waves became his winding-sheet,
The waters were his tomb,
But for his fame the ocean sea
Was not sufficient room.

On the *Defiance*, then, and on other ships at Woolwich, Phineas worked diligently, always keeping before him the determination to rise to something better than a working shipwright. In his own quaint way he says he "was content to take any pains to apparell myself, which by God's blessing I performed before Easter next following, and in very good fashion, always endeavouring to keep company with men of good rank, far better than myself."

In 1596, Phineas, being still at Woolwich, fell in love with Ann Nichols, and characteristically made up his mind to marry her or no one else, the lady, it is presumed, being willing, though her father was not. Hard work was not allowed to interrupt his love affair, for he says : "I did not neglect my wooing, having taken such a liking to the maiden that I was resolutely (by God's help) determined to match with her or never marry any, the which I, with much difficulty, (praised be God !) at length atchieved."

Probably this desirable maiden had some money of her own, as henceforth we have no more complaints of poverty.

Be that as it may, he seems to have made a good choice, for he and his Ann lived happily together for thirty years, and she bore him ten children.

When Ann died, to her husband's great grief, he took, after a decent interval, a second spouse, and when she died, yet a third. By that time he seems to have grown so well used to the ceremony that he makes no note of it in his diary, and we only learn of the event by his telling us that he introduced his wife to Charles I. at the

launch of one of his ships, and that very shortly after he had duly bewailed the loss of No. 2.

In 1597 Phineas was introduced to the Lord High Admiral, the Earl of Nottingham, who took a great fancy to him, and ever after stood his steadfast friend and strong supporter.

That Pett should have gained the friendship and esteem of such a man is strong testimony to his worth, for in an age of veniality and general corruption Lord Nottingham stands forth with a name untarnished by any meanness, and an honour undefiled by corruption or intrigue.

Fame came to him chiefly through the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588; but before and after that he aided in the great struggle with the Spanish power, and shares with Drake and Grenville and Hawkins and those mighty seamen, their companions in arms, the glory of establishing our right to sail all seas at our own free-will, and to trade with whomsoever we would, despite the King of Spain and all his fleets. Queen Elizabeth, no mean judge of character, held Lord Nottingham in high esteem, and he was one of her most trusted counsellors; indeed it was into his ear that the dying Queen whispered her desire that the King of Scots should succeed her.

If Pett had a good friend in Lord Nottingham he had the misfortune to make a bitter enemy of another, Howard, the Earl of Northampton, one of the most unscrupulous villains of that or any other age. It is not quite clear how the quarrel arose, but probably it had something to do with Master Edward Stevens, who seems to have been a hanger-on of his lordship's. As we have already said, Phineas bought the reversion of his brother Joseph's place. Stevens had previously purchased the reversion to *all* the master shipwrights' places, whichever might fall vacant first, and probably from the same Sir Thomas Windebank who sold Pett his reversion for £17. However that may be, our friend contrived to step into the vacancy caused by Joseph's death in 1605, and this is how he tells the story, with a singular naïveté worthy of the great Pepys himself. "Presently, after my brother's decease, it pleased my very good friend the Lord High Admiral to grant his warrant for my entrance in my brother's place, to the effect of my letters patent, notwithstanding the claim made to it by one Edward Stevens, who had previously procured letters patent for a general reversion of all the master shipwrights' places. Although he made great friends and often petitioned the Lords of the Council, yet it pleased God, by the noble favour of the Prince my master, and the Lord High Admiral's countenance, I enjoyed my place with a general approbation both of the State and officers."

Stevens had been badly cheated by someone, and he never forgave Pett what he considered his usurpation. For years he pursued him with charges of incompetence or peculation, and always he had Lord Northampton to back him. That he did not succeed with such a backer is strong proof of Pett's ability and value as a public servant, for Lord Northampton, besides being an unscrupulous intriguer, was a prime favourite of James I.

What kind of man his lordship was is seen in the dark story of Sir Thomas Overbury's fate. An infamous drama indeed, in which the chief actors were the King ; Northampton ; his grand-niece, the notorious Frances, Countess of Essex ; Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, her lover ; the Earl of Essex, her complacent husband ; and lesser villains who did the actual murder.

The Lady Frances Howard was married to the Earl of Essex when she was a girl of eighteen and he a youth of twenty. After four or five years of apparently happy wedded life, her ladyship fell in love with Robert Carr, the King's notorious favourite. Her worthy uncle, thinking it would be an excellent thing for her to marry the favourite, prompted her to sue for a divorce. The King, at his instigation, appointed a Commission of six right reverend bishops and six learned doctors to try the question of this divorce, the alleged ground for which was mutual repulsion, by reason of which it was said the marriage had never been consummated.

There is a full account of this Commission and its very curious proceedings in a rare book published anonymously in 1615, and entitled "A True Relation of the Poysoning of Sir Thomas Overbury." A copy of it is in the Guildhall Library. The evidence is unfit for publication, and the stories told by Lord Essex and his wife manifestly trumped up. But the Commissioners had doubtless received their instructions, and, by a majority of two—four bishops and three doctors against two bishops and three doctors—voted for the divorce.

Now, when all difficulties seemed to be overcome, and the new marriage about to be celebrated, Sir Thomas Overbury appears upon the scene to dissuade his friend Somerset from marrying the lady. He almost succeeded, and possibly might have quite done so, only that Northampton got him suddenly committed to the Tower on some flimsy pretext. There the surest means were taken to silence his too-persuasive tongue, for Sir Gervase Kelways, the Lieutenant of the Tower, just to oblige his friend Northampton and the Lady Frances, gave him a dose of poison, and he troubled them no more.

A curious story enough, and perhaps worth recalling, as showing

what could be done by a respectable nobleman and his friends in those days, and no one be one penny the worse except the victim.

Phineas worked on for two years more as a shipwright, and then got his first official appointment from the Lord High Admiral. During this time he had made a model of a ship—which no doubt was a work of art, for our shipwright was a master of his craft—and presented it to Mr. John Trevor, Surveyor of the Navy, who showed it to Lord Nottingham. For six years Pett had stuck manfully to his work in the dockyard, hoping against hope for promotion and the gaining of a position more worthy of his abilities. But hope deferred has a depressing effect, and now he was on the point of giving up the struggle, and thought of buying a ship to trade in on his own account, when he was summoned to attend the Lord High Admiral, who was with the Court at Greenwich.

With a fine sense of gratitude, Pett henceforth always calls him his "honourable lord and master," a title honourable to both of them. The object of this summons was to offer him the post of keeper of the plank and timber at Chatham, which he accepted with some hesitation, for the pay was very small—only 1s. 6d. a day and a fee of £6 per annum, with an allowance of 1s. 4d. a day for a servant. No doubt he consoled himself with the thought that there was more to be got out of the billet than the meagre pay.

Phineas then, with his foot on the lower rung of the ladder of promotion, and sure in his own mind that he would rise, set out with his family and effects for Chatham. They sailed in a hoy, or barge, and very nearly came to grief at the hands of a Dunkirke picaroon, or pirate, off the mouth of the Medway. Phineas kept a sharp look-out, well knowing that even in the mouth of the Thames there was no safety for those who could not protect themselves. Well he did so, for suddenly out of the mist loomed the picaroon, full of armed men, and immediately gave chase. But our friend knew the river too well to be easily caught, went about, ran up the swatch, or shallow channel, on the Kentish shore, put his hoy on the mud where the enemy could not follow, and so escaped.

He was right in his assurance of ultimate success if fortune would only give him a start, for in 1602 he was made assistant-master shipwright at Chatham, and thence rose, by sheer force of character and ability, to the very top of his profession.

Public events, however momentous, moved Pett but little, so when Queen Elizabeth died in the following year at Richmond he briefly records her death in his diary under date of March 24, 1603, and on the following day the proclamation of her successor at Chatham.

In 1604 Phineas was brought into close relations with Prince Henry, whose willing and loving servant he was for the remaining eight years of the Prince's life. The Prince was then eleven years of age, and wanted a boat to disport himself in on the river above London Bridge. Pett was set to build it, and soon turned out a miniature man-of-war on the model of the *Ark Royal*, a notable warship of those days. The boat then being complete, in sea trim, and all her armament on board, the Prince and the Lord High Admiral, with divers of the nobility, came down to the privy stairs at Whitehall to take her over, and to christen her the *Disdain*. Pett then relates how he was handed over by Lord Nottingham to the service of the Prince. "His Grace withdrawing himself with the Lords into the great cabin, my Honourable Lord (and till then master) with his own hands presented me to his Grace, using many favourable words (beyond my desert) in my commendation, with this addition, that I was a servant worthy the greatest prince in the world. From his hands it pleased his Grace to accept me as his servant, with many promises of his princely favour to me."

Boy as he was, the Prince was as good as his word, and remained Pett's gracious patron as long as he lived. On his part the servant was devoted to his master, who, as he lives and moves in the pages of this matter-of-fact diary, must have been worthy to inspire the affectionate devotion of all about him. Courteous and gentle to all, endowed with a bright and penetrating intelligence and an untiring industry which enabled him to acquire great stores of knowledge in a wide field of subjects, interested above most things in shipbuilding and all matters pertaining to the sea, no wonder Pett loved him and mourned for him at his untimely death as for his best and truest friend and most honoured Prince.

In the early part of 1605 he fitted out the *Bear* as flagship for the Lord High Admiral on his embassy to Spain, and went in command of her himself, for he knew how to sail a ship as well as how to build her.

About this time he began to make journeys into the country in search of oak timber for his ships. We read of his putting up with the Prince Bishop of Durham, and again of how he stays with Mr. Oliver Cromwell at Huntingdon, his very good friend then and for many years. It is needless to say this was not the great Protector, but his uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, a gentleman of rank and position in the county.

E. W. WILLIAMS.

(*To be concluded.*)

LONDON IN VERSE.

CONSIDERING how many of our most eminent poets have been Londoners, either by birth or by right of having lived the chief part of their lives in London, it is curious how few of them have rendered poetical tribute to the great city ; its singers are mostly to be found among the minor bards. With the exception of Shakespeare, our three greatest English poets—Chaucer, Milton, and Pope—were wholly Londoners ; not to mention Ben Jonson, Dryden, Byron, Keats, Browning, and a host of lesser luminaries. The influence of his surroundings upon the development of a poet's genius is a factor to be reckoned with ; generally speaking, the dweller in a large city, more especially if he lives its life, may lose in spirituality, but he gains in humanity. That this rule has its exceptions is proved in the case of such a one as Milton, than whom no poet is more spiritual. Perhaps by reason of its very magnitude such an influence as London exerts over her sons is ignored by them ; it is so much a part of their lives that it never occurs to them to write about it, and even when they do it is frequently in terms the reverse of complimentary. It is the country cousin who is usually loudest in the city's praise.

After Chaucer and Gower, one of the earliest poets to be inspired by London as a subject for his muse was William Dunbar, called the Scottish Chaucer and esteemed accordingly—by the Scotch. When in 1501 James IV. of Scotland sent ambassadors to London to arrange a marriage between himself and the Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII., Dunbar accompanied them. The embassy entered London at Bishopsgate, passed down Cornhill and Cheapside, and so came to the Lord of St. Johns without Smithfield, where they lodged. During Christmas week they were entertained to dinner by the Lord Mayor, and it was on this occasion that Dunbar recited a poem of his own composition, "In Honour of the City of London." For this work Dunbar received £13 6s. 8d. from the King and £5 more from the Treasurer on his return to Edinburgh, in addition to his half-yearly pension ; very fair remuneration for a poem of seven verses, considering that money was then

about ten times its present value. Of this poem only the second and third verses are here omitted ; the rest afford a vivid picture of the London of the period as it appeared to the enthusiastic Scot. The Lord Mayor so flatteringly described in the last verse was Sir John Shaa or Shaw, a goldsmith. His name often occurs in the Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII.

London, thou art of Townes A per se,¹
 Sovereign of cities, semeliest in sight,
 Of high renoun, riches and royaltie ;
 Of Lordis, Barons, and many goodly Knyght ;
 Of most delectable lusty Ladies bright ;
 Of famous Prelatis in habitis clerical ;
 Of Merchauntis full of substaunce and myght :
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.
 Above all ryvers thy Ryver hath renowne,
 Whose heryall² stremys, pleasaunt and preclare,
 Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,
 Where many a swanne doth swymme with wyngis fare ;
 Where many a barge doth saile, and row with are,³
 Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-royall.
 O ! Towne of townes, patrone and not compare :⁴
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.
 Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white
 Been merchaunts full royall to be hold ;
 Upon thy stretis goeth many a semely knyght
 [Arrayit] in velvet gownes and cheynes of gold.
 By Julyus Cesar thy Tour founded of old
 May be the house of Mars victoryall,
 Whos artillary with tonge may not be told :
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.
 Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis ;
 Wise be the people that within thee dwellis ;
 Fresh be thy ryver with his lusty strandis ;
 Blithe be thy churches, wele sownyng⁵ be thy bellis ;
 Riche be thy merchauntis in substaunce that excellis ;
 Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white and small ;
 Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis :⁶
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.
 Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,
 With swerd of justice, thee rulith prudently.
 No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce
 In dignytie or honoure goeth to hym nye.
 He is exemplar, loode-ster, and guye ;⁷
 Principall patrone and roose orgynalle,
 Above all Maires as maister moost worthy :
 LONDON, thou art the flour of Cities all.

¹ A by itself, unique in perfection.

² Brightest.

³ Oar.

⁴ Incomparable.

⁵ Sounding well.

⁶ Coifs.

⁷ Guide.

As we read this poem does not the great walled city which Dunbar so eloquently describes rise up before us? And how different it is from the London of to-day! We are not so fortunate as to be able to see white-winged swans and gay barges floating upon the clear waters of the Thames about London Bridge (the *only* bridge at that time), the bridge itself thronged with merchants, and the streets with knights in velvet robes and gold chains, and great prelates in full canonicals, to say nothing of the "most delectable lusty Ladies bright" whom Dunbar seems to have noted with such keen appreciation.

London does not appear to have tempted the great Elizabethans to flights of poesy in its praise; yet there are a few lines of Spenser's worth quoting, in which the Temple and Essex House (now no longer in existence) are mentioned. They occur in his beautiful "Prothalamion," written in 1596 in honour of the double marriage of the Ladies Elizabeth and Catherine Somerset, daughters of the Earl of Worcester, with Sir Henry Guildford and William, Lord Petre, respectively:

At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
 That to me gave this life's first native sourse.
 . . . There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
 There whylome wont the Templer-knights to byde,
 Till they decayd through pride;
 Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
 Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.

All Shakespeare's English historical plays contain scenes laid in London, but the capital itself is not described. The action of most of Ben Jonson's comedies takes place wholly in London, but again there is no description; for this we have to pass on to Dryden and the "Annus Mirabilis," which was published in 1667. Before proceeding to examine this poem, however, a charming little lyric of the Devonshire poet-parson, Robert Herrick, may be mentioned. Though modern critics may turn up their superior noses at the melodious lines penned by this amiable cleric (which, indeed, are chiefly flowery compliments in verse to those "dearest beauties," his apparently numerous "lovely mistresses"), it is none the less true that many of his songs and lyrics are unsurpassed by any other English poet. His style is at present out of fashion and his genius ignored; but although his poetry may not be of the highest order,

it is certainly the best of its kind. An ardent Royalist, he was ejected from his Devonshire incumbency in 1648, came to town, and wrote the following graceful lines on "His Return to London," which were published in his volume entitled "The Hesperides" in the same year. Herrick was born in London, and always loved the city of his birth.

From the dull confines of the drooping West
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravish'd in spirit I come, nay, more, I fly
To thee, bless'd place of my nativity !
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful genius ! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, year by year.
O place ! O people ! Manners ! fram'd to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages !
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer, then,
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is : though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksomé banishment ;
Yet since call'd back ; henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee !
For, rather than I'll to the West return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
Give thou my sacred relics burial.

Dryden was a real Londoner in everything except the place of his birth. He was brought to the city in his childhood, fully lived its life, and died there in his seventieth year. The "Annus Mirabilis" is an account of the two chief events of the year 1666: the war with the Dutch and the Great Fire which followed the Plague, and this latter event gives the poet opportunity for some stately rhetoric. He begins by deploring the fact that so untoward a circumstance should occur just after the triumphs of "our conquering navy," but finds some consolation in the magnitude of the calamity.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire ;
Great as the world's, which at the death of time
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire !

Then follows a detailed account of the rise and progress of the conflagration, which began during the night in some narrow street, and spread until it reached the river.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze :
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,
 But feared the fate of Simois would return :
 Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
 And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

Then the fire divides, branching off in different directions, and new quarters of the town are attacked.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,
 Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,
 By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
 The Lombard bankers and the 'Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
 And slowly eats his way against the wind :
 But the main body of the marching foe
 Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

The greater part of the succeeding stanzas is devoted to panegyrics of the King, his sympathy with the distress of his subjects, the assistance he renders them, and the very edifying, if apocryphal, prayer he puts up on their behalf. According to the poet, this prayer turns the flames away from the "naval magazines"; St. Paul's, however, falls a victim. At length, after four days, the fire is conquered; and this fine poem concludes with some splendid lines descriptive of the new London that is to rise on the ruins of the old.

Methinks already, from this chymic flame,
 I see a city of more precious mould :
 Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
 With silver paved, and all divine with gold.
 Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
 And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
 Which Heaven will to the death of time allow
 More great than human now, and more august,
 Now deified she from her fires does rise :
 Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
 And, opening, into larger parts she flies.
 Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
 Who sat to bathe her by a river's side :
 Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.
 Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
 From her high turrets, hourly suitors come ;
 The East with incense, and the West with gold,
 Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.
 The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
 Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train ;
 And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
 With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stain'd and traffic lost.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade :
The beauty of this town, without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

It is hardly too much to say that the poet's prophecy has been fulfilled. Could Dryden see the London of to-day, he would be no less impressed with her size and magnificence than with her trade, whose vastness he was only faintly able to foreshadow, and which now needs no vindication even from "the beauty of this town."

In a very different spirit does Gay treat the mighty subject. Though born in Devonshire, he came to London in his boyhood and lived there all his life, the friend and companion of many of the greatest men of the age. His mock-heroic poem "*Trivia : or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*," published in 1716, is a lively and humorous work, dealing with the snares and pitfalls which beset the unwary pedestrian through the London streets, and how they must be avoided ; it affords a curious and interesting picture of London life in the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is divided into three books, entitled respectively "*Of the Implements for Walking the Streets and Signs of the Weather*," "*Of Walking the Streets by Day*," and "*Of Walking the Streets by Night*," and begins in the true epic style :

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crowds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing : Thou, *Trivia*, Goddess, aid my song,
Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along.

After stating his ambition "from the great theme to build a glorious name," he proceeds to describe the proper toilette for the promenader, how his shoes should have strong soles and be neither too large nor too short, the surtout be of good broadcloth, and the cane no airy trifle tipped with amber, but a stout walking-stick. These things are necessary, the two former on account of the weather, the last both for forcing a passage through the crowds of chairmen, carmen, and coaches, and also for guiding one's footsteps in the dark "though not one glaring lamp enliven night"—for the illumination of the London streets at that time left much to be desired. Then

the poet discusses the weather, and when he mentions "dreary fogs," "driving rain," and "suffocating mists," we see that even that picturesque century suffered the same evils as we modern Babylonians endure; though, to be sure, we have not to adopt the precaution of wearing our worst wig when such climatic conditions prevail, as Gay advises. Our author has a great deal to say about the weather in general, and various signs and superstitions concerning it, which have little to do with our subject; and with some advice to female pedestrians to carry umbrellas (which were considered effeminate for men) and to wear pattens, and a story concerning the origin of the latter, the first part of the poem ends.

The second part treats "Of Walking the Streets by Day," and for this exercise

For ease and for despatch the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the street molest.

We of to-day can hardly endorse this statement. If the walker wears a black coat he is warned to avoid the barber, the perfumer, and the baker; if he sports "youthful colours" he must shun the chimney-sweep, the coal-hawker, and the dustman; the chandler and the butcher are fatal alike to both. There being no friendly "bobbies" then to direct the wanderer, he is advised to consult "the sworn porter," but to

Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray ;

whence we see that the London errand-boy has not changed his nature. St. Giles and Seven Dials are next mentioned, and the perplexities of the latter enlarged upon; and from the ensuing paragraph we discover that there was no proper pavement to the streets in Gay's time, the sidewalk being divided from the road by a line of posts.

Where porters hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen toss'd,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

The pillory was an object of interest which the pedestrian is cautioned to avoid, lest some of the "turnips and half-hatch'd eggs" inadvertently come his way; and in the next paragraph the dangers of the traffic are touched upon, and an appeal made to the waggoner to be merciful with his "gen'rous steed" which would

delight the S.P.C.A. Some of the most inconvenient streets are named.

Who would of Watling Street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who that rugged street ¹ would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls?

These streets appear to have been also notorious for their odours, of which tallow, fish "long absent from the sea," meat, "trainy oil," and

Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise,

are mentioned—an odoriferous combination !

But there is another aspect of this amazing city which may well console us for such horrors.

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-mall,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell !
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach ; . . .
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.

Yet even here are dangers. For instance, mortar, crumbled lime, and tiles may fall on the head of the unwary passer-by from some mason on his ladder. The poet then speaks of other perils, such as street-cheats and horses' hoofs splashing up the mud behind them. A description of winter in London and its special dangers follows ; of these, snowballing and football,

Where Covent Garden's famous temple stands
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands

(of all places in the world !), are singled out for remark. This "temple," whose

Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square,

is the church of St. Paul in Covent Garden. We then have a graphic account of the great frost of 1683-1684, when the Thames was completely frozen over for "three long moons." Coaches plied for hire, oxen were roasted whole, and shops were built upon the ice ; in fact, a regular fair was held. Yet accidents sometimes occurred,

¹ Thames Street.

in illustration of which the poet relates the tragi-comic episode of Doll, the fruit-seller.

The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies ;
Pippins she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

Then comes the thaw, and next the reader is told how to know the days of the week and the seasons. When the "muzzled bear" and the "surly bull" pass along the streets it will be Monday or Thursday, the days on which these animals were baited at Hockley-in-the-Hole in Clerkenwell. Wednesdays and Fridays (fast days) may be distinguished by the "double store" on the fish-stalls, and Saturdays by the general cleaning which prepares for Sunday. Spring may be known by the flowers sold in the streets, Autumn by its fruits, and Winter by all the familiar preparations for Christmas.

The Strand and some of the streets leading out of it come in for their share of attention. We are told of Arundel Street, which takes its name from Arundel House, demolished towards the end of the seventeenth century ; and of the mansions of Essex, Cecil, Bedford, and Villiers, stately piles that once adorned the river-bank, now, alas ! no more. Only "Burlington's fair palace still remains." After the poet has once more returned to the theme of the superiority of walking over all other forms of exercise, he informs us where to buy what we need to "supply the wants of life" : Newgate market for mutton, Leadenhall for beef, St. James's for veal, Thames Street for cheeses, Covent Garden for fruit, Moorfields for old books, and Monmouth Street for old suits. The bill-distributing fiend would appear to have been rampant with his advertisements of "the seventh-born doctor's fame" and "the cheapest tailor's name." The charms of London bookstalls with their treasures of Plutarch, Bacon, Congreve, Pope, and others are mentioned ; and the second part of the poem ends with a depreciation of the coach, where rogues, knaves, and fools ride, while "sweet content" goes on foot.

We now come to the streets at night, busy and crowded with returning labourers, and full of dangers, especially

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand.

There are long strings of colliers' carts winding down steep lanes and preventing the jostling crowds from crossing the road ; coaches collide and their drivers fight. In the throng thieves abound—the artist who relieves the pedestrian of his silver-hilted sword, the boy

lying *perdu* in a basket borne on the shoulders of an accomplice who "plucks off the curling honours of thy head," the pickpocket whose spoil is the "watch with all its trinkets" and the snuff-box. Sometimes, however, the thief is detected, pursued, caught, and punished either by being "stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout" or "plunged in miry ponds." Our present mode of procedure is not nearly so picturesque. Even the ballad-singers are in league with the light-fingered gentry; the careless listener to their songs will later find his cambric handkerchief has disappeared. From succeeding verses we learn that there were turnstiles in some streets, and through others one had to be guided by link-boys, so obscure were they; such dark alleys were not safe at night. Lincoln's Inn Fields, too, had a very bad reputation for thieves who, disguised as cripples, would strike the wayfarer on the head with their crutches and then rob him. The link-boys were often in league with these scoundrels, and would

quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.

Yet immediately after describing these perils the poet breaks forth into praise of the very city in which they are encountered.

Happy Augusta ! law-defended town !
Here no dark lanthorns shade the villain's frown ;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast ;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land ;
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Then we have a picture of the footmen with their torches waiting in a long rank outside some great house in Pall Mall where a reception is being held ; and another of dangers from the traffic if one should attempt to cross the road in the midst of it. Oysters are next mentioned, sold on barrows in the street, near the Fleet Ditch, which was crossed by a "raised pavement." A funeral is described, that of either a parent mourned "with outward grief" by his heir, or a "fair virgin" whom "a crowd of lovers follow to her tomb."

After another enumeration of the "various city frauds," such as card-sharping, sham quarrels, and pocket-picking, the poet proceeds to caution the wanderer against the dangers to virtue in "Drury's mazy courts" and "where Katherine Street descends into the Strand." The typical woman who haunts these parts is described with accuracy and vigour. Watchmen then claim their share of

attention. They fulfilled many of our policemen's duties, such as guiding safely home the "reeling steps" of the drunken rake ; for this service sixpence was considered sufficient payment. Combats often took place between the watch and the wild youths, the "Scowrers," "Nickers," and Mohocks. The favourite pastime of the "Nickers" was to break windows with showers of halfpence ; and the Mohocks, who were the precursors of the Hooligans of the present day—albeit they belonged to the upper classes—delighted in all sorts of atrocities, from wounding the watchmen to rolling women down Snow Hill in barrels.

The last description in the poem is of a fire, which calls for no special mention, and with this the poet completes his task ; that he considers himself to deserve well of posterity the concluding lines show :

When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air ;
High-raised on Fleet Street posts, consign'd to fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

In 1738 Dr. Samuel Johnson published a poem in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, entitled "London." It is less a description of London than of London life as the poet saw it, and breathes a melancholy scorn of the outward glory and inward hollowness of the great city, the result of Johnson's own bitter experience—an experience of how "slow rises worth by poverty depress'd." The poet begins by deploring a friend's intention to quit the town for Wales, though he can but acknowledge the wisdom of this friend in removing himself "from vice and London far."

For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand ?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay :
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

The traveller then thus apostrophises the city :

In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain,
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less ; . . .
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace. . . .

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day ;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

And again :

London ! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome ;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.

A great deal of what follows consists of abuse of France and the French, for whose manners and morals Johnson seems to have had but little admiration ; he accuses them of corrupting the national character of his countrymen. After this attack he returns to his theme.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways. . . .
This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd :
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold :
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

Then we have a striking comparison between the world's treatment of the rich and the poor. The poor man's house is burned and his "little all" is lost.

Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home ?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

But should a similar calamity befall the rich man, what dismay, what "public mournings" ! Even

The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate.

His house is rebuilt for him by "the pension'd band" at "the price of boroughs and of souls," and his treasures are raised "higher than before," until

Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.

Well may the disgusted citizen fly to the country, where "for less than rent the dungeons of the Strand" he may have "some elegant retreat." How different is the life one may lead in such a place from that of London !

Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet even these gentlemen confine "their prudent insults" to the poor, "and shun the shining train and golden coach." Even if the poor citizen escape these dangers, worse awaits him when he retires to sleep.

Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.

After this, who would live in London ? And how, also, has Justice fallen since the good old days !

A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain ;
Fair Justice, then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword ;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age ! but ah ! how diff'rent from our own !

And so the poet's friend, "tir'd with follies and with crimes," departs for "his Cambrian shade."

In a very different vein is our next example written. Henry Luttrell, wit and man of fashion, published in 1820 his "Advice to Julia : a letter in Rhyme," which affords the best pictures of London life since Gay's "Trivia." It is the London of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the London that danced at Almack's, flirted in the Park, and quizzed the passers-by from the bow-window of White's—a polite and well-bred London, the darker side of which was carefully avoided by the poet, doubtless out of consideration for the fair lady to whom the "advice" was addressed : advice to cease to monopolise the "words and thoughts, ears and eyes" (to say nothing of the purse) of her lover, Charles, over whom, according to the writer, she exercises no influence for good.

Some of the pleasures of London, the favourite haunts of Charles, are first mentioned. In the spring he rides in Rotten Row; in the summer he drives his Tilbury in the Park. Almack's is described, and the importance of being on its list, on which depends "fame, fortune, fashion, lovers, friends," insisted upon.

If once to Almack's you belong,
Like monarchs, you can do no wrong;
But banished thence on Wednesday night,
By Jove, you can do nothing right.

Many were the shifts to which fashion's devotees resorted to get into this charmed circle. The condition of the Opera-house is next discussed, and appears to leave much to be desired.

. . . a thousand shabbinesses
In decorations, scenes, and dresses;
Unseemly sayings, sorry sights,
Cracked chandeliers, and mutton-lights
In corridors, where poisonous gases
Ooze from their tubes, unscreened by glasses.

Such subjects, with news and scandal, formed the themes of conversation among the beaux lounging in the Park.

The Park ! that magnet of the town,
That idol to which all bow down !
See how the universal throng,
Borne in one swelling tide along,
Crowds to its turf-clad altars, there
To beg the blessing of fresh air ! . . .
With many a mutual punch and shove,
To Hyde Park Corner on they move.

Beautiful views are to be seen from the Park.

There, as the summer-sun declines,
Yet still in full-orbed beauty shines,
As, all on fire beneath his beams,
The fretwork of the Abbey gleams;
While on its towers a golden flood
Is poured above the tufted wood.

The mixed crowd assembled is described with considerable animation—the tradesman and his customers, the "Bond Street spark" and his father's clerk, all enjoying the air and exercise. The only drawback to their pleasure is the treachery of the weather; for sometimes on a Sunday morning, when everyone is in his or her best, a sudden shower puts the promenaders to flight. The brightness of the day has brought people out without umbrellas. Suddenly

the sky is overcast, the rain-drops patter down "on many a Parasol and Spencer," on "feathers, crape, and gauze," uncurling the hair of the "well-dressed girls," ruining their clothes, so that, "enraged, resigned, in tears or frowning," they seek shelter where they may. Kensington Gardens is also mentioned, with its

. . . alcoved and formal seats,
Where vows ill-spelt, in uncouth rhymes,
Betray the loves of former times.

The Serpentine is described as "that Prince of Rivers," and the poet descants upon the delights of skating on it in winter. The Muse is invoked to sing this "river's" praises.

Well may the coyest of the Nine
Be proud to sing the Serpentine ;
For never breeze has swept, nor beam
Shed light upon a luckier stream.

Although, in truth, its surroundings may appear wanting in the romantic and picturesque—"Hyde Park is not the Highlands"—they have a beauty of their own.

Still we have lawns, and paths, and trees.
Why should our landscape blush for shame ?
'Tis fresh and gay, if flat and tame.
None view it awe-struck or surprised ;
But still, 'tis smart and civilised.

One may see the Royal Gardens, the Powder Magazine, the sub-ranger's villa, the sheds of the Humane Society, and a drive "with gigs and curricles alive." What more can be desired?

Later in the poem the author returns to the delights of Almack's and its exclusiveness. No one, be he who he might, could enter without a ticket, and tickets were extremely difficult to procure. The refreshments at Almack's consisted of "Congo and Bohea" and "cakes, orgeat, and lemonade." This was very displeasing to some of the patrons who wanted a supper—"peas, asparagus, and chicken," with "iced Champagne" and claret.

The timid heart, the weary heel,
Require a full substantial meal ;
Women, when hungry, are unkind,
And men too faint to speak their mind.

Another of the pleasures of the metropolis were the "Piccadilly-balls," given at Egremont House in Piccadilly with great magnificence and expense. The food there was all that could be desired :

"green peas and plovers' eggs," pines and other fruits, and "costly wines." It was said that, should even five hundred guests be present, there were "*chickens' wings*" for everyone. The poet, deploring the disappearance of these delights, gives as the reason for it that the recent war with the French and the consequent taxes have made it necessary for people to retrench.

War was a bitter scourge and curse ;
Yet peace is, somehow, ten times worse,

as he flippantly remarks.

After a description of Paris and its amusements, the writer returns to London.

LONDON ! thou comprehensive word,
What joy thy streets and squares afford !
Think not thy warm admirer rallies,
If he should add thy lanes and alleys !

With all its disadvantages, though he "can get no cream for breakfast," though knaves "cheat and plunder" unawed "by Bow and Marlborough Street," though rooks find "many a pigeon in law, and physic, and religion," yet

What signify such paltry blots ?
The glorious sun himself has spots.

In this favoured city even the poor man can be happy. No one pays any attention to him ; his comings and goings, his cares and ills, alike unnoticed, his very obscurity protects him from contempt—an opinion, by the way, which is not shared by Dr. Johnson. And, after all, the rich are as much slaves in their way as the poor; the "manacles of gold" hold their victim in a bondage as strict as the "chains of iron." Here, as elsewhere, in "golden Mediocrity" lies the greatest happiness ; and even if one is talked about by "The Town" it is never for long, since "All, to be talked of, must be *new*."

Next the poet sings the praises of beauty—the London "tyrants of the sex"—and follows this with a description of the annual fashionable exodus in autumn. The streets are "silent and deserted," the hackney-coachmen wait in vain for fares, the "*Heavenly Bow* at White's" is unoccupied, doors are closed and knockers dumb. No longer are the fashionable squares thronged with carriages and horses taking up and setting down their burdens, and no longer does "many a pleasant hungry sinner" see his

numerous invitations "nicely ranged o'er his chimney." For now

'Tis August. Rays of fiercer heat
Full on the scorching pavement beat. . . .
Darkening the air, in clouds arise
The Egyptian plagues of dust and mias,
And wasps, those foragers voracious,
Buzz through the shops, in swarms audacious. . . .
Nature proclaims one common lot
For all conditions—Be ye hot !
Day is intolerable—night
As close and suffocating quite ;
And still the mercury mounts higher,
Till London seems *again* on fire !

Two years later Luttrell's poem appeared with several additions and alterations, and divided into four epistles, under the title of "Letters to Julia." From these additions we select the following graphic description of a London fog, which might have been written at the present day :

Have you not seen (you must remember)
A fog in London—time, November ?
That nondescript elsewhere, and grown
In our congenial soil alone ?
First, at the dawn of lingering day,
It rises of an ashen gray ;
Then deepening with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
Vapour importunate and dense,
It wars at once with every sense. . . .
But soon a thicker, darker cloak
Wraps all the town. Behold ! The smoke
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges,
In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
Descends, rejected, from the skies,
Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light.

The poet concludes by imploring "Chemisury, attractive maid," to "descend, in pity, to our aid," "abate these nuisances," and

Make all chimneys chew the cud
Like hungry cows, as chimneys should !
And since 'tis only smoke we draw
Within our lungs at common law,
Into their thirsty tubes be sent
Fresh air, by Act of Parliament.

Even Wordsworth, the poet of Nature, yielded to London's irresistible fascination. No greater contrast to Gay's and Luttrell's vignettes of London can be imagined than the Lake poet's beautiful "Sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803," which breathes the very spirit of the mighty city in the early dawn ere she awakes from slumber.

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Take now another picture of London by night, that contained in Canto XI. of Byron's "Don Juan," written in 1822.

The line of lights, too, up to Charing Cross,
Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation
Like gold as in comparison to dross,
Matched with the Continent's illumination,
Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss.

But London's so well lit, that if Diogenes
Could recommence to hunt his *honest man*,
And found him not amidst the various progenies
Of this enormous city's spreading span,
'Twere not for want of lamps to aid his dodging his
Yet undiscover'd treasure.

In Canto X. there is also a striking little vignette of "that wondrous place" which some have qualified the "Devil's drawing-room,"

. . . the soil, of those true sons the mother,
Who butcher'd half the earth, and bullied t'other.
A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy ;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town !

In the poems of Tom Hood and Theodore Hook references to London may frequently be found ; and of our modern bards several have chosen London as the subject of their muse. Of these productions none are more graceful and charming than the "London Lyrics" of Frederick Locker, of which one or two examples must suffice. "St. James's Street" compares that historic thoroughfare as it is to-day with what it was in the eighteenth century; it is described with great spirit, and some of the famous people who once frequented it are mentioned. The following are the first, third, and last verses.

St. James's Street, of classic fame,
 For Fashion still is seen there :
 St. James's Street ? I know the name,
 I almost think I've been there !
 Why, that's where *Sacharissa* sigh'd
 When Waller read his ditty ;
 Where Byron lived, and Gibbon died,
 And Alvanley was witty.

.
 The dear old Street of clubs and *cribs*,
 As north and south it stretches,
 Still seems to smack of Rolliad squibs,
 And Gillray's fiercer sketches ;
 The quaint old dress, the grand old style,
 The *mots*, the racy stories ;
 The wine, the dice, the wit, the bile—
 The hate of Whigs and Tories.

.
 I love the haunts of old Cockaigne,
 Where wit and wealth were squander'd
 The halls that tell of hoop and train,
 Where grace and rank have wander'd ;
 Those halls where ladies fair and leal
 First ventured to adore me !
 Something of that old love I feel
 For this old Street before me.

Take also the following verses from the poem "Rotten Row," so clearly written by one who "loves the Park in May" :

A lively scene on turf and road ;
 The crowd is bravely drest :
 The *Ladies' Mile* has overflowed,
 The chairs are in request :
 The nimble air, so soft, so clear,
 Can hardly stir a ringlet here.

.

Forsooth, and on a livelier spot
 The sunbeam never shines.
 Fair ladies here can talk and trot
 With statesmen and divines :
 Could I have chosen, I'd have been
 A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean.

Finally, there are the charming stanzas on "Piccadilly," which bring that delightful thoroughfare vividly before us :

Piccadilly ! Shops, palaces, bustle, and breeze,
 The whirring of wheels, and the murmur of trees ;
 By day or by night, whether noisy or stilly,
 Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly.

Wet nights, when the gas on the pavement is streaming,
 And young Love is watching, and old Love is dreaming,
 And Beauty is whirling to conquest, where shrilly
Cremona makes nimble thy toes, Piccadilly !

Bright days, when a stroll is my afternoon wont,
 And I meet all the people I do know, or don't :
 Here is jolly old Brown, and his fair daughter Lillie—
 No wonder, young Pilgrim, you like Piccadilly !

.

Life is chequer'd ; a patchwork of smiles and of frowns ;
 We value its ups, let us muse on its downs ;
 There's a side that is bright, it will then turn us t'other,
 One turn, if a good one, deserves yet another.
 These downs are delightful, these ups are not hilly—
 Let us turn one more turn ere we quit Piccadilly.

Though the foregoing particulars by no means exhaust the subject, and many worthy singers of the metropolis have been perforce excluded owing to exigencies of space, enough has perhaps been said to show that London has obtained a certain hold upon the intellect and imagination of English poets. The real "Londonophile" can truthfully say, "With all thy faults, I love thee still"—perhaps even *because* of those faults, being, as they are, peculiar to London alone. This being the case, the closing lines of Henry Leigh's "Weatherbound in the Suburbs" from his "Carols of Cockayne" will find an echo in many a Londoner's heart:

I want the hum of my working brothers—
 London bustle and London strife—
 To count as one in three million others—
 How can I *live* away from life ?

BENVENUTA SOLOMON.

*NOTES FROM CHURCHWARDENS'
ACCOUNTS, 1555-1608.*

THERE lie before me the churchwardens' accounts for the years 1555-1608 of Kilmington, a small Devonshire village, which have been edited and printed for private circulation through the energy of Mr. R. Cornish, one of the churchwardens of the mother parish. This village from the earliest times has been a chapelry of the neighbouring country town of Axminster, from which it is distant about a mile and a half. The accounts are most interesting. The years covered by them are almost the most important in the whole of English history, from a religious point of view, as they stretch from the last years of Queen Mary until after the Hampton Court conference; while they also include within them the years of the Spanish Armada and the passage of the old Poor Law.

In these accounts we can trace the progress of the Reformation and the growth of the Puritan spirit, necessitating as it did a complete change in the method of raising money on its good side, and a development of the individualistic spirit within the Church on its evil side. They throw a sidelight, at any rate, on the present ritualistic controversy, for they show the sense in which the alterations in the service were understood by the churchwardens of Elizabeth's time. They lead us to doubt some of Green's generalities about the irreligion of the nation and the neglect of the parishes, for they show throughout a strong Church feeling obtaining in this village, while they show also how efficiently the central government was able to enforce its will. And finally they enable us to form a very just idea of the rate of wages and the prices which obtained in Elizabeth's day. When the accounts open, Queen Mary was on the throne, and we have the purchase by the churchwardens of the articles which were required for the unreformed service. In the first year we have payments for "tapers against Christmas," for "a paschall taper," for a "sepulcur taper"; while in the same year part of the revenue is derived from "wexsylvyr," probably a rate levied in some way for Easter lights. Again, in the following year, we have

work about the "rood-laught," payments for tapers and for "Judas lights," and for incense and a censer.

This brings us down to November 13, 1558. On that day two new churchwardens were elected, and upon them came the great change, for on the 17th of the same November Mary died and Elizabeth ascended the throne. And with that day the old ceremonial, as seen in these accounts, ceased absolutely. Two candles indeed are bought, perhaps for Christmas, before the new injunctions reach this distant village; but there are no more paschal lights, no more sepulchre tapers, no more procession books. There is no trace of delay or unwillingness, but straightway the churchwardens patch up the old Bible, and buy a new Psalter and a new Communion Book. It is to be noticed that the churchwardens are not so ready to give up sources of revenue as they are to give up the purchase of unnecessary articles. They buy no more incense, but they still collect the "wexsylvyr," and this item, though it begins to decrease, lingers on for several years. No doubt, like the church rates of the last generation, it was collected from all who would pay voluntarily long after it was by law abolished. In the same year the churchwardens have to prepare an inventory of church goods at a cost of three shillings, and lodge the same at Exeter.

The year 1559-1560 is remarkable in several ways. Both churchwardens are ladies, and to them fell the task of taking down the old altar, which cost them a penny, so we may gather that the work was done roughly and without any excess of reverence. In this year also begin the payments for bread and wine, which continue regularly throughout the period; and the first register is begun—the churchwardens paying twopence for a book for weddings, christenings, and burials. This book, the earliest register of the parish, still exists, and the parchment cover was obviously, from a few words which can still be read, part of an old Latin service-book no longer valuable. In 1561 comes the first excommunication, of which in later years there are several, very likely the first of the recusants or the first of the Nonconformists. With this the great change is finished; the churchwardens are apparently satisfied that it has come to stay, for in 1565 they dispose of certain stuff, no doubt the ancient vestments, to the curate for thirty-nine shillings and eightpence.

For many years after this no changes take place in the services of the church, though we shall see reason to believe that a great change gradually came over the attitude of the people towards religion generally, and that Puritan seriousness, for good or evil, began to determine the methods of raising money. The only alteration,

however, for a time, is the gradual dropping of Candlemas and All Hallows Day, which were great festivals in the early days, and the final adoption of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide as the three times for receiving the Sacrament.

The interest of the accounts for the next few years is of another kind. The rate of wages fluctuates but little, but on the whole in favour of the labourer. In the reign of Mary the carpenter gets tenpence a day ; but that, it must be remembered, is in the days of the depreciated currency. With the accession of Elizabeth the journeyman gets ninepence, his man fivepence ; but the purchasing power of ninepence in Elizabeth's money would be more than that of tenpence of Mary's. An ordinary labourer receives eightpence. These figures tally exactly with the rate fixed by the Quarter Sessions of Rutland for 1564.

At this time half a lamb cost tenpence, but a lock and a cord two shillings. In fact, throughout the period flesh meat is very cheap, metalwork comparatively dear. Wages, however, very shortly recover their old nominal rate. In 1565 two sawyers get twenty-two pence a day and other journeymen tenpence. Gradually wages rise to elevenpence in the latter years of Elizabeth, and a shilling in the days of James I.

The churchwardens were obliged to provide butts for archery, to contribute towards keeping up a beacon on the hill which overhangs the village, to "sett forth" soldiers. These items begin with 1564, in which year the soldiers cost them thirteen shillings and the beacon two, and continue at intervals until the end of the period.

The year 1567 presents one or two curious items. A person of the name of Shave dies, whether the husband or the wife, or both, is not clear—probably, I think, the wife. The churchwardens provide four "shrowdes" (? shrouds), for Susan Shave and for three members of a neighbour's family—Robert Delyn, his wife, and his child—but all the Delyns are alive. Immediately after Robert Delyn feeds three of the Shave children for three weeks, sends a man over to Tiverton to make some arrangements about them, and then sends the children for ten weeks to a man at Tiverton. For all these things the churchwardens pay. Later on one child comes back, and Robert Delyn again takes her in, while all the time his own children are kept by another neighbour at the public expense. Apparently two of the children remain at Tiverton for good. The whole thing is extraordinary. Previously Michael Shave appears as an ordinary labourer paid eightpence a day when he works, but renting his house from the churchwardens. Never again do the churchwardens take a similar

interest in orphans or do anything in the way of relief. There must have been in the case something of a special kind. The only suggestion that I can offer is that in the same year the churchwardens had a prisoner of whom they were extremely careful, watching him night and day, getting a mittimus, and sending him to Exeter gaol. Was this man, by any chance, Michael Shave himself, and was he responsible for making his children orphans? The whole business cost the wardens £1 13s. 4d. out of a total expenditure that year of £3 17s. 7d.

In the earlier days covered by these accounts, the chief charges which fall on the parish are the ordinary repairs of the church (the thatch of the roof and the bells give the most trouble) and the court fees. Scarcely a year passes when the thatcher is not employed for a longer or a shorter time, and with him there often comes the plumber to mend the leads. Every year two visitations are held, one by the Archdeacon, the other by the Bishop, and twice, at least, the Archbishop himself holds a visitation in Devonshire. To these visitations the wardens go regularly, and charge the parish with their expenses for meat, drink, and horse meat. There are continually charges for proctors and other officers of the courts, for injunctions and citations, and books of articles. Altogether there is every proof of diligent oversight and effective discipline. There is generally a curate in residence, although the mother church, where there was a resident vicar, is only a mile and a half away. The rubric at the end of the Marriage Service is regularly obeyed, and the churchwardens constantly lay out twopence on bread and wine for a wedding. Once, and once only, however, is there any notice of a sick communion, although on another occasion the parish provides a light for visiting the sick. The curious custom of the wives receiving the communion by themselves is noted in one or two places. Apparently at Easter the men received by themselves, and the wives on the Sunday after, either with a view to shortening the service, or in order that one member of the household might go home with the children and look after the dinner.

In later times, after the defeat of the Armada, other charges are laid on the parish. Every year the churchwardens pay considerable sums towards the gaol and the hospital, and also for maimed soldiers. In one year they pay nine shillings, in another nine shillings and tenpence, in a third fourteen shillings.

About the middle of the period two extra expenses fall upon the churchwardens. They have to provide a new Bible, and they have to restore the church, to repair the tower and rehang the bells.

Let us take the restoration first. The accounts are extremely confusing, and apparently the same items are entered twice, if not three times. I can only suppose that each churchwarden kept the accounts separately, and that the clerk they employed to write them up at the end of the year was idle, and saved himself the trouble of comparison by writing out both sets. Certain things, however, are clear. The churchwardens undertook to tile the church (evidently the floor, for the thatcher does the roof), and to hang the bells. The tiling is done by the village workmen, but for the bells they have to get an expert from a distance.

For the bells they purchase two "lironnes," at a cost of nine shillings and sixpence each. What were these "lironnes"? They were for the tower and were very heavy, for cranes and special ropes had to be fetched to get them into position (the ropes are called cables). They were wood, for the village carpenter is employed about them. I suggest, therefore, that they were the heavy oak beams to support the cage. If this supposition is correct, the village scribe, aiming at writing correct English, introduced a mistake when he only intended to avoid what he thought was a Devonshire error. The word he had before him was no doubt "lierne." He knew that the word, pronounced and spelt in the West "urn," ought to be "run," and so he thought "lierne," pronounced "liurn," ought to be "lirun," or "lironne." The letter *r*, we know, is a very variable letter, and this explanation is the only one which fits all the facts. Two "lironnes" are bought, and two oaken beams would be required. The cost is striking—nine shillings and sixpence for each beam, and the cage completely repaired for two shillings and tenpence.

The church was built in the thirteenth century, and if, as an architect told me the other day, the life of a good oak beam is often three hundred years, this must have been the first restoration. Another three hundred years brought the parish to the present generation, when once more the bells were unsafe. These accounts bring home to the modern vicar that he has fallen on evil days. It would be impossible to rehang bells to-day out of the ordinary church expenses, but recourse would be had to bazaars and promiscuous begging.

The other special expense, however, shows a balance in favour of the twentieth century. In 1588 the parish is cited and fined in the ecclesiastical courts for not possessing a Bible. The old one, after being repaired several times, was perhaps worn out. The following year they pay a man eighteenpence to produce a Bible in the Court. They either borrow it or buy it second-hand. Probably

the latter course was the one adopted, for in a year or two they sell an old Bible. In any case the Court is not satisfied ; the Bible is, perhaps, a wrong edition, and the parish is ordered to buy a Bible. This the churchwardens do in 1591, and pay for it the sum of twenty-eight shillings and fourpence.

If these were the expenses which the churchwardens had to meet, we next ask what were their sources of revenue ? The parish was a poor one, without any great landowners. In the whole period only two persons are mentioned who were regarded as gentry. The people are mostly small yeomen and their labourers.

To begin with, the churchwardens possessed certain property, probably rights over the common ; and from time to time they make small sales of fruit (apples) and timber. They possessed also three houses called respectively the Priest's House, the Church House, and the Parish House. In one of these the curate lodged, but he was obliged to pay rent to the churchwardens for it. From these houses the wardens drew a part of their revenue, letting them apparently to labourers for a few shillings a year. Cottage property, however, in the sixteenth century was very much like cottage property in the twentieth. It was not all profit. The tenants are by no means careful, and on the repairs of these cottages the wardens have often to lay out no small sums of money, which swallow up the rent for a year or two from time to time. There are occasional fees for knells and for burials within the church ; the fee for this last is six shillings and eightpence a head. There are no offertories, but few voluntary gifts, and one or two bequests. All the sources are quite insufficient to meet the expenses, and the wardens find in early years the bulk of their money by holding a Church Ale. The parish house was let on condition that the tenant vacated for six weeks annually, and during that six weeks the churchwardens brewed ale and baked bread for the benefit of the church. For this purpose the parish has vats and ovens of their own, and frequently the wardens buy cups and platters to enable them to carry on their trade. Not only do the wardens sell ale, but they take care to provide attractions which will promote long sittings. In the year 1578, a woman being one of the wardens, they make a "boorde with holes and V boweles to playe withall," no doubt a shovel board. In the same year the churchwardens make an inventory of their property, showing that they possess "tressells" and boards (for making tables), four vats and a kettle, ten pots, four cups, fifteen plates, and the shovel board among other articles. The proceeds of the ale sometimes amount to four or five pounds,

sometimes to much less, the tendency being steadily downwards, due no doubt to the growing strength of Puritanism. At last, in 1580, Puritanism wins the day, and the ale drops for a time, and the first church rate is levied. From this time forward rates are continuous, but evidently are felt as an evil borne for conscience sake. The yeomen of the village, however, must not be asked to go too far. When the Bible difficulty, mentioned above, begins, and a considerable expense is in prospect, the higher rate which would be necessary is too much for their consciences, and recourse is had once more to the old ale.

In 1590 there occurs this remarkable statement: "John White and John Newton be appoynted and Requested by the parysshoners, The Xth daye of Maye 1590, To brewe ale ffor to by A byble." Here, no doubt, we have the real reason for the connection between beer and the Bible of which we hear occasionally in these latter days. In the following year another special ale, in addition to a rate and a half, is held for the restoration fund.

The parishioners apparently find the old ale an easier way of raising money than the rates, and continue the system for a year or two longer. In 1594, however, we have the last of the ales, and an ancient custom, as old as the chapel itself, dating back to the days of Henry III., finally died out. For a year or two afterwards the wardens raise a little money by selling their vats and leasing their kettle, but the rates have become the mainstay of the church.

In the last year of the accounts pew rents begin. The churchwardens build some seats themselves, and lease them by the year at fourpence a person. Other seats are built by their owners, who lease ground in the church in perpetuity for sixpence a year. An undesirable seat immediately in front of the desk is leased at a penny a year for each person, and a bench for twopence.

Thus in these years we have seen Puritanism crush out a custom which was no doubt liable to abuse, and which, to us at least, seems to have been an unworthy way of raising money for the Church. But we have seen, too, that the substitutes chosen were just the two which made the Church appear to be the property of the rich and of the middle classes, and which led directly to a ratepayers' franchise for the vestry, in fact if not in name. To the evil side of the Reformation must also be placed the loss of some poors' land which existed in the earlier days, but of which all trace is lost long before the accounts come to an end.

Of special observances there is little note. In 1579 the wardens buy a special service-book for "the earthquake"; in 1588 a special

book of prayer for the defeat of the Armada. The day of thanksgiving was a great day, and was welcomed with much ringing, the ringers being paid five shillings and tenpence, as compared with the usual one shilling and sixpence for the coronation.

This item shows how little ringers have changed in the three centuries that have passed since Elizabeth's day—the charge appears thus : “Drink for the ringers.”

One special purchase deserves a passing notice. In 1575 the parish sells its old “parcell gilt challis” for thirty shillings, and buys a new “cup” for two pounds nine shillings and sixpence, silver being at the rate of nine shillings and sixpence the ounce.

For the poor the parish does nothing as a regular thing. Occasionally there appears an item to “two poor men” twopence ; once some money is laid out on a man whose house was burnt. Now and again a man appears with a brief or a license to gather money at the church, and the wardens send him on with a penny or so.

The only entries which even suggest offertories are two. The first comes quite early in this form : “money left of the plate,” which is carried to receipts ; the second, later on, is the purchase of a lock and key for the poor-box. The people seem to have disliked offertories. When an order comes to collect money for Bath Abbey, the wardens give out of their general fund and receive no special collection.

It is interesting to note that in those days the office of churchwarden evidently went round, and occasionally was held by poor as well as rich. Scarcely ever do the same wardens hold office in two successive years. On the other hand, women are frequently chosen, and generally act themselves, though once or twice they appoint a deputy. The offertories are evidently entirely given to the poor ; for no entry appears except in two places, where there is money left of the plate. Occasionally the wardens make special grants in answer to briefs, once to Bath Abbey and once for Bideford Bridge.

Altogether the accounts are convincing proof that an active and intelligent interest was taken in the parish church, that the laity, long before the existence of church rates, took their due share in church affairs, and that the life of the Church of England was, and was felt to be, continuous and unbroken. If the changes had aroused great discontent it would have left its traces in these accounts, but not a trace of any kind is to be found. In this Devonshire parish, at any rate, the evils which Mr. Green so graphically describes did not exist.

THOMAS AIRD, JOURNALIST AND POET.

IN the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* for November 1830, the representative interlocutors are North and the Ettrick Shepherd. In their interchange of views they drift at one point into a discussion of fresh literature. One of the authors brought under consideration is Thomas Aird, whom North characterises as "a man of true genius." The youthful poet, as it happens, is personally known to both speakers, and while the one notes the strong passion of his new poem, and praises its descriptive passages and its versification, the other dwells upon the excellence the author exhibits in friendly intercourse. "I ken," says the Shepherd, "few men that impresses you in conversation wi' a higher opinion o' their powers than Mr. Aird. Sometimes I hae considerable diffieeculty in followin' him—for he taks awfu' lous frae premise to conclusion, clearin' chasms dizzy to look down on—and aften announces as self-evident truths positions that appear to me unco problematical. But he does, at times, flash fine fancies, half out o' his lips and half out o' his een; and afore I kent he wrote verses I saw he was a poet."

Thomas Aird, who was thus estimated by his eminent contemporaries, was a notable Scottish journalist and man of letters in the first half of the nineteenth century. The centenary of his birth having now arrived, his appreciative fellow-countrymen, in accordance with an appropriate and graceful custom, have completed a movement intended emphatically to mark their recognition of his worth. It was the firm conviction of Burns that he would be better understood a hundred years after his death than he had been during the fitful fever of his life, and in making the assertion he practically defined true poetic greatness. If a reputation survives for a century it is pretty certain to have genuine quality, and whatever elements of permanence are in it will, at the end of that period, be recognised and fully acknowledged. Aird's literary work was considerable, and as he was thought "a man of true genius" while he lived, and his compatriots feel it expedient to do special honour to his memory on

his hundredth birthday, it may not be amiss to consider what manner of man he was and what he actually accomplished.

Thomas Aird was born on August 28, 1802, in the parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire. He was of a respectable peasant stock, and owed not a little to the upright example and the lyrical appreciation of his father and the intellectual vigour and the anxious moulding care of his mother. Like many other men of letters, Aird paid a special tribute to his mother's high character. She was not only an exemplary housewife, but she watched the intellectual development of her children, and guarded it in accordance with certain strict and well-defined principles. She liked to know, for example, the character of their reading before according her approval, and she was at first somewhat apprehensive regarding Aird's love of fiction. A perusal of "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*," however, is said to have enlarged her views on the subject, and to have reconciled her to her son's interest in this form of literature. Aird received his school education at Bowden and Melrose, where he displayed good scholarly abilities and became an expert in outdoor exercises and amusements. Rabbit-shooting and angling were favourite pastimes, and he devoted much attention to the ways of birds and insects in the woods.

Entering Edinburgh University, Thomas Aird formed there a lasting friendship with Carlyle, the future Lord Deas, and other Scotsmen who afterwards reached distinction. While still an undergraduate he held for some time a tutorship near St. Mary's Loch, Selkirkshire, and this stimulated his interest in Yarrow and its romantic associations. He had intended to study for the Church, but abandoned the purpose and settled to literature in Edinburgh. One has only to read Lockhart's "*Life of Scott*," or Lord Cockburn's "*Memorials*" and "*Journal*" and "*Life of Jeffrey*," or the fascinating and tragical three volumes entitled "*Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*," to know the full and energetic intellectual life of Edinburgh in those days. During the first thirty years of the century Scott was a towering and phenomenal figure, sufficient of himself to make any community famous. Several of his contemporaries also were notable for ability and achievement. The venerable Henry Mackenzie, the "*Man of Feeling*," represented the aims and methods of a bygone day, carrying forward into the new century the literary renown gained for Scotland by Hume, Robertson, John Home, and Blair. Scott had known Lady Anne Barnard, author of "*Auld Robin Gray*," and in 1825 he edited her famous ballad for the Bannatyne Club. He was confident, too, with an assurance that has not been fully ratified, that Joanna Baillie was steadily

securing for herself a high and permanent place in letters. Another of his friends was Miss Ferrier, author of "Marriage" and other Scottish novels, which appeared between 1818 and 1831, just when the Waverley series was alternately puzzling and delighting readers everywhere. Quietly and anonymously Lady Nairne, of whose genius Scott never seems to have become aware, produced at the same time her "Land of the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," and other winning lyrics. Sir David Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, issued between 1808 and 1830, was a great work in its day, and had among its contributors Thomas Chalmers and Carlyle, the latter presently finding more congenial scope for his peculiar powers in the *Edinburgh Review* under Jeffrey. The founding of the *Scotsman* newspaper and *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817 marks the beginning of a brilliant era in Scottish journalism and a fresh development of literary energy and enterprise. "The young lions of *Blackwood*" were pre-eminently Wilson and Lockhart, associated with whom were men like Hogg, D. M. Moir ("Delta"), Maginn, Fraser Tytler, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, De Quincey, Sir William Hamilton, and his brother Captain Thomas Hamilton, author of "Cyril Thornton." Scott did a little for the magazine, and even Henry Mackenzie was an occasional contributor. To write for *Blackwood*, or to be favourably noticed in its pages, was of itself in those days a glorious experience for a youthful author of reasonable ambition.

Thomas Aird's young enthusiasm was naturally stirred and captivated by all these tokens of intellectual energy and productiveness. He was a University student when *Blackwood's Magazine* startled its readers into surprise and admiration, and he, no doubt, eagerly watched its unconventional and triumphant progress. He had given evidence of a distinct literary faculty in boyhood, and in 1826 he published his first poetical work, "Murtzoufle: a Tragedy in Three Acts, with other Poems." This has more promise than accomplishment, although some of the lyrics included are not destitute of merit. One entitled "My Mother's Grave," which has been somewhat overrated by partial critics, has a certain distinction as verse, and is charged with sincerity of sentiment and genuine pathos. In 1827 Aird reviewed Pollok's "Course of Time" in *Blackwood*, and was himself eulogised in the same number of the magazine for his prose "Religious Characteristics," which had just appeared. The strong common sense, the fresh outlook, the gravity, the felicitous illustration, the outspoken honesty of this series of essays, proclaimed a new and independent critical and moral force, and the work was appreciatively hailed by Christopher North. The

result was the formation of a deep and lasting friendship between the two men, who had much in common, although the untiring energy and spasmodic versatility of the one frequently led him far from the standpoint of the other. They were at one in their love of Nature and their appreciation of Burns, Scott, and Wordsworth, and the younger of the two poets—as may be seen in Mrs. Gordon's "Life of Wilson"—was sometimes able in later days to advise and help his more eminent friend. Aird, meanwhile, was earning his livelihood in Edinburgh by private tuition, supplementing the results with his experiments in authorship. In 1832 he became editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, holding the post for a year, and in 1835, on the recommendation of Prof. Wilson, he was appointed editor of the *Dumfries and Galloway Herald*, a weekly Conservative journal, which he continued to guide for the rest of his working life.

The editor of a provincial newspaper has opportunities that do not present themselves to one who conducts a daily journal in a great city. He has time to reflect, and to express his opinion of affairs in a form that comes of a more or less deliberate survey. His main business, of course, just as is the case with the city editor, is to give news and to offer commentaries on the significance of passing events; but, as he has to do this only once a week, he is free to select and summarise, and is not harassed by the constant necessity to produce running criticism and momentary decisions. Thus he may become not only the purveyor of news, but the literary guide and the intellectual exemplar for the district in which he works. Aird took this position in Dumfries. His newspaper proved him not only an able editor, but an attractive essayist and a facile and graceful poet. It was read not merely for the primary purpose which it served—and served with unwearied zeal and consistent regard for principle—but also for its fresh and stimulating literary quality. Aird, in fact, like his friend Carruthers of Inverness, speedily gained more than the provincial importance natural to his position, and became one of the recognised intellectual forces of his time. Various able friends helped to enrich his columns; his contributors, as he said himself, ranged in local settlement "from the northern Tay to the classic Cam." The Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, a noteworthy essayist and biographer in his day, was one of his specialists, and another was Mr. J. W. Ebsworth, then of Cambridge, who has so long survived his friend, and produced sound and substantial work in a field which he had thus early begun to cultivate. With its highly-gifted editor, supported as he was by exceptionally qualified assistants, the *Dumfries Herald* came to be known, not only as a thoroughly

trustworthy journal, calculated to meet the wants of the merchant and the farmer, but also as a literary miscellany representing scholarship, culture, and taste.

Aird's delight in the open air—his appreciation of natural beauty, his love of birds and trees and flowers, his unwearied interest in observing the changeful seasons—found ample scope for exercise in the neighbourhood of Dumfries. He was on the classic ground of Burns, and the experience prompted his own peculiar powers and happily inspired him for the miscellaneous duties of his post. As a pendant to his stated work, he published in 1845 "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village," which is a thoroughly characteristic and readable little book. The point of view is that of one who has settled in the afternoon of life within his native environment, and finds himself constrained to make a faithful report of his observations. The volume contains bright and fascinating chapters on the seasons, shrewd delineations of Scottish character, and several domestic tales, of which "Buy a Broom?" and "Apology for Arthur Bonnington" are curiously vivid, if also somewhat melodramatic in setting and outcome. The descriptive essays are charged to overflowing with impressions from close and loving observation, varied with apposite commentary, and the brief sketches of character and forays into literature are felicitous and valuable. The tributes to natural beauty are the prose idylls of a poet, and the descriptive pictures of the neighbours—the old soldier, the retired merchant, the freethinker, the village "innocents," the rustics at the fairs—are those of one who knew the Scottish countryman, and was quick to appreciate changes in rural customs and opinions. In the chapter entitled "My Library" there are some acute and suggestive reflections and criticisms. It is, for instance, a justifiable protest that the essayist enters with reference to Martin's "Illustrations of Paradise Lost," and his argument on the point can hardly fail to secure ready acceptance. "The millions of susceptible readers," he says, "who have read 'Paradise Lost' have, every one of them, the most distinct conception of the poet's places; yet were each reader able to portray with the pencil his own impressions of them, we should have millions of totally different representations. Such is the wonderful plastic power of true poetry in adapting one picture to millions of minds." There is similar quick discernment in the remarks offered on the heroic couplet. Aird holds that "the broken, trailing, heroic rhymes" of Shelley and Keats on the one hand, and "the clinking antithetical couplet" of Pope and his followers on the other, are equally objectionable. Then he differentiates

in these terms the progress of the majestic "two coursers of ethereal race":

The great charm of Dryden is that he mixes a little of both styles, carrying, however, his own peculiar vigour triumphantly through the whole, and still further diversifying his restless strength by swinging Alexandrines. To begin with a couple of nicely-balanced musical lines—to break gradually into new and less measured paces—to push his warming protracted strength through a series of crabbed couplets, broken here and there, and interwoven or at least running into each other—to hang in recovering pauses, conscious of his might, and gathering in his flowing reins—and to finish the climax of his tumultuous power with a couplet, or a pair of couplets, of exquisite melody—such is a very common style with Dryden.

This is well said, as may be averred of so much else in the book, which, by the way, brought the author a compliment from Carlyle. "We" (Mrs. Carlyle and himself) "have gone over 'The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village,'" he writes, "and find him a capital fellow of his sort. The descriptions of *weather* and rural physiognomies of Nature in earth and sky seem to me excellent." This, it must be admitted, is but limited appreciation, but in 1845 it was something to have Carlyle's hearty acknowledgment, and to receive so much appreciative comment was a token of special favour. The "Old Bachelor" deserves all that is said of him and more, and it will never be found otherwise than profitable to cultivate his cheerful and stimulating company.

From his youth Aird had been steadily writing poems, and in 1839 he published a little volume, a copy of which he sent to Carlyle. This was duly acknowledged in a letter of 1840. "On the whole," wrote the philosopher, "I am right glad to see you in independent print again; and though I like prose better than poetry (sinner that I am) and read very little of the latter, I must accept anything in the one style or the other from friend Aird." When in 1849 a complete edition of the poems appeared, Carlyle was again among the friends who received the volume from the author. This time he intimated actual perusal, and the discovery everywhere of "a healthy breath as of mountain breezes; a native manliness, veracity, geniality," and so on. These are pretty wide critical averments, and might have been made fairly well at a venture, but they happen to fit the poet's temperament and method with commendable precision. Aird's direct commune with Nature is very fully and significantly represented in his descriptive poems. He is, moreover, manly in his independent attitude and in the engaging candour of his deliverance; and he is veracious and genial in expressing himself fully and frankly on what he has observed and considered. His

poetic output, as already indicated, began with a tragedy, and in his collective edition of the poems he includes one or two experiments in dramatic form. These, however, are only fairly successful. The "Tragic Poem of Wold" and the "Mother's Blessing" are narratives broken into ostensible dialogue, but as narratives they are strong in purpose, vigorous and even beautiful in passages, and impressive in result. They are, however, lacking in inevitable plausibility of action, and the characters are neither sufficiently individualised nor adequately animated. The movement is languid and somewhat depressing, and the verse is lacking in the ease and nimbleness that are indispensable to dramatic writing.

Aird does genuine work in those poems in which he elaborates themes that display kinship with the best delineations in "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village." In "Frank Sylvan," for instance, and "The Old Soldier," in which he is concerned with people and scenes such as those that would come within his own observation, the placid serenity of his manner and the easy confident movement of his unpretentious blank verse blend in a notable general result. This picture of the old soldier, moved by the near and lingering flight of a sea-gull into thoughts of his child lost in a shipwreck, has sure and touching realism and pathos :

Smoking his pipe of peace, wearing away
The summer eve, the Old Soldado sits
Beneath his buzzing oak, and eyes the bird
With many a thought of the suggested sea.
The veering gull came circling back and near :
"What ! nearer still ?" the Veteran said, and rose
And doffed his bonnet, and held down his pipe.
"Give me her message, then ! Oh, be to me
Her spirit not unconscious from the deep
Of how I mourn her loss ! Bird, ah ! you're gone.
Vain dreamer I ! For every night my soul
Knocks at the gates of the invisible world,
But no one answers me ; no little hand
Comes out to grasp at mine."

The smooth, unstrained blank verse of "A Summer Day" and "A Winter Day" embodies the impressions of direct and loving intercourse with Nature. The Scottish landscape is depicted in these poems with an observant freshness and a piquant simplicity of effect that recall the method of Cowper. The poet is inspired by the beauty that lies about him, and he strives to recapture in worthy strains something of its grace and glory. Occasionally he has a didactic touch, in the manner of Cowper, and a little tale according to the example set in "The Seasons," but the high note of Words-

worth's transcendentalism is beyond his range. It is enough for him that the consummate and stimulating splendours of rural scenes are presented to his affectionate gaze, and that there are associated with them men and women of whose lot he had learned something worth the telling. These he approaches with reverent scrutiny and with gentle and wise appreciation. It is possible occasionally to object that he sees too much and reproduces too minutely. This criticism seems relevant, for example, in reference to the passage in "A Summer Day," wherein with pitiless realism the poet reveals "the sandy lane of a strait sea-coast town," or to the description, in "A Winter Day," of a ploughed field, with its plethora of glittering and worthless refuse. The minuteness of these Dutch delineations certainly illustrates the author's unrivalled familiarity with his environment; and it is defensible only on the purely utilitarian ground that it is serviceable in the production of contrasted effects. The outstanding features of both poems are their fragrant sweetness caught from hill and valley, and the winning graces of their garniture drawn from the teeming wealth of field and hedgerow. The glorious summer morning, with the scarf of thinning mist on shoulders of the hills; the dog-rose, and the tendrils and clasping rings of the honeysuckle; the scudding rabbit, momentarily pausing "with form and ears erect to listen"; the anxiously deceptive white-throat, the dainty wren, and the sagacious robin; the solemn and stately oaks and elms; the industrious bees; the gurgling rills sparkling with foam-bells—these and numerous other characteristic beauties are present at the poet's quiet but efficient behest. This winter sunset, plain, unpretentious, and hardly elaborated at all, but charged with evidence of fresh observation and glowing with the enticing light of fervent sincerity, fitly portrays the downward trend of the brief December day:

The sun goes down the early afternoon,
And soon will set. A rim of steaming haze
Above the horizon, deeper in its dye
Than the light orange of the general west,
Receives his reddened orb. As through their glades
Westward you go, a sifted dust of gold
Fills all the fir-wood tops; ruddy below
Their rough-barked stems; and aye the wings of birds
Twink with illumination, as they flit
From tree to tree across your startled eye.

In his narrative poems Aird displays creditable grasp of detail, but is defective in grouping and arrangement and in the skilful graduating of incident that is indispensable to the elaboration of a

story. In "The Captive of Fez," "Nebuchadnezzar," and "Tales of the Siege of Jerusalem," he makes felicitous use of the heroic couplet—manifestly guiding his practice by the example of Dryden—while in "The Christian Bride" he achieves more than average success with the Spenserian stanza. In all his tales, however, he is beset with that peculiarity of abrupt transition which somewhat harassed the honest Ettrick Shepherd as a feature of his conversation. "He taks awfu' loup," and his reader in consequence is apt to lose the thread of the story and to become confused and impatient. In quiet description and reflective survey Aird finds his real medium, and it is because his strength lies here, and not because of any skill in conceiving and shaping a vivid and plausible story, that he succeeds with his "Demoniac" and "Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck." These are written in service measure, and in neither of them is the narrative of any account. The situation in each is everything. In these latter days novel readers have been treated to arbitrary and elaborate presentations of the scenes supposed to have been developed when the infuriated mob clamoured for the release of Barabbas. This is a sphere from which it is extremely perilous to extract material for literary purposes, and any considerable experiment may be fraught with disaster for the rash adventurer. The danger lies in going too far, and attempting more than is warranted on the existing evidence. Dean Plumptre with his "Lazarus," and Browning in the marvellously fascinating and suggestive "Epistle of Karshish," worked within legitimate limits, and reached distinct accomplishment without the appearance of extravagance or a hint of absurdity. Thus also in his study of the "Demoniac," who was hurried by evil possession into the wilds or the shelter of the tombs, Aird is laudably reverent and reserved. Occasionally, indeed, his unchastened fondness for dramatic effect leads him into critical positions, as, for example, when he indulges in excessive detail over the episode of the widow's risen child. The poem, however, is conceived in the true historical spirit, and the brief Scriptural summary is elaborated with due regard to probability and defensible inference.

Both in the "Demoniac" and the "Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck" the measure is so skilfully managed as never to become monotonous, or to suggest—as it might easily do—the "right butter-woman's rank to market." With Dante and Milton before him, and with the encouragement of Burns's frank approaches to the Scottish Deil and Shelley's lofty daring in "Prometheus Unbound," Aird had warrant and precedent for his impressive contribution to Satanic

mythology. His poem is a study of the Spirit of Evil loaded and encumbered with the terrible past. Pride still supports the daring protagonist of woe, but it is a pride over miserable ruin, and although he is the professional Destroyer, he is, after all, a fallen Archangel. If he would but "tak a thocht and mend," pathetically suggested Burns, there might be hope even for him. The question as to the possible conscience of Satan is one that is prone to recur. Aird assumes the active existence of such a principle (at least in the course of a harrowing dream), and brings it thus delicately into play :

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers ;
And O ! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream—
A form of beauty, clad about with fair creation's beam ;
A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrilled through his inmost soul,
And these the words that bowed his heart with softly sad control :

"No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love ;
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above ;
No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarrèd face,
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race :
But bow thee to the God of Love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy peace and love thy soul shall dwell.

"And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blistered feet ;
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast ;
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

Lo ! it was a dream ; and the momentary effects of its enervating influence must be instantly and decisively dissipated :

Quick as the levin, whose blue forks lick up the life of man,
Aloft he sprung, and through his wings the piercing north wind ran
Till, like a glimmering lamp that's lit in lazar-house by night,
To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his bed aright,
Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering shadows mar,
So gathered darkness high the Fiend, till swallowed like a star.

What judgment from the tempted Heavens shall on his head go forth
Down headlong through the firmament he fell upon the north.
The stars are up untroubled all in the lofty fields of air ;
The will of God's enough, without His red right arm made bare.
'Twas He that gave the Fiend a space, to prove him still the same ;
Then bade wild Hell, with hideous laugh, be stirred her prey to claim.

In some of his shorter miscellaneous lyrics Aird attains a level of distinction. His interest in Biblical themes induced him, although

Byron was a predecessor, characteristically to touch "Belshazzar's Feast"; he apostrophises Mont Blanc in a lyric which may be appreciatively read even by admirers of Coleridge; he happily sets a gracious royal practice of Austria in his "Wash the Feet of Poor Old Age"; and he writes fresh and buoyant "Songs of the Seasons," and heralds the Swallow in this dainty fashion :

The little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea,
The comer of the summer, all the sunny days to be.
How pleasant through the pleasant sleep thy early twitter heard,
O, swallow by the lattice ! glad days be thy reward.

The river blue that lapses through the valley hears thee sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light-dipping wing.
The thunder-cloud, over us bowed, in deeper gloom is seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brings thee back with leading-strings of love
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in our eaves.

Aird edited the Poetical Works of D. M. Moir ("Delta"), to which he prefixed an adequate memoir, valuable not only for its immediate purpose, but also for its rich and piquant allusiveness. In 1863 he resigned his editorship. During the years of his retirement his services were utilised in connection with centenary celebrations of Burns and Scott, on both of whom he delivered lofty and appropriate eulogies. What he said of Scott's poetry is applicable to his own, and may be taken as indicating to some extent the spirit in which he had written. "Scott's poetry," he said, "may be sneered at now and then by the disciples of the Self-conscious school; but it is a pictorial embodiment of thought and feeling, which is far better than a description and discussion of them; it is natural, healthy, and refreshing as sunshine, dew, and air, and will never go out of fashion." Aird's collected Poems reached their fourth edition in 1874, while the poet was still alive. He remained a bachelor, and, after a serene old age, devoted to his friends, his birds, and his flowers, he died at Dumfries in 1876. In 1888 Messrs. Blackwood, his publishers from the first, issued a fifth edition of his Poetical Works, with an appreciative prefatory biography by Mr. Jardine Wallace.

THOMAS BAYNE.

THE UPPER CLASSES UNDER FORMER EDWARDS.

HISTORIANS have only lately recognised that without a clear conception of the smallest details of daily life we cannot really enter into the spirit of a past age. It is the object of the present sketch to endeavour to realise some of these details in regard to the life of the upper classes about six hundred years ago.

In reading English mediæval history there is no word more confusing than that of "lord." It is sometimes used when speaking of the small country squire, who, as "lord" of the manor, exercised the rights of lordship over the villeins on his estate. Or, again, the word is used in regard to the great lord or baron, whose position, in every way, was as far as possible removed from that of his smaller country neighbour.

First let us consider what was the kind of dwelling which the ordinary manorial lord or country gentleman occupied. Do we realise that it was one of the rudest and most primitive of habitations? Even four hundred years ago some of the greatest of the squirearchical families in England lived in cottages built of clay and thatched with straw. In the time of the early Edwards these houses only contained one bedroom. In this single bedroom, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, slept even the fifteenth-century squire who had his four-poster bed with curtains round it. The daughters and servant-girls slept in the same room, while the serving-men and the sons of the squire lay on straw and on benches near the fire downstairs.

The house was a strange mixture of splendour and squalor. The "hall"—a low room, perhaps seven feet to the rafters, unceiled—had indeed its huge fireplace and stained-glass window, but it was the one and only sitting-room in the house. This one room had to serve a hundred different purposes. Here the ladies sat at their sewing, here the dinner was cooked, here the lord dispensed justice to his retainers, and here the men slept at night. The picturesque side of mediæval life blinds us to the terrible discomfort which such

conditions must have entailed. In early times, also, this discomfort must have been much added to by the dark and insanitary construction of the building. These houses were often built round a tiny quadrangle, which was flanked on its other sides by stables, cow-houses, and barns. As all the windows, for the sake of security, looked into this quadrangle, the misery of such an arrangement may be imagined.

But we must not confuse these rude country houses with the castles of the great barons. The fourteenth century furnished many splendid specimens of them, and in many respects the architecture of this period holds a foremost place. Pembroke, Windsor, Clifford's Tower in York, and Warwick were built at this time. Although even the great baronial castles had few rooms properly so called, they had a vast range of outbuildings, and large numbers of retainers could be accommodated within the limits of the castle moat. To these great castles of the nobles were sent the sons of the landed gentry for their education, while their fathers often held offices in the baron's household which we should now regard as menial. How splendid was the entertainment given in these large castles we may gather from the household accounts of the Earl of Lancaster in 1313. He spent in that year the equivalent to £109,635 of our money in entertainment—a sum which, according to the then price of provisions, would have gone much further than at the present day. It is not, however, pleasant to think of other sides to the picture in this grand baronial life. The virtue which is now supposed to rank next to godliness was conspicuously absent. Even as late as Henry VII.'s time we find, from the records of the Percy family, that the whole washing for 216 persons for one year amounted to only £40 of our money, and that even most of this modest bill was for the chapel linen! Table-cloths were washed once a month; there were no napkins, and fingers were chiefly used for knives and forks.

There are some quaint old books, reprinted by the Early English Text Society, which give us the etiquette required from youths of gentle blood who acted as pages in these great houses. "When they first enter their lord's place in the morning, let them come in, not with a rush, but at an easy pace, say 'God speed,' hold up their heads, salute their lord on one knee, and look straight into the face of any one who speaks to them until he has done speaking; then answer shortly and to the point, for many words are right tedious." The manners of the ladies at this period do not always seem to have been of the best. Thus we find a lady in polite society giving such counsel to her daughter as "Do not be apt to swear; and

when you have taken your cloth to the market, do not spend the money it brings at the tavern. Drink moderately when good ale is served ; it will be a shame to you if you are often drunk." It seems probable that in those old days the upper classes not only consumed much more food than they do now, but that the dinners were of a much more varied and elaborate character. John Russell, who was usher to Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, has left us the fullest particulars of their bills of fare. In the fifteenth century a country gentleman began his dinner with "brawn and mustard, bacon and peas, beef or mutton stewed, boiled chicken, roast goose, pig or capon, or custard, as the season suits. For the second course he had meats provided, and mixed with grated bread, egg, herb and spice ; then veal, lamb, kid or coney, roast chicken or pigeon, with pies, cheese-cakes and fritters. Then spiced apples and pears, with bread and cheese, spiced cakes and wafers." These good things were washed down with an abundance of French wine and mead.

We are inclined to wonder after this that our ancestors had any digestions left. If they went wrong, there were certainly no doctors then capable of setting them right. We shudder as we read of some of the old medical prescriptions. Some of them are amusingly alarming. Here, for instance, is the fashionable method of treating small-pox by John Gaddesden, who was the great authority of physic in the fourteenth century : "After the appearance of the eruption, cause the whole body of your patient to be wrapped in red scarlet cloth, or in any other red cloth, and command everything about the bed to be made red. This is an excellent cure." His cure for epilepsy is as follows :

"The patient and his parents must fast three days, and then go to church. The patient must first confess ; he must hear mass on Friday and Saturday, and then on Sunday the priest read over the patient's head the Gospel for September, in the time of vintage, after the Feast of the Holy Cross. After this, the priest shall write out this portion of the Gospel reverently, and bind it about the patient's neck, and he shall be cured."

Here we are naturally led to ask what was the state of education at this period. It would appear that even in the thirteenth century optics and mechanics were intelligently studied, and the great mind of Roger Bacon looked far into the possibilities of the future. Before the first Edward reigned, he spoke of carriages that can go without horses, boats that can sail against the wind, and glasses that can reflect distant objects. But the stern and superstitious religion of the time warned him off the forbidden ground of locomotive,

steamboat, and heliograph, and the advance of science was soon blocked by the barren arguments of the Schoolmen. The youth of the country flocked to Oxford to learn "bad logic and worse metaphysics." The life of the University in the first Edward's time presents a dreary picture. We read in Green's History of "thousands of boys huddled in bare lodging-houses, clustering round teachers as poor as themselves in church porch and house porch, drinking, quarrelling, dicing, begging at the corners of the streets. . . . The retainers who follow their young lords fight out the feuds of their houses in the streets." The Church was the sworn foe of intellectual enquiry, and the influence of the Church was immensely increased by the agency of the begging friars.

The life of the baron or great noble in the time of the early Edwards must have been full of variety and colour. His power was so great that he could even sometimes defy the king himself. "I fear thunder and lightning not a little, Lord Simon," said Henry III., "but I fear *you* more than all the thunder and lightning in the world." Earl Warrenne, again, drew his trusty sword before Edward I.'s commissioners and said, "*This* is my title deed." The barons were always more than a match for a weak king, and this was because they formed a part of the national life, and were felt by the people to be Englishmen in spirit as much as the simplest ploughmen. The wars with France gave them opportunities of travel, and of learning the ways of the outer world. Not merely their humbler dependents, but the great squires and country gentlemen were ready, as Hallam says, "to follow their banner in a rising without enquiry into the cause." To wear the livery of a nobleman was at once a distinction and a safeguard. Their crest was a sign around which all their partisans would flock. Everyone knew the Horse of Gloucester, the Swan of Arundel, and the Bear of Warwick. But though the influence of the nobles was immense, their powers were strictly defined by law. The law, indeed, they often set at defiance; but if they waged private wars, they did so at their own risk, and they were not unfrequently hanged for doing so. Their power over their tenants was limited, and there was always an unbounded liberty of appeal to the king's courts.

In an age when physical force occupied a much more prominent place than in our own day, it is natural to find more importance attached to all kinds of outdoor sport. Hunting and hawking were the favourite diversions of the age. The former amusement, indeed, has never lost its hold on England; but we should still feel somewhat astonished if we heard of the present Archbishop of York hunting from parish to parish with a train of two hundred persons. Yet this

is what one of his predecessors did in the year 1321, though we are glad to hear that Alexander III. issued a dispensation to relieve the clergy of Berkshire from keeping the Archdeacon in dogs and hawks during his visitation.

Foremost amongst the amusements of this age was the love of minstrelsy. The minstrel of the Middle Ages combined the offices of musician and poet. He would sing ballads, often of his own composition, to the accompaniment of the harp, the tabor, or the flute, and, as Chaucer tells us in his "Miller's Tale," he could dance as well, "with his legges casten to and fro." He was always a welcome visitor at the castles of the great, and on high days performed before the lord in the hall. The kings and nobles kept their own bands of minstrels, and Froissart tells us how once King Edward III. on the deck of his ship "made his minstrels play to him a dance of Almain, that Messer John Chandos, who was there, had lately brought back." In those days, as well as in our own, the clergy took their part in providing amusement for the people, and by means of pageants and miracle plays sought to enforce the lessons of the Church. It is to be feared, however, that most of these plays entirely lacked that reverence of spirit which marks the performance at Ammergau. In this way the clergy became the originators of our drama, which afterwards passed into lay hands.

Tournaments, which appear so prominently in the Middle Ages, were always discountenanced by the Church, on the ground of the unnecessary bloodshed. Three popes, we are told, forbade them, and Alexander III. refused Christian burial to those slain in such contests. From a different motive our kings opposed them, as they dreaded the assemblage in arms of so many men on one spot. But the spirit of chivalry, from which tournaments sprung, was undoubtedly in itself beneficial. There was in chivalry itself an element of infinite tenderness which softened the manners of that rough age, and caused the strong to respect the weak. But even chivalry failed to raise the legal status of women, and we find the lawyer Fleta defining their position as being "under the rod."

There is a curious letter which has come down to us from Edward I. to his second wife, Margaret of France, and which is most interesting as giving a picture of these times. Edward I. was then sixty-three years of age, and had been three years married to his second wife. It was probably written in May 1305, from St. Albans, during the course of a royal progress. The following is a translation published some years ago :

"DEAR COUSIN,—We have well understood the Letters which

you sent us by the Bearer of these presents, and with respect to your entreaties that we should let you know whether we feel better now while on our journey through the Country than we did before, we inform you that each day is better than the last, and that we are already—God be thanked!—in good health. And if you would vouchsafe to enquire into the manner of our entry into St. Albans, you would know how we comport ourself in our Country Progress. And touching that which you tell us that your physician has advised you to be blooded next Tuesday, which you are loth to do until our will is ascertained, we let you know that we will and command you to allow yourself to be blooded in any place, and at any time you shall think most fit for the estate of your body. Concerning your prayer to ascertain you of our progress between Langley and Banstead, we know nothing certainly as yet, and will give you no account thereof until we know that you have been blooded. Therefore we will that you cause yourself to be blooded before coming to Banstead, as bleeding will be more easy to you than after your arrival, for you will then be in a greater commotion than you are now. Therefore we will that you cause yourself to be blooded at the earliest and best opportunity for your relief. And as soon as you shall let us know how you have been blooded, we will tell you all about our journey from Langley to Banstead."

There are curious little realistic touches in this letter which seem to bring back to us that strange old-world life. The dangers of the road on "the Country Progress" to St. Albans, the universal belief in the power of the barber-surgeon, the playful solicitude of the King's bargain with his wife, all stand out in delightful relief.

In thinking of these times there is perhaps no greater element of difference between past and present than the absence of that public opinion which is represented by the power of the Press. And yet, though it may at first sight seem a paradox, it may be confidently asserted that under the early Edwards there was considerably greater freedom of public opinion than in the early days of the printing press. The growing power of a real public opinion was far more greatly feared and strongly repressed in the early Tudor times. A public opinion fostered by begging friars, poor preachers, and wandering minstrels was nothing to be feared in comparison with those dreadful printed sheets which later on were to light the torches of heresy and revolution. Thus, in later days, a proclamation of Henry VIII. was issued against "light persons who have issued books of news," and this would seem to refer to those rude pamphlets and broadsheets which were the forerunners of our

newspapers. Fancy regarding the Editor of the *Times* or *Daily Telegraph* as a "light person"! or think how good King Hal would have dealt with the too intrusive War Correspondent! But in the fourteenth century the force of a rude public opinion was allowed greater liberty, and to what lengths it could assert itself, even amongst the labourers, is evidenced by the revolt of the serfs and by Richard II.'s charter to the men of Essex and Hertford. The poor preachers of Wycliffe were the foremost agents not only in the cause of religious freedom, but also in that of political liberty.

In discussing the social life of this age we must make some allusion to the condition of the two great services. At a time when the question of Conscription *versus* Voluntary Service is so much discussed, it is interesting to remember that by the old Anglo-Saxon constitution all freemen were liable to be called on for military service. The Statute of Winchester required every man to keep arms according to his property. At periods of national danger the general levy was called out by the sheriff. But as the sheriff was a person of no military experience, the practical supervision was taken by a trained military officer. When this post of command became permanent, the officer was called "the lieutenant of the county." Hence the origin of the officers in the Militia being nominated by the lord lieutenant of the county.

Besides this militia of freemen, the army had two other distinct sources of supply. According to the feudal system, every owner of land worth more than £20 was bound to find the king one soldier to serve without pay for forty days. By degrees, however, it was found that this system failed and was wholly insufficient. And in this way there arose the third system, by which the king himself regularly contracted with the military chiefs and great nobles to supply a certain number of soldiers at a fixed rate. It was this third system of hired troops which finally led to the substitution of standing armies instead of the militia, the first trace of a standing army in England being the appointment by Henry VII. of one hundred Yeomen of the Guard. Charles VII. of France, as early as 1450, showed the immense superiority of such a force by his body of nine thousand cavalry; but the real standing army in England dates from the time of William and Anne. It is clear that the argument from early English history is strongly in favour of the system. It has been said, and probably with truth, that if Charles I. had possessed a standing army, the Civil War would have been ended before Cromwell's genius had the chance of training a force upon the other side. And how great was the superiority even in early times of a

standing force is evidenced by the superiority of the French standing artillery, which so soon destroyed the English power in France.

The reputation of the English navy stood high even in the days of Edward I. In his time English and French sailors disputed, as they have so often disputed since, and conflicts between single ships often occurred in the Channel. On these occasions the Dutch seamen took our side, while the Genoese sided with the French. At length matters reached a crisis, and at the great naval battle of St. Mahé, off Brittany, the fleet of the Cinque Ports destroyed a French fleet of about two hundred vessels.

In the days of Edward III. a large ship of war was manned by forty sailors, forty armed men, and sixty archers, whose deadly fire certainly caused a far larger loss of life than would be effected by a modern broadside of heavy guns. By a charter dating from the time of William I. the Cinque Ports were bound to furnish fifty-two ships for fifteen days. If the King wanted any more ships he simply seized them, and we find the Venetians complaining upon one occasion that Edward III. had seized their galleys to transport troops. There were then two Admirals—one north and one south of the mouth of the Thames—and they commanded the navy, just in the same way as the army was commanded by the Constable and the Marshal. It is interesting to notice the names of certain special ships built at Southampton in the reign of Henry V. Two of these were called *The Trinity* and *The Holy Ghost*, and one of the captains rejoiced in the emphatically British name of "John Bull." The dockyards at Deptford, Woolwich, and Portsmouth were not established until the time of Henry VIII.

In reviewing this period of the early Edwards, and in contrasting it with our own, we are chiefly struck by two characteristics which must have robbed life of much of its happiness. It was a time when existence was terribly insecure, and when the most inquisitorial system directed every department of society. We still have roads left in England, like portions of the Watling Street, which remind us by the distance of the hedges from the highway what a service of danger it was to travel for even the shortest distance. A law was passed in Edward I.'s time that, as a security for travellers against sudden attacks from robbers, all brushwood was to be destroyed for a space of two hundred feet on either side of the highway. Again, every man's life and conduct became the subject of the most minute enquiry. From the tradesman in his shop to the domestic servant in the house, no one escaped the strictest supervision. The baker

was obliged by the laws of the municipality to knead his bread in the presence of his customers, and identify every loaf by his seal. But the severest tribunal of all was the Court of the Archdeacon. For the smallest breach of moral conduct a delinquent might be brought before him, and a heavy penance imposed. Mr. Pearson tells us "from incontinence to foul speech, from perjury to angry words, from the man guilty of witchcraft or sacrilege to the negligent churchwarden or niggardly payer of tithes, there was scarcely an offence or offender against the complex ecclesiastical code that was too small or too great to form matter of enquiry."

Much as we may admire the colour, the movement, and the bravery of the age of the early Edwards, we feel that at such expense of freedom its fascination would have been dearly bought. But, at the same time, the very difficulty of its conditions was the prime factor in forming the character of that race who are the loyal subjects of a seventh Edward to-day.

HENEAGE H. JEBB.

WITH THE FISHER-FOLK AT WILD DOUARNENEZ.

DOUARNENEZ is the wild and picturesque home of a primitive and picturesque people. Both seem to represent Nature in a somewhat darkly passionate mood, and the precarious, changeful life of the fishers seems to harmonise with this rugged and sea-washed coast of Finisterre, where summer days are fitful and short-lived.

Guide-books describe Douarnenez, in their prosaic fashion, as the "Headquarters of the Sardine industry," and life is doubtless a stern reality to the natives who toil in catching and curing fish for the markets; but the visitor with an eye for effect sees only the weird and mournful beauty that characterises the place.

Judging by the suspicious glances occasionally thrown at us, strangers are neither familiar nor welcome to some of the natives of this far-off town; but we were bent on exploring Douarnenez, and enjoying to the full all that it could offer of beauty or interest.

During the afternoon its hilly and winding streets were deserted, except for the groups of women who sat on their doorsteps, knitting, and chatting in Breton, but the normal state of the place is far from being quiet. All day long one hears the noise of sabots on the cobbled streets, and even in church the whole congregation clatter along in their "wooden shoon," quite regardless of the effect. On every side are fresh aspects of the fisher life. Nets hang out to dry from the cottage windows, and hang in festoons across the narrow streets of the lower town; men, women and children come from the boats carrying loads of heavy nets upon their backs, strings of newly-caught fish hanging from their hands.

Down by the harbour at sunset the scene was intensely interesting. Many boats were already at anchor, their dark masts and nets standing out in bold relief against a luminous sky; others—eagerly waited for by watchers on the pier—were running in fast with the tide, their painted sides and brown sails reflected in the clear green water of the harbour.

Gradually the crowd of loungers along the sea-wall thickened, as

men who had finished the day's toil gathered together for a smoke and friendly yarn. It required some courage on the part of two lone Englishwomen to fix a camera here and isolate some figures from the crowd. One fisher-lad dared to sit for his portrait, and, with arms folded, he smiled serenely at his gaping, jeering comrades. The lad was unconscious of his artistic value, but a painter would have rejoiced in his tanned face shaded by the fishing-cap, and in his ochre-coloured garments, turned here and there into warm sienna tints by effect of sea and sunshine. Desire to see herself from a pictorial standpoint, or the hope of making money, brought a hideous old woman, wrinkled and toothless, before the camera, and though greeted with ironical cries of "*Voilà un joli tableau*," she was not at all disconcerted.

Rough as were the men, they were not uncivil; but the women looked darkly distrustful as they crowded round, evidently bent on making money from the strangers. With faces pressed unpleasantly near, they cried in hoarse voices, "*Vous travaillez pour rien, mais nous autres, nous travaillons pour des sous*;" but, judging by our blank looks that we did not understand them, they soon wearied, and left us to go our way.

It was a relief to turn from these unrestful faces to the peaceful sky. The last rays of sunlight were stealing from point to point of the foreground, intensifying the colour of the brown rocks and the green foliage above the harbour. Then came the subdued crimson and gold of the afterglow; the mountains across the bay grew more and more distant, and from the islands of Tristan and Michael the sound of church bells came floating to us on the mainland.

Everywhere the sunset hour lends itself to poetic effect, touching all the common things of life with mystery, and obscuring all that is ugly and sordid. At Douarnenez the early summer twilight is made the more impressive because after the Angelus comes leisure for worship, and in May, the "*Mois de Marie*," special supplications are made to the Virgin, whose shrine is covered with flowers.

Nowhere in Brittany are the people more observant of religion than at Douarnenez. On Sundays their churches are crowded, and on week-days they are rarely empty. Every now and then comes the sound of sabots, and figures kneel with clasped hands and earnest faces before the sacred shrines. We visited the other churches, but the spacious parish church attracted us most, being the centre of the village life, and one of the few spots where the peasants could find solitude.

One evening we came upon a curiously impressive scene, unique even in Brittany. Outside the church was a sky of turquoise, with masses of purple and crimson clouds ; but within the sanctuary all was darkness, save for the glimmer of a solitary candle on the altar rails, and of others burning on a great pillar. The rays of light fell upon a group of women and girls listening intently to a woman in peasant dress who read aloud in Breton from a devotional book. Rembrandt would have delighted in the effect. Light fell upon the reader's face, and on the faces and white caps of her listeners, and shone upon the figure of the dead Christ hanging on the pillar above. The reading finished, the woman turned to the altar and recited a litany, to which all the others responded, standing in the same position. Still facing eastward, she started a curious Breton chant, in which all joined ; then, after a closing prayer, the lights were put out one by one, and the women dispersed, each carrying a chair back to its place. Gradually the sound of sabots died away, but a few aged women lingered as though unwilling to leave the dimly lighted altar.

The little hotel to which we returned seemed more than ever commonplace and sordid, but in spite of its primitive style, the food is good and the people attentive. This Hôtel de Commerce has been the headquarters of many artists, but few had arrived when we were there in early summer, and from what we could learn elsewhere, artists are less welcome at Douarnenez than at Concarneau, another centre of the sardine industry, where is a resident colony of artists.

At Douarnenez there is the same ever-changing colour and constant movement as at Concarneau, but the landscape seems lower in tone and the people less joyous in character. Many of them belong to the "Bigauden" race, of Asiatic origin, and have kept themselves apart from the Bretons. We saw many types of this race among the fishers and at the milk market, where crowds of women come from the surrounding country. On festive occasions their dress is richly embroidered and caps trimmed with long coloured ribbons ; but ordinarily they wear black dresses and coloured shawls, and little pointed caps, under which their black hair is drawn up in peculiar fashion. Beauty was certainly at a premium in the milk market, for the women's features are usually coarse, and their skins tanned and wrinkled by exposure to the weather. Some women smiled at the strangers, but others muttered in Breton, and the sullen expression of black eyes showed their objection to the camera.

Douarnenez is by no means easily exhausted. There are beautiful

walks around, and lovely nooks by the shores of its fine bay. At Ploaré fishers mend their nets outside in the sunshine, and the countrywomen on their way to the port rest and pray at the Calvary in the graveyard.

Audierne is easily reached by train, and not far distant inland is St. Anne la Palue, noted for its "Pardon"—one of the most important in Brittany. Crowds of people come from far and near to this "Pardon," and to the blessing of the boats at Douarnenez in June, when the priests in stately procession come to bid God-speed to the fishing fleet of some eight hundred boats.

Saturday at Douarnenez is a day full of interest. Preparations are made for the Dimanche, and many boats come early into harbour. The fish are divided between the crew, and laid out on the quay in primitive fashion, each man having a lot assigned to him. Then many of these stalwart fellows resort to the smaller inns, and spend their money in noisy revelry, or repair to the barbers' shops, where customers gossip while being shaved in full view of passers-by. Every one seems glad to be on shore, away from the hard life they have followed since early boyhood; for the sea, with its treacherous beauty, its colour, and beguiling murmur, may also seem terrible to the fishers, even though they love its syren-like charm. Picture a storm off the wild Finisterre coast; outside the harbour a raging sea, where boats often toss for days and nights, with small hope of a peaceful landing, while inside the great church weeping women kneel and intercede for those they love.

But on Saturday evening at Douarnenez we saw a happier side of the fisher life. If twilight throws a poetic glamour, it is by moonlight that the town looks at its best. We saw Douarnenez "*au clair de la lune*" when its streets were thronged by people, and lads and lasses wandered—as they never dare to wander by daylight, for fear of village gossip—hand in hand, and arm in arm. Uplifted faces revealed the old story of love, reminding us of Loti's "*Pêcheur d'Islande*." In such a throng as this Jan and Gaud were thrown together by the strange fate that also held them apart, to mingle at last for a brief period of pure joy.

To the poorest and meanest of these fishers, love brings a touch of the Divine, and though its pure gold may be mixed with alloy in this ignorant and passionate race, that does not concern us here. Enough for us that the glamour of a glorious summer night has cast its spell upon the world. Let us mingle with the crowd—one touch of nature making us kin to all that is best in the fisher-folk of Douarnenez.

J. QUIGLEY.

UNLICENSED NONCONFORMIST SCHOOLMASTERS:

1662 AND ONWARDS.

NO less a man than John Locke said: "Bartholomew Day was fatal to our Church and religion in throwing out a very great number of worthy, learned, pious, and orthodox divines." Palmer, the editor and continuator of Calamy's "Nonconformist's Memorial," definitises the "very great number" of Locke, by saying "upwards of two thousand." The number of ejected ministers is usually accepted as two thousand. Apparently this estimate is founded on an MS. Index of Calamy which includes 2,257 names. But Palmer himself points out that the first edition of Calamy's "Nonconformist's Memorial" only contains in the Index (as counted by a critic) 696 names, and of these a fourth part afterwards conformed.¹ Without examining into the question of the exact number of the ministers ejected in 1662, we may perhaps assume that Calamy's list of 696 is representative of all the kinds of ejected ministers, even if the total ought to be placed at three times that number. It is little wonder if many of the ejected ministers led such secluded lives after ejection as to make any account of them absolutely unattainable.

Taking, then, Calamy's list as representative, attention may be called to the remarkable analysis of it by Dr. White Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough. Calamy's "Nonconformist's Memorial" was first published in 1702 as "An abridgment of Mr. Baxter's history of his life and times, with an account of many . . . ministers who were ejected . . . and a continuation of their history till the year 1691." In 1728 appeared Dr. Kennet's "Register and Chronicle Ecclesiastical and Civil," dealing with affairs of State from

¹ The Rev. Alex. Gordon thinks Oliver Heywood may be right in estimating the gross total at 2,500, and adds that Baxter is probably very near the mark in his estimate of the number who entered on the Dissenting ministry at 1,800. *Dict. Nat. Biog.* vol. viii. p. 234.

1660 up to the Act of Uniformity in 1662. It is Kennet's declared object to show that the sufferings of the ejected ministers had been greatly exaggerated. He, therefore, sets himself to present some matters of fact which show, as he claims, that the ejected ministers did not suffer to the extent ordinarily asserted, and to establish, to use his own terms, "the great moderation and tenderness of our governors civil and ecclesiastical." Throughout these minimising considerations he chooses his illustrations from Calamy's "Abridgment." The section which especially claims attention in connection with education is the tenth, which is entitled "Many others of the dissenting ministers were indulged and connived at, in teaching schools, in keeping boarders, in being tutors to young noblemen, and gentlemen's sons, in setting up private academies, &c."

White Kennet enumerates thirty-one men named in Calamy as becoming schoolmasters after ejection from the Church in 1662. As we have seen, Calamy's Index of his first edition was said to contain 696 names. It is likely enough that thirty-one is too small a number, because there was no special reason why Calamy should take pains to discover every case in which the ejected minister took up teaching as whole or part of his work for a living. So that the particular mention of teaching as a means of livelihood is probably somewhat casual, and leads us to suppose that thirty-one out of 696 is under rather than over the mark.

The schools thus established were necessarily private schools. They were distributed up and down the country. The following list of places at which ejected ministers became schoolmasters is taken from the accounts of Calamy and White Kennet :

Islington, Nettlebed (Oxon), Enfield (Middlesex), Blackburn, Bethnal Green, Rochdale, Bolton and Kirkham-in-the-Field, Disworth Grange, Stockwell, Staplegrove, Bristol, Dedham, Dorking (Surrey), Selcombe (Sussex), Brightling (Sussex), Merthyr, Woolwich, Rydmerley (Worcestershire), Clayton (Yorks), Mackworth and Derby, Hackney, Clifton (Bedfordshire), Harrow-on-the-Hill, Walkington near Hull, Hansworth (Yorks), Rathmel (Yorks), Battersea, Mill Hill, Higham, Shelton (Oxon).

At Islington no less than three of such schools are named. But it is to be remembered that many of these schools were transitory and fugitive, depending upon the ejected ministers being unmolested. Apparently, very few escaped interference for long at a time. Then when the time came for flight to another place the school was transferred or broken up.

It is not likely that these schools were large, but they consisted

of the children of those who had sufficient intellectual and moral courage to dare to face the laws against open Nonconformity. There were many who accepted the position of Nonconformists who sent their children to the recognised public grammar schools, but the parents who risked the notoriety of letting their boys go to the school of the ejected minister identified themselves with his fortunes and shared his risks.

It is evident that the recognised public schools, especially the small grammar schools, would suffer in all probability in two ways. First, in a restriction of their *clientèle*; secondly, in the loss of boys of more than average ability. With regard to the latter aspect, Nonconformists in the first instance undoubtedly possessed in their ranks families of the stability which is engendered by readiness to face persecution or, at any rate, loss of reputation for conventional orthodoxy.

Since the ordinary, endowed, smaller schools would suffer, it is not surprising that steps should be taken to invoke the strong arm of the law against these intruders into schoolmastering, who might be a real danger in poaching on the domain of the recognised and licensed teachers. Licensing of teachers was entirely in the hands of the bishop of each diocese. By the Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical of 1603 (No. lxxvii.) it is enacted, "No man shall teach either in public school or private house, but such as shall be allowed by the bishop of the diocese, or ordinary of the place, under his hand and seal, being found meet as well for his learning and dexterity in teaching as for sober and honest conversation, and also for right understanding of God's true religion." In Article lxxviii. it is expressly declared that when a curate who is either "master of arts or bachelor of arts, or is otherwise well able to teach youth, and will willingly do so, for the better increase of his living, and training up of children in principles of true religion," that such curates are to have a monopoly of such teaching, except in country towns where there is a public school.¹

¹ Article lxxix. on the Duty of Schoolmasters is as follows :

"All schoolmasters shall teach in English or Latin, as the children are able to bear, the larger or shorter Catechism heretofore by public authority set forth. And as often as any sermon shall be upon holy and festival days within the parish where they teach they shall bring their scholars to the church when such sermon shall be made, and there see them quietly and soberly behave themselves; and shall examine them at times convenient, after their return, what they have borne away of such sermons. Upon other days, and at other times, they shall train them up with such sentences out of Holy Scripture as shall be most expedient to induce them to all godliness; and they shall teach the grammar set forth by King Henry VIII.,

How far curates had availed themselves of this prior right to school-teaching it is difficult to say, but it is easy to see that incumbents of church livings would join the masters "allowed" for the public schools in their case against the Nonconformist schoolmasters teaching without the bishop's licence.

It is not, therefore, surprising to find an attack on these Nonconformists, thus invading vested interests. In 1663 appeared "A Discourse concerning Schools and Schoolmasters offered to publick Consideration."¹ It is written with much spirit, and contains some matter on schoolmasters which has both professional and pedagogical interest, of which I will give some quotations later on in an appendix to this article. The writer begins by a plea for further educational facilities. "It may," he says, "justly provoke the admiration of any considering person, that all sorts of people should be so remiss in this point, that amongst other provisions they seem to look upon education as the least necessary, and think that charge lost which is spent in breeding their children. . . . It must needs pity any Christian heart to see the little dirty infantry which swarms up and down in alleys and lanes, with curses and ribaldry in their mouths, and other ill rude behaviour, as if they were intended to put off their humanity and to degenerate into brutes. What hopes may we entertain of posterity, when the better sort are sent over to foreign schools of vice, to learn fashions, to court mistresses, dance *à la mode*, and swear with a grace; and the worser sort are sent no whither, but learn to imitate and outdo those sorry examples they have at home?"

Such a commencement seems to promise a readiness to welcome with public spirit any new body of efficient teachers, but any such expectation is dispelled when the writer pleads simply and solely for

and continued in the times of King Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth of noble memory, and none other. And if any schoolmaster, being licensed, and having subscribed as aforesaid, shall offend in any of the premises, or either speak, write, or teach against anything whereunto he hath formerly subscribed (if upon admonition by the ordinary he do not amend and reform himself), let him be suspended from teaching school any longer."

¹ By Marchamont Needham or Nedham, who was born in 1620, educated at Burford School, and entered All Souls' College, Oxford, as a chorister 1634, took B.A. degree 1637, became usher at Merchant Taylors' School, and then under-clerk in Gray's Inn. He also studied medicine, and practised as a physician after the Restoration, but his chief interest was that of journalism and pamphleteering. Nedham was quite equal to writing for the Parliament or the King, and can hardly be said to have been trusted by either party. The "Discourse" discloses Nedham in the mood of ultra-constitutionalist. (See *Dict. Nat. Biog.* vol. xl. p. 159, from which these details of Nedham are taken.)

public schools. "I should propose," he says, "that there should be no allowance for anyone whatsoever to keep a private school, upon his own account, unless it be the clerk of the parish, whose office it should be (with an allowance for it) to teach all children of the parish at certain hours each day to write and read, and that by the direction and under the inspection of the minister; and on Saturdays to prepare them for their public answering in the church to the Catechism questions; and that when children are thus instructed in their own parish they should be then sent to some public school, unless the parent were of an estate to keep a tutor (to be approved by the bishop) in his house, or were of so low a fortune that he could not be at the charge of breeding his child a scholar. For without question many of those whistling undertakers that appear not in public stations, but venture out upon their own private bottom, *besides that they drain the public schools, to their great hindrance and discouragement, citizens being easily pleased with anything that is new-fangled; may very well be suspected to have no honest warrantable design, if they be well inquired into.*"

The way is thus open to an attack on the Nonconformist schoolmasters. With the Church Canons against them, and the Act of Uniformity more than confirming the Canons of 1603, their case before the law, both civil and ecclesiastical, seems to have been less than doubtful.¹ This "Discourse," written a year after the Act of Uniformity, continues: "There are at this time about the city several masters of private schools, which have been and are still Covenanters, Presbyterians, Nonconformists; some of whom have been outed out of other men's places for schism, who yet are encouraged by the confluence of youth from the city and by the favour of some Noble Families: one at Clapham, one at Tottenham High Cross, one or two at Chelsea, one or two at Newington, one at least at Hackney, &c., and so (as I am told) *throughout the whole kingdom those of that party are designing the same course.* Whether

¹ Article XI. of the Act of Uniformity reads:

"And if any schoolmaster or other person instructing or teaching youth in any private house or family as a tutor or schoolmaster shall instruct or teach any youth as a tutor or schoolmaster, before licence obtained from his respective archbishop, bishop, or ordinary of the diocese, according to the laws and statutes of this realm (for which he shall pay twelve pence only), and before such subscription or acknowledgment made as aforesaid: then every such schoolmaster and other instructing and teaching as aforesaid shall, for the first offence, suffer three months' imprisonment, without bail or mainprize; and for every second and other such offence shall suffer three months' imprisonment, without bail or mainprize, and also forfeit to his Majesty the sum of five pounds."

this be the fault of the under (law) officers . . . or whether it be the craft and cunning of these Merchants of the Faction, who rather than sit out will play any game, I am not able to discern. . . . However, it hath a very ill face, and portends unluckily enough to the peace of the Nation, *that there are suffered such Seminaries of Faction*, as if it were designed that Posterity should retrieve the *Good Old Cause*, and the children should carry on the *Work of the Lord* in the following generation, which hath proved too hot in ours (Thanks be to God) for the fathers' fingers. *Will not these suffering Brethren have a fair opportunity of being revenged on the Reverend Fathers of our Church for their severity in turning them out of unjust livings by training youth to a contempt of Church Authority and Order, and keeping on foot Nurseries (like Barkstead's regiment) of those who may hereafter make up a Schismatical Army?*"

No one can deny that from the point of view advocated the case for persecution is put suavisely. Traditionally no one could teach school without the bishop's licence. Legally, by the Act of Uniformity, the tradition was reinforced. The Nonconformist could not apply for the licence, whatever his teaching qualifications. There was only the way out for him: the law might be against him, but he might evade it, or it might not be pressed against him. It is the object of the "Discourse concerning Schools and Schoolmasters" to urge that leniency in the enforcement of the law against Nonconformist schoolmasters would be a menace to the commonwealth.

"My Lords," the writer proceeds, apparently addressing the bishops, "you had much better have continued them in the Pulpit; they will do ten times more mischief now amongst the Lambs than they could have done amongst the Sheep. What they did then was like stealing of standing corn out of the Field, but rubbing the Ears; but what they do now is stealing the Seed, the next year's crop, which the Civil Law hath determined to be a far greater theft. They have sufficiently spoiled the present Age, must they now be turned loose to spoil the next Age too? If those Spirits by their Religious canting could carry away Men and Women from their obedience to the Father of their Country and from the bosom of their Mother the Church, ah! my Lords, Are they to be trusted with the children? I am of Opinion that if the Vicar-General would instead of school-licences give them licences to practise Physic, he might do the whole Nation a very good office.¹ For by this means, those of their own

¹ This surely implies that some so-called Nonconformists actually obtained school-licences. But they certainly cannot have had much reputation with a *clientèle* of convinced Nonconformist views. As to licences for physicians, the

tribe being the onely persons that would probably make use of them, they might in some reasonable time give a fair account of the whole Fraternity ; as we used to rid our houses of Rats, by teaching one to eat Rat's flesh, and then hanging a bell about his neck, he will never give over till he have ferreted all the gang away."

Curiously enough, White Kennet alleges, as an ameliorating circumstance to the sufferings of the Nonconformists, the fact that "not a few" ministers turned their course of life and studies to the practise of physic, "and thereby lived and died in greater plenty and credit than if they had continued in their former stations." Kennet gathers together a list of thirty ejected ministers who thus became physicians, a number almost the same as that of the schoolmasters as recorded in Calamy. Calamy relates of one of these practitioners, apparently without any sense of humour : "Seldom did he visit his patients without reading a lecture of divinity to them and praying with them." But of another he relates, quite contrary to Mr. Marchamont Nedham's forecast : "Even they that hated him on the account of his preaching as a Nonconformist, yet loved him for the sake of their bodies." But it does not appear improbable that men who were suspects, as were the silenced ministers, would have to show a skill higher than that of the average of the profession they adopted if they were to hold their own. At any rate, this must have been the case where they obtained the respect and support of those who differed from them in religious opinions.

One attack made upon the Nonconformist schools cannot be passed by. Nedham says "that some of the schoolmasters pretend not to meddle with the instruction, but leave that to a little officer, some puny fellow they get from the University, who may subscribe according to the Act, while themselves keep their own conscience free to the Godly design."¹ He maintains that there is real danger, even if they are without knowledge of letters, in their "hums and haws, in their graces and family exercises, it being so familiar with men of that principle to sow sedition in their very prayers." In short, to use his own words, "those who were censured unfit for Church-work ought to be judged much less fit for the work of the school."

Statute 3 Henry VIII. c. 11, gave Bishops and their Vicars-General the right of licensing physicians and surgeons in their several dioceses. In 1665 Archbishop Sheldon required the bishops of his province to enquire whether all physicians practising were licensed.

¹ One such instance given by Calamy is Mr. Isaac Bedford. "He took scholars to board, and employed a Conformist to teach them." He died at Clifton (Beds) about 1667.

The following is the peroration of Marchamont Nedham's "Discourse":

"I shall conclude with an humble address to those in place and power (it being not impossible that some such may chance to let fall their eye on this paper): That the Honourable Court of Parliament would, as they tender the peace of these kingdoms, and the preservation of their own good laws, lay to heart and take into serious consideration the necessity of wholesome institutions for our children; that they would give public schools a public countenance, and remove those grievances which they labour under, by settling handsome salaries and establishing some kind of uniformity. That they would not suffer those seeds to be scattered in the minds of youth which have in these late years produced such a harvest of mischiefs and confusions (upon this ground that royal clemency is to be limited to persons, not to be extended to principles). That they would take up that noble design of perpetuating themselves in a well-bred posterity: and lastly, that they would not be slow in a business of so great and quick concernment, the hopes of the next Age lying at stake, children growing up into men apace; and what is taken in now being hardly cured hereafter, the elder sort affording very few examples of conversion. That especially the Right Reverend the Bishops would not onely provide for the sheep but take care that the lambs may be fed, as the great Shepherd and Bishop gives them order. That they would in their dioceses visit schools as well as churches, and encourage youth in virtue. That they would please to use their power for detecting the frauds of trustees and for restoring to schools their rights. And in fine, That they would enjoin their ordinaries to be very strict and careful what masters they admit, how they are qualified and affected to (the) present government both of Church and State. For he that is an Enemy of one can be no Friend to the other. And to call, especially all private Teachers and schoolmasters (whatever their pretence may be) to a public account; it being found a task almost impossible by all methods the Church of England can use to recover those persons to a sound orthodox sense whose Childhood hath been poisoned and prepossessed with schism."

But Nedham's "Discourse," interesting as it is as a document showing the feeling that existed in the violent partisans against the unlicensed Nonconformist schoolmasters, cannot be accepted as a fair statement of the case. To mention only a few instances from Calamy. Some of those men driven to schoolmasters' work were distinguished scholars.

Ralph Button, for instance, had been Professor of Geometry in Gresham College from 1643 to 1648. In that year he was chosen as Proctor in the University of Oxford. In the same year he became Canon of Christchurch and University Orator, yet after the Restoration he was ejected from his office in the University and removed to Brentford. For teaching two knight's sons in his house he was about six months in gaol. Later, "on the Indulgence, he kept an Academy at Islington, where Sir John Jekyll was one of his pupils." He died in 1680.

Another instance is Edmund Thorpe, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge. He had "many" boarders after his ejection. "Many gentlemen in Kent and Surrey sent their children to him." What is more remarkable, Calamy informs us that three *conforming* ministers sent their children to his school, and one of these on his death-bed desired Mr. Thorpe to be the guardian of his two sons, "which trust he discharged with great faithfulness."

As a third instance, take the case of Mr. Samuel Birch, at one time chaplain of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who, ejected from Bampton, Oxon, hired a house at Shelton, "where he fixed in May 1664, and had a good number of boarders. In 1665 the churchwardens of the parish, by the direction of Mr. Grove, the minister, presented him to the Bishop's Court for not communicating at Church, and for teaching school. But the Chancellor was very civil to him . . . and he was dismissed. He was inclined to have removed to his native place near Manchester, where he had a small estate; but the gentlemen of the parish would not suffer him to leave that county. They placed him in a large mansion-house in the neighbourhood . . . and sent their sons to him for education (a service for which he was peculiarly qualified), and he remained there till the time of his death, having his house continually full of young nobility and gentry from many parts of the nation. Fourteen of those who had been his scholars were in Parliament the same session, in the reign of Queen Anne, and some of her chief ministers were of the number. . . . One of these gentlemen told Mr. Tanner (a grandson of Mr. Birch) at the time when the Dissenters were so much inveighed against in Parliament, 'that his grandfather was the best Christian, the best scholar, and the most gentleman-like master he ever knew.' And others who had their education under him in like manner often expiated in his commendation. However, he could never be at rest till the last years of his life, but was perpetually molested either by the deputy-lieutenants or the Bishops of Oxford or the gentlemen of Doctors' Commons. He was once imprisoned,

but some gentlemen in the neighbourhood gave bail for him, and he was liberated the next day."

Now, if these accounts represent the typical early unlicensed Nonconformist schoolmasters, it will be seen that they must be considered as an important element in the progress of educational work in England in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Such examples show the success of the typical Nonconformist schools in their work. It would seem probable that they were successful also numerically, for, in 1665, Archbishop Sheldon issued orders to the Bishops of his province concerning schoolmasters and instructors of youth to get full statistics of all free schools and the names of all teachers in the public schools, together with the full statement as to their licences and as to whether they frequented the public prayers of the Church and caused their scholars to do the same. What is perhaps historically of particular interest about this order is that an inquiry is specifically made with regard to "public mistresses of schools and instructors and teachers of young maids or women." This is probably the first occasion on which an interest is manifested officially in girls' education.

In 1672 Archbishop Sheldon sends, further, a letter to his suffragans, enjoining in the king's name, "That (by the most effectual remedies that may be) such as without licence, either publicly or privately, teach school within your lordships' or their officers' jurisdiction, be forthwith proceeded against, according to such rules as are prescribed unto us for their restraint."

This letter coming ten years after the Act of Uniformity would seem to show from the Archbishop's point of view a certain troublesome success of the unlicensed schools, numerically.

APPENDIX.

PASSAGES OF EDUCATIONAL INTEREST FROM NEDHAM'S "DISCOURSE CONCERNING SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS."

I.—The Schoolmasters' Stipend.

"'Tis the salary which makes schools and learning flourish. *Chi ben paga, ben impara*, says the Italian. The conscience of doing public service and satisfaction of discharging one's duty is not a sufficient recompence for the toil of teaching. In Courts of Law and Equity no under-clerk or inferior officer's place but may vie, for the profits of it, with the fairest pension of any public school. Ministers themselves, who instruct us to expect future rewards, yet without a fair present maintenance would fall into the contempt of the vulgar, and their labours prove ineffectual. And this is the case of schools; no employment more publicly useful, none more toilsome and painful; yet no one more slighted

even to reproach ; no one less rewarded or regarded. 'Tis a great scandal to the nation, and certainly as great a grievance (if rightly considered) that no one sort of men are greater sufferers in this kind than schoolmasters. Yet this must be said in commendation of our ancestors, that their provision was very competent and that the endowment of schools was in proportion to the estates of those times very fair and honourable. When workmen wrought for a penny a day ; when that land which is now worth 40s. or 50s. an acre was then thought a dear bargain at 10 groats ; when everything was cheap but money ; forty pounds per annum was a fair livelihood and better then than £200 now perhaps. . . . [Now] Trustees and Governors in the several corporations share the improvements amongst themselves, take all above the salary for lawful prize, and leave the master to the bare old allowance, notwithstanding the vast increase of the old rents. So that by this means schools are become impropriations, and laymen (ignorant fellows) run away with the encouragements of learning, and receive the rewards of the master's industry."

II.—Methods of Teaching—Uniformity of Text-books.

"They do almost in all countries entertain the same grammar, and go by a certain rule of teaching. Despauter obtains in France, Alvarez in Spain, and all England over, heretofore, Lilly and Camden were in the hands of youth. And indeed there is the same reason for uniformity in School as in Church, the variety of methods (supposing they were all severally in themselves very good) doing very much mischief, by not only distracting young heads and discouraging them and putting them back upon their removes to new masters, but also making a fundamental difference in their course as they proceed to other studies. I have heard that a Bishop at an examination in a public school, receiving an answer out of the common road, from a child which had come lately from a private school, made this reply, 'What,' says he, 'Puritanism in schools, too?' And so it is with us now, since these licentious times have overthrown all order, and broken us into so many sects and factions, the schools have been infected with that fanatic itch, and like Independent Congregations have been variously administered by new Lights, according to the fancy of the several teachers, that I dare say there are as many Grammars taught as there are grammarians to teach, if not more. It would be well if these loose brooms were gathered again, if not into the old yet into some one Model. 'Tis likely enough the old way may have some inconvenience, many defects and redundances ; why may not the same course be taken by us as by the States of Holland, who upon such an occasion employed Vossius to revise and mend and complete the old Grammars both Greek and Latin, which are now accordingly read in the Low Country schools? Or, for better satisfaction, what if the Convocation should please to order some of their number, taking to their assistance some of the most able masters, well experienced in teaching, either to correct what is amiss in the old Institution, or to draw up a new body of rules and system of that art, with the advantage of later inventions? It would be a thing not unworthy the care of Churchmen, and that for which posterity would pay thanks to their memory. Some eminent divines in former ages have descended to that care, Dr. Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, Erasmus, Cardinal Wolsey, &c. In the meantime I shall appeal to any man of sober judgment, whether it be consistent with the Nation's good to banish schism out of the Church and countenance it in schools ; and whether our English youth, which is thus nursed up in faction, is like to be well taught."

III.—The Qualifications of Schoolmasters.

“What difficulties the work [of teaching] hath in it, to encounter all kinds of tempers, and improve all sorts of wits, to be *ingeniorum et morum artifices*, to fashion minds and manners, to cultivate rude soil, and dispose youth to virtuous behaviour against their natural inclinations; what cares and pains, what great abilities of prudence and skill and all virtue, what a cycle of knowledge it requires to instruct others in the grounds of literature, to raise their parts, to heighten their fancy, to fix their thoughts, and to crane their genius to the pitch, and so prepare them for the public service, is a thing more easily discoursed than considered, more talked of than taken notice of.”

IV.—Encyclopædism and the Master.

“As schools now are, the master takes too much upon him, and more than he can possibly, with any credit, discharge. For you shall see in most schools but a master and an usher, and sometimes but one set over a company of boys, whose capacities and ingenies may be sorted perhaps into seven or eight classes. It is not possible one or two men (let them work their hearts out) should suffice to this duty. Wherefore, if it were so ordered that every great school might have for each form a master who might be as the intelligence of that sphere, and wheel it about with him through the whole encyclopedy of school-learning (with a rector or president over them all), the work would go on with great facility and cheerfulness, and no less success.”

V.—The supply of Masters and the Division of Labour.

“It would be very feasible to have in every great town almost such a school, or at least one or two in a county. To instance: What were it for King’s College to supply Eton School, New College to supply Winchester School, with half a dozen young masters, who might, as they ripened each his company, return back to his college, and then, if his superiors shall judge fit, go on with those that are taken for the University, through the course of Philosophy? And so out of Christ Church in Oxford, and Trinity in Cambridge, seven or eight, or half a score of young men would not be missed: who, if they were employed in Westminster School, which furnishes both those colleges, might, by dealing the work amongst so many hands, make it very light and prosperous; and so of other Free Schools, especially those that send scholars to certain colleges.”

FOSTER WATSON.

"THE WEB OF EMPIRE."

Britain's myriad voices call,
Sons be welded each and all
Into one Imperial whole ;
One with Britain, heart and soul,
One flag, one life, one fleet, one throne.

THOUGH the writer who has cynically described patriotism as love of one's own country, and imperialism as love of other people's country, might attempt to belittle the recent Colonial tour as merely globe-trotting, *in excelsis*, yet few thinking people will deny its political and even national value. Indeed, this visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Greater Britain may most emphatically be described by the much-abused term, "epoch-making." It is unique, not only in its extent and importance, but in its political significance. We might search all history in vain to find an historic parallel. There is certainly none in modern times, and indeed the travels of Alexander the Great or the Emperor Hadrian seem to afford the nearest parallel.

As we all know, the object of the Colonial tour was twofold—to express the sympathy of the Mother Country at the fulfilment of the national aspirations of its Australian sons, and, secondly, to testify to the gratitude of the Empire for the timely aid afforded us in our war with the Boer Republics ; and not even the national mourning could interfere with this national undertaking. It may be said without exaggeration that the visit of the heir to the throne is one of the principal landmarks in the history of Greater Britain, only second in importance to the foundation of the Australian Commonwealth, in the first year of the twentieth century—that year which has seen a congeries of states, hitherto separated by local jealousies, imbued with a spirit of united patriotism, and welded into one imperial whole by the fire of the battle-field.

The advantages of federation among a series of Colonies which form one nation, not only geographically, but in race, speech, and political institutions, seem almost too obvious to be insisted upon. It adds much to their dignity as a nation ; it enables Australia to

have a common system of national defence against foreign powers ; and it is the only way of settling certain questions absolutely essential to the well-being of Australia as a nation, but whose solution has hitherto been prevented by inter-Colonial jealousies.

Some subsidiary advantages of the tour are not perhaps so patent. Someone has cynically observed that the chief economical value of war is that it teaches us geography. If that aphorism be true, then the Colonial visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales has taught us more geography than a hundred years of continuous warfare in every quarter of the globe.

We are all now aware, for instance, that Aden is an outlying portion of India, that Ceylon is a Crown Colony quite distinct from the Indian Empire, that Montreal is on an island, and that Newfoundland is not a province of the Canadian Dominion. We have all learned, like the famous Duke of Newcastle, that Cape Breton is an island : "Dear me, Cape Breton an island ; how surprising ! I must run and tell His Majesty that Cape Breton is an island !" exclaimed the minister.

The educational value is shown too in other respects. We are no longer of opinion that emus or kangaroos are to be found on their native heath within a few hours' drive of Sydney or Melbourne, or that ostriches are to be encountered in the suburbs of Capetown. We can all laugh at the worthy statesman who, in a recent speech in the House of Lords, incidentally informed his hearers that Wallaby was the New Zealand name for a Maori half-caste !

In this memorable journey of some 45,000 miles over seas and lands the Prince of Wales and his charming consort may be said, if the obviousness of the metaphor be pardoned, to have put the coping-stone on the bridge of Empire. It is significant, too, and this was no doubt intentional, that the Royal travellers did not set foot on a single inch of foreign soil, with the one exception of the visit (but *incognito*) to the American side of Niagara. Even Egypt need not be excepted, for the Royal party did not once land during the passage of the "Great Ditch."

In "The Web of Empire,"¹ a colourless and somewhat perfunctory record of this emphatically grand tour, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace seems to have lost an opportunity. He has contented himself with a bare record of what was actually one of the most significant voyages ever undertaken by the personal representative of a great Sovereign. Indeed, there is little to distinguish the work, except in its praiseworthy freedom from the vernacular of the descriptive reporter

¹ London : Macmillan & Co.

of Royal functions, from the bound-up volumes of newspaper articles with which the special correspondents have already more than satisfied our curiosity.

Surely it is not too much to expect from an author of Sir Donald's attainments and experience—one who has seen men and cities in every quarter of the globe—something more than the bare record of the doings and movements of the Prince and Princess of Wales. No doubt Sir Donald was hampered by the fact that the work is a semi-official record, and also by the diary form of the book, but still the fact remains that a magnificent subject has been treated most inadequately.

It is disappointing, and, if it may not be disloyal to say so, distinctly tedious, to have to wade through what is little more than an apotheosis of the *Court Circular*, whose interest is greatly discounted by the full reports of the special correspondents at the time. Although a semi-official record is necessary, it would not be too much to expect that the author should have supplemented it with some chapters for which the many phases of what was essentially an epoch-making voyage offer many texts. We should naturally like to have the views of a trained administrator and diplomat like Sir Donald Wallace on the political and social significance of the tour, some reflections on the probable outcome of the voyage and its effect on our relations with the Colonies, and kindred topics. We look for these in vain. Indeed, the only portion which is not a mere narrative is a short excursus on the Colonial Federation Question. This burning and exceedingly complex question is, however, so admirably and luminously discussed that the reader's disappointment with the shortcomings of the volume is rendered the more poignant.

Then Sir Donald Wallace possesses such a gift of graphic description that readers will the more regret that he indulges in it so seldom. His description of Buddha's tooth at Kandy is a good illustration of his descriptive powers, and is well worth quoting :

The temple chamber in which is enshrined this precious relic—a relic which has a continuous authentic history of more than two thousand years—is very small, capable of holding barely a dozen persons.

No attempt has been made to appeal to the imagination and give the place an air of mystery by means of dim religious light and similar scenic appliances. Unlike the priests of certain other confessions, the Singhalese servants of Buddha have not yet come to recognise the religious importance of an impressive, artistic *mise-en-scène* in rites and ceremonies. I am assured that in this respect a great change is taking place, in consequence of a curious Buddhistic revival throughout the island, and that a few European converts are teaching the simple-minded

native priesthood something of the wisdom of the serpent. If such a change is really taking place, it has not yet affected the surroundings of the Holy Tooth. As we enter the little apartment we find it brilliantly lit up and intensely hot. Facing the entrance stand two priests in yellow robes, and one of the chiefs whom we saw in the audience hall, a lay trustee of the temple, in the fantastic dress already described. Before them is a piece of furniture closely resembling an elephant's howdah, and on it the object of the profoundest veneration of the great Buddhist world. It is a piece of ivory about two inches long, suggesting by its form the tusk of some wild animal rather than a human tooth, poised on a bit of gold wire which rises from the centre of a gold lotus-flower, the leaves of which close around it when not exposed for veneration. It is flanked by two large candelabra, and near it is the bell-shaped golden shrine, the cover of the flower, in which it usually reposes.

The actual voyage has been described *ad nauseam*, so I will only venture to touch upon a few of the incidents of this remarkable journey.

It is not generally known that the route was largely influenced by the prosaic question of coaling, and that but for this important consideration the visit to Mauritius, Durban, and Cape Town would not have taken place.

The two chief goals of the historic voyage were, of course, Australia and Canada. The "Ophir" must have a naval escort of fast cruisers, which, of course, require coaling stations at moderate distances. The original intention was to sail direct from New Zealand to British Columbia, the direct route to Canada, but on this ocean coaling stations are few and far between. Then it would have been necessary for the Royal travellers to leave the "Ophir" at Vancouver, as it would be obviously impossible to bring her round to the Atlantic coast in time. It was found then that the only practicable course was to enter Canada from the St. Lawrence and go by rail to British Columbia and back.

Just as the prevailing impression of every Colonial who revisits our shores is that we at home are so cribbed, cabined, and confined, and expresses his amazement that we can enjoy life in such a cramped environment, so with the "Ophir" travellers. Everyone was chiefly struck with the spaciousness and largeness of the Colonies—everywhere there seemed "ample space and verge enough," whether in bush, veldt, or prairie, or in the great towns—from Melbourne and Sydney down to Christchurch and Durban. This sentiment was convincingly presented by Canon Dalton in his speech on the Royal tour at the Royal Colonial Institute:

"Each of these cities spreads itself over an acreage quite prodigious to our insular conceptions. The extent of the public parks and botanical gardens, the breadth of the roads, and each house for

miles along them on either side standing in its own little garden for the most part, are most remarkable. They thus spread themselves up the surrounding hills, or over the plains as the case may be, without any regard to distance, for everywhere the cable electric trams and a perfected telephone system form a wonderful network of convenience, and everyone seems to be using one or other of these all day long and often far into the night. One consequence of this is that the population even of the towns live far more largely in the open air than here at home. Their physical strength and vigour, and perhaps their general outlook upon life, are thereby enlarged and invigorated, certainly the action of the pulse and thought is accelerated. The congested state of our English towns presents a contrast full of meaning, both as to their past and their future. The population of the whole of Australia, for instance, is under four millions, or less than are to be found crowded together in the Metropolitan area of London alone ; and these fringe the outskirts of an island continent larger than the whole of Europe."

But there is a reverse to the medal, and the monotonous, tame, and, indeed, almost sordid features of the more unsettled parts of Victoria and New South Wales are discreetly touched upon. These aspects are apt, perhaps, to be ignored by the ordinary tourist, and the author's criticism may serve a useful purpose :

The country through which we pass is decidedly monotonous, and it has, like the towns, an unfinished, untidy look. The foliage is scraggy, and in many places hundreds of ring-barked trees, which are doomed to be removed as cumberers of the ground, hold up their bare, white arms disconsolately against the clear blue sky, as if protesting against their unhappy fate. As they are neither useful nor beautiful, their protest is not likely to attract much attention. They must make way for the requirements of pastoral industry, which is more lucrative than forest conservation. Even the venerable gnarled patriarch which is occasionally to be met with, and which might well be left as a harmless ornament to the landscape, is treated with no more respect than its commonplace neighbours. The human habitations, standing singly near the clearings or clustering together in villages, are as unpicturesque as the vegetation. They are mostly small, bare, one-storied, wooden houses roofed with corrugated iron or shingles, direct lineal descendants of the early squatter's shanty, and no attempt is made to give them a homely, comfortable look. Evidently the rural population have still in them a good deal of the rough pioneer element, and they have not yet found time to develop the sense of the beautiful even in its lower form of a love of tidiness and neatness. A very small pecuniary expenditure and a very moderate amount of manual labour would suffice to transform these box-like dwellings into pretty cottage-homes. In the suburbs of the cities there are already premonitory signs of this transformation, but in the bush, even within sight of a great trunk line of railway, only the bare necessities of existence seem to be thought of, so far as house construction is concerned. The change may perhaps come soon, for things move quickly in Australia.

There was occasionally so much to be done in Australia by the Royal party in a limited time that the formal receptions were sometimes "rushed" in a somewhat undignified fashion. This was especially the case in the visit to Ballarat, the humorous episodes of which were duly appreciated by the local chroniclers.

Rapidity of action was evidently the *mot d'ordre* during the visit to the "gold-reef city" of Victoria :

The Royal and Vice-regal parties had a few seconds' start of the general public when the race was resumed, but several high officials very narrowly escaped being left at the post, owing to undue anxiety to get off well. Mr. Peacock, the State Premier, skipped into somebody else's cab, and lost several lengths before he could recover the consequences of his error ; Mr. and Mrs. Barton could be seen dodging about between horses' heads and tails ; and even Mr. Kirton was obliged to abandon his usual air of *sangfroid* as he hastened to jump up behind on a drag. The next lap was about three-quarters of a mile in length, and, as there were already indications that the municipal authorities intended to remodel the programme to some extent, there was ample need for the haste which all the spectators on wheels and on horseback made to get over the ground.

Lord Hopetoun's carriage horses can trot up to a very bright pace, and the escort of the troopers and police had to maintain a hand-gallop to keep in front of them, while pelting along behind came the general public, who were determined not to lose sight of Royalty, inasmuch as they might never get the chance again. The proceedings, indeed, resembled in a startling degree an ancient Roman chariot race, with the addition of a few meteoric bicyclists to add piquancy to the event.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book deals with the New Zealand visit, and some vivid pictures are given of the Maoris. In one of these chapters some curious etymological lore is ingeniously interpolated :

In adopting foreign words the Maoris apply to them the phonetic principles of their own wonderfully soft language. V becomes W, C becomes K, L becomes R, the English R is generally eliminated as inaudible, and immediately after each consonant is placed a vowel. Hence Victoria is transformed into Wikitoria, and the Duke of Cornwall and York into te tiuku o kanawara ioka. These last words, written without capitals, and consequently mistaken for ordinary Maori words, sorely puzzled me the first time I encountered them, and the dictionaries and grammars gave me, of course, no assistance.

The Maori war-dances, though often described, are invested with new interest in Sir Donald's lively description. In one of the songs the military situation in South Africa was amusingly interpreted :

Oho

Russia is beaten and Germany confounded,

And Tommy Boer is checkmated.

Ah : Your tongue lolled out in the day of your defiance,

But now your head is plunged into the mud.

I struggle with Kruger,
 He is my karaka-berry boiled red and ready for eating,
 In the eighth month of the year.
 It is closed. A-u. A-u.
 It is open. A-u. A-u.
 Let the traitor flee
 To the furthest depths of Africa,
 And as he flees let him turn
 To gaze at me in terror.

It is perhaps a little invidious to attempt to appraise the loyalty of the different Colonies, as manifested by the public receptions and other national demonstrations, but most will agree that, though the universal enthusiasm of the great cities of Australia, and the enormous crowds, massed for miles in the magnificently decorated streets of Melbourne or Sydney to welcome their future Sovereign, prove most satisfactorily the loyalty of the Australian Colonies to the Mother Country, yet for real and deeply rooted, if less demonstrative, devotion to the old country, Canada or New Zealand should certainly come first; and perhaps of all the great cities visited Toronto evoked the most enthusiastic and spontaneous outburst of loyalty.

The public welcome of the royal travellers by the great cities of the Commonwealth was perhaps more impersonal and objective. The mass of the public regarded it chiefly in the light of a magnificent royal pageant, to be seen but once in a lifetime, while in the Dominion the personal element was more prevalent. Then in Australia the visit of the heir to the throne was looked upon as primarily a gracious recognition by the Sovereign of the new Federal Parliament, and a fulfilment of the wishes of Queen Victoria. Consequently a feeling of gratification quite as much as loyalty prompted the popular outburst of enthusiasm.

The value and significance of the universal outbursts of enthusiastic loyalty are skilfully analysed by the author :

So much for the past and the present; but what does the popular enthusiasm mean for the future? To this important question a clear answer is given. The Royal visit has attuned and harmonised all the motives and aspirations which have made the British a dominant people among the nations; and yesterday's demonstrations must be regarded as a proof, not merely of loyalty, but also of a desire for the unity and permanency of the Empire. The lines on which the greater unity may be attained are clearly laid down in the past. The secret of Great Britain's pre-eminent success in colonisation is to be found in the practice of that toleration whereby peoples widely diverse in race, creeds, and morals find free exercise for their physical and intellectual energies. The strength of the Empire lies not so much in vast territories, numerous population, and enormous wealth, as in that happy breadth of liberty and toleration, that diversity in unity, which is the peculiar characteristic of British methods of administration.

If Imperial union or federation meant to the widely scattered Colonies one system of religion, the same internal laws, a similar social life and economy, it would be an idle dream. But as the true aim of Imperialism is to inaugurate a wider, a wiser, and a fuller humanity, and to create a governing body in which the different parts of the Empire will be adequately represented according to their importance and population, then it becomes not only a possible but a desirable consummation, and it is to be hoped that the effect of the Royal visit will be to forward the movement for closer union among the British peoples.

It is a little curious that in what is to all intents and purposes the official record of the voyage the strong impetus given to the national expression of loyalty by the personal popularity of the Princess of Wales is quite ignored. As a matter of fact the presence of Her Royal Highness in this grand tour of "Britains beyond the Seas" did much to inspire feelings of almost personal loyalty to the Crown among all classes of this vast colonial community. The Princess's personal charm of manner, her unaffected demeanour and gracious affability, her intelligent appreciation of everything, and, in short, her true womanliness, won all hearts. Then her unwearied devotion to duty commanded the sincere respect of the sturdy colonists, for the "ornamental functions," as they are called, of royalty are no child's play. For instance, at the great reception at Toronto she insisted on shaking hands with every guest presented, and actually stood for two hours and a half performing this physical feat with a smiling demeanour until she had to desist from sheer exhaustion.

Then judiciously chosen excerpts from some of the more important speeches of the Prince of Wales might well have been added, many of which were really far better than the famous Guildhall speech, which is given almost *in extenso*.

The Prince of Wales is not only no mean orator, but he has the happy knack of saying the right thing in the right place and in the right way. No doubt he had some assistance in the preparation of his numerous speeches (over eighty in number), and the same may be said of many a statesman; but it is generally allowed that the Prince was himself responsible for the gist of the more important orations. Perhaps the best was that in reply to the address of the Indian tribes at Calgary, in Canada. The homely and thoroughly practical advice given to the Indian Chief was admirably expressed. Indeed, the whole speech, which was characterised by good-humour and sound common sense, showed considerable insight into motives and a profound knowledge of men and manners. The following extract shows that the Prince was also capable of rising to a certain height of eloquence:

Those of you who remember the day when the Government of the Great Mother first came to you, or who have heard with your ears what your fathers have said, will recollect that your people were then hungry and wretched. Their pipes were often cold, their tents melancholy. You know that you did not cry to deaf ears, and that the Great Mother listened to you and stretched forth her hands to help you, and now these sad faces have passed away never to return.

Something must be said of the lessons of this Imperial pilgrimage, especially as regards the great question of Imperial Federation, which to many seems the logical development of the inter-Colonial federations of the Australian Commonwealth and the Canadian Dominion.

With this is closely bound up the question of Colonial loyalty and patriotism. Sir Donald Wallace's instructive and elaborate definition of this abstract sentiment is one of the best features in the book. His view is that patriotism is an amalgam of the following ingredients: (1) A feeling of affectionate tenderness for the Old Country, akin to the love which everyone feels for a place endeared to him by happy associations—a mixture, in short, of the "Home, Sweet Home" and the "Auld Lang Syne" sentiments. (2) A patriotic pride in the glorious history of the nation—embodied in "Rule, Britannia"—the Imperialist as opposed to the national anthem. (3) The third ingredient is loyalty and devotion to the dynasty—perhaps not quite so powerful a factor as we at home imagine. (4) Then, finally, there is the comparatively new-born sentiment of Imperialism, whose rapid and vigorous development is a feature of happy augury for the future.

As to what may perhaps be considered a corollary to this development of Colonial patriotism—namely, the establishment of a great Imperial Federal Council for the discussion of Imperial questions affecting the Colonies, and voting supplies for Imperial needs—the author sounds a much-needed warning. He points out that *festina lente* should be our ruling principle, and is careful to remind his readers that the Colonial representatives are by no means enthusiastic supporters of any kind of Council which would tend to restrict Colonial independence, especially as regards the voting of supplies.

The best Colonial authorities whom Sir Donald had an opportunity of consulting, considered that any attempt to mould the present nebulous and vague aspirations into hard and fast legislative enactments would be premature. There can be no objection to an exchange of views, but a formal conference would bring into undesirable prominence many hidden differences of opinion which would inevitably be accentuated. Certainly it would not result in the creation of a Federal Council and the voting of supplies for Imperial

purposes. From many quarters, observes Sir Donald Wallace, there are warnings that the Colonies would look with profound distrust on any proposal tending to restrict the large measure of independence which they at present enjoy, and that they would most emphatically deprecate being brought under the authority of a body outside their own limits, even if they should have a voice in its deliberations. Most of the Colonies, in short, would prefer to remain, for the present at least, volunteers in the service of Empire. Pecuniary subsidies might be granted for Imperial purposes, but only under certain conditions.

F. A. REYNOLDS-BALL.

TABLE TALK.

AN AUTHORISED TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE.

NUMEROUS—or, rather, innumerable—as are the editions of Shakespeare, I call for one more. During the past, editions such as that of Dyce (which I have long used), of Clark and Wright (the “Cambridge Shakespeare”), of the “Henry Irving Shakespeare,” &c. have sufficed for scholars, who may be supposed to possess in addition, for special reference, a reprint such as that of Lionel Booth of the 1623 folio. In the case of the Dyce Shakespeare the student possessed in the volume of Glossary one of the most useful works of reference. This work has now been issued in a new edition, with fresh notes by Professor Harold Littledale.¹ In it the Shakespearean references have been amplified; play, act, scene, and line having been added according to the system of enumeration employed in the “Globe Edition.” In accepting this, Professor Littledale has followed the example of Schmidt in his admirable “Shakespeare Lexicon,” Bartlett in his fine “Concordance,” and the “New English Dictionary.” This consensus means that the system of notation adopted in the “Globe Edition” will have to be accepted generally; and that an edition legible, portable, suited to weak eyesight, and giving that notation is required. Every earnest student knows that after he has found a word in Mrs. Cowden Clarke the task of tracing it in an average edition occupies some quarter of an hour. By the use of Bartlett’s “Concordance” this is entirely overcome, and by that of either Schmidt’s “Shakespeare Lexicon” or Dyce’s Glossary it is greatly reduced. Little difficulty is experienced in numbering the lines of poetry, in which most editions pretty nearly concur. In the case of prose, as Professor Littledale shows, a variation in length of line or size of text causes divergence. I call, then, for a text authoritative as regards the numbering of the lines. In the case of an edition in which so much progress has been made as the American “Variorum” of my friend Dr. Horace Howard Furness, it is impossible to renumber the volumes already in print. For the present, the necessary companion to all editions is supplied in the “Globe.” The type of the new edition which I crave should be adapted to the sight of age, for old eyes are, I fear, more apt than young to pore on the Shakespearean page.

¹ London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

"BIBLIOMANIA."

IN a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine* Mr. Andrew Lang writes brilliantly and humorously upon what, in spite of Ruskin's protest, he calls "Bibliomania." Like many other articles from his pen, his contribution is in part autobiographical, and in so being is the more interesting. A collector himself, he describes the difficulties that impede or arrest the path of the poor man who aims at purchasing rare books. By "poor man," he is careful to explain, he means a man "with less than £15,000 a year." With scarcely a touch of underlying bitterness or grievance he makes merry over his attempts to obtain a collection of Aldines and Elzevirs, and is as nearly sardonic as he can be over the futility of those who hope to possess the illuminated mediæval MSS., the Mazarin Bibles, the early Caxtons, and the Folio Shakespeares which constitute the gems of a library and attract to a London sale the great book-sellers of Paris, Leipsic, and New York. So far as to-day is concerned, Mr. Lang's observations are accurate enough; and the poor man, by which I mean something far, far below Mr. Lang's limit, is sanguine indeed if he hopes to obtain in decent condition any of the books mentioned. It was not always so. I have been all my life a collector, and my experience differs from that of Mr. Lang. I have, for instance, owned a Third Folio Shakespeare, held to be almost as rare as the First, though of less value for literary purposes; and I have gazed vainly upon a "Canterbury Tales" of Caxton which might have been mine, if I could have raised the money, for half the price I should now have to pay for a "Kelmscott Press" reprint.

TREASURES OF WHICH THE COLLECTOR STILL MAY DREAM.

WITHOUT coveting over-much the *incunabula* which our nobles and merchant princes were at one time so anxious to possess, and of which they have in more recent days been ready to divest themselves, the book-lover may find lesser treasures on the possible acquisition of which he may count. Mr. Lang will comprehend my illustration when I say that some of us who cannot go tarpon fishing to Florida, and do not own a salmon river in Scotland, may find genuine enjoyment in a trout stream in Hampshire. If we cannot fish the Tweed, we must content ourselves with the Test. First Miltons are not yet quite out of reach, although they soon will be so; and though the man is lucky indeed who comes across the original edition of Herrick's "Hesperides," he may hope, since I have done it myself, to light upon that of Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea" (1646, with the portrait complete). Not unsatisfactory is it to light

upon a bright clean copy of that quaint collection of poetry, oddity, and obscenity—Durfey's "Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy" (1719–1720, in six volumes). This work, like the first edition of the "Paradise Lost" and the poems of Herrick and Suckling, has been reprinted, and in one or two cases in what purports to be facsimile. The man, however, to whom the first edition of a desirable work is not immeasurably superior to a reprint is not a collector, and for him neither Mr. Lang (in the article with which I deal) nor myself is writing.

FRENCH BOOKS OF INTEREST.

I WILL proceed with my parable, and say a word about books published in France or in French which may sometimes be got far cheaper in London than in Paris, and always cheaper than in Germany. About the very Elzevirs of which Mr. Lang speaks I can say something. The man who seeks to obtain my Elzevir "Œuvres de François Rabelais" (2 vols., 1663), in an old morocco binding, height 131½ millimètres, will, I hope, have to wait till my death brings my books to the inevitable hammer. My "Œuvres de Monsieur Molière" (Amsterdam, chez Jacques le Jeune [Daniel Elzevir], 5 vols., 1675) is less impeccable in condition, but is none the less a treasure on whose possession I plume myself, as I do on that of a splendid *editio princeps* of Aristophanes, Aldus MIID. (which, not everyone knows, is an old notation for 1498). That was a red-letter day when I picked up—the term is correct—another folio of great interest, "La Méthode ou Invention nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux" of William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle (Anvers, chez Jacques van Meurs, 1657), with all its superb title-pages and plates, comprising portraits of the Duke (then Marquis), his adorable Duchess, their sons, daughters, and sons-in-law. I have not given the full title of this interesting work, since the book is heavy to handle, and the plates, which extend across two pages, are liable to injury.

A VERITABLE FIND.

ONE find of mine deserves a paragraph to itself. This is an absolutely perfect copy of "L'Introduction au traité de la Conformité des merueilles anciennes avec les modernes," &c., of Henri Etienne (L'An MDLXVI. au mois de Novembre). This work, a fierce satire on the monks, was issued from Geneva. In consequence of some too vivacious and indiscreet language its publication was prohibited by the municipality, the writer being imprisoned. Of the work as originally written, without the suppres-

sions or *cartonnages* on which Genevan authorities insisted, only two copies could be found; my own copy, which I purchased in Oxford Street for a few shillings, constituting the third. I showed the book, which I still possess, to Mr. Turner, of the Albany, the greatest English collector of French books. He "laughed consumedly" at my declaration that it was perfect, but after a long inspection was obliged to concede that I was right. If I mention again this encouraging find—to which I have, I fancy, before alluded—it is that book-buyers may keep up their hearts, and remember that to those who acquire a little knowledge the discovery of a prize is not yet impossible.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES OF THE NEW "BRITANNICA."

THE third supplemental volume to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (Vol. XXVII. of the complete work), which has recently been sent out to its subscribers, is full of the latest information on the subjects discussed in every day's newspaper—the subjects oftenest in one's mind. So much is this the case, that reference is made to the King's recent illness, now happily at an end. As in the case of the second volume, this third volume is preceded by a prefatory essay—the subject this time being "The Influence of Modern Research on the Scope of World History," and the writer Dr. Henry Smith Williams. Among other important articles in the volume will be found "Cruelty to Children," by Mr. W. F. Craies; "China," by Mr. George Jamieson and Monsieur V. Chirol; "The China-Japan War," by Sir G. Sydenham Clarke; "Old Testament and New Testament Chronology," by Dr. Driver and Mr. C. H. Turner respectively; a beautifully illustrated article upon "Egyptology," by Dr. Flinders Petrie; "Dean Church," by Mr. A. C. Benson; "The Codex Bezaë," by Dr. J. Rendel Harris; "Comets," by Dr. E. S. Holden; "Education," by Sir Joshua Fitch as regards Great Britain, and as regards the United States by Dr. Murray Butler; "The Congo Free State," by Dr. Scott Keltie; "Congregationalism," by Dr. G. P. Fisher and the Rev. W. E. Collins; "Earthquakes," by Professor J. Milne; "British Copyright," by Mr. T. E. Scrutton, K.C.; "Copyright in the United States," by the well-known publisher Dr. G. Haven Putnam; "Artistic Copyright," by Mr. E. Bale, R.I.; "Corot," by Mr. Croal Thomson, the learned editor of the *Art Journal*; "Cricket," by Mr. H. S. C. M. Gordon; "Charles Darwin," by Professor E. P. Poulton. The article "Dictionary" is in the skilled hands of Mr. B. E. Smith, so well known and esteemed as the editor of the "Century Dictionary"; for "Dietetics" Dr. W. O

Atwater is responsible ; "Eclipses" are explained by Professor Simon Newcomb ; whilst "Drama" is in the competent hands of Mr. William Archer and Monsieur Augustin Filon. The fourth volume (Vol. XXVIII. of the complete work) contains an introductory essay upon "The Growth of Toleration," by the veteran Sir Leslie Stephen, which is marked by the kindly breadth of view that is so characteristic of its author. Among the many admirable special articles in the volume I can name only a few : "Electricity," by Dr. J. A. Fleming, supplemented by articles on collateral branches of the subject by Mr. W. C. D. Whetham, Dr. J. J. Thomson, Dr. Louis Duncan, and Monsieur Emile Garcke ; "Embroidery," by Mr. Lewis F. Day ; "Emerson," by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke ; "The English Bible," by the Rev. H. Hensley Henson ; "English Literature," by Dr. Edmund Gosse ; "Evolution," by Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell ; "Exhibitions," by Mr. G. Collins Levey ; "Henry Fawcett," by Mr. Thomas Seccombe ; "Fire Extinction," by Captain L. de L. Wells and General A. P. Rockwell ; "France," by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley ; "French Literature," by the Hon. Maurice Baring ; "Fungi," by Dr. H. Marshall Ward ; "Furniture," by Mr. J. Hungerford Pollen ; "Gambetta," by Dr. Richard Garnett ; "Gas-lighting," by Professor Vivian Lewis ; "Geography," by Dr. Hugh R. Mill ; "Geology," by Sir Archibald Geikie ; "W. E. Gladstone," by Mr. G. W. E. Russell ; "Ethics," by Dr. J. A. Stewart ; and "The Church of England," by Professor W. E. Collins and Canon F. Burnside. The volumes, as in the case of the first two, contain several illustrations. As regards maps, the editors tell us that the new volumes will contain two different sorts of maps. A number of small geographical sketches appear on the pages of text—such as, for instance, that showing the railway concessions obtained by various nationalities in China—but there will also appear in the completed volumes some one hundred and twenty-five coloured maps. These will be quite independent of the sketch maps in the letterpress, many of the latter being of historical rather than geographical interest, intended only for immediate reference in connection with the article thus illustrated. The list of contributors to the volume is one of wide range and of the highest authority ; they come from all quarters of the globe, and cover every province of knowledge. Every qualification that makes for successful effort is represented in the list—the work of the man of action as well as that of the man of thought, whose silent reflections often leave an even more significant impress upon his age.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1902.

THE CHIVALROUS JARDINE.

By JAMES L. GALBRAITH.

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE GIRL.

“AN interesting little girl”—that was how Jardine on more than one occasion described Miss Fanny Brown. But when the reader sees the adjective “little” applied to Fanny, he is not to think that she was only ten or twelve years of age. It is scarcely fair to be quite exact in stating a young lady’s age, but we may mention that at the time our story begins Miss Brown was almost out of her “teens.”

Then, the word “little” was not at all an accurate word by which to describe the stature of Miss Brown, for she was of quite the ordinary height of woman. So that, altogether, the attentive reader may conclude that when Mr. Jardine used the adjective “little” with regard to Miss Fanny Brown he only used the word in a mood of affectionate familiarity.

Whatever objections anyone might have taken to the application of the term “little” to Fanny, few people would have denied that the adjective “interesting” was descriptive of the impression on her fellow-creatures which the girl usually made. For one thing there was a gentle wistfulness about her whole appearance and bearing which made people feel kindly and protectingly towards her. Then her manners were soft and timid, and, generally, there was a good deal of gazelle-like beauty and fawn-like grace about Fanny Brown.

Jardine made out that it was principally, if not wholly, from an

intellectual point of view that he found Fanny interesting. They were both members of the "Idealists," a society of young men and women in St. Malcolms, who met at stated times to read essays to each other and give their mutual criticisms on these efforts.

Jardine acknowledged that he was not quite pleased with the intellectual development of Fanny. He said sometimes, in a regretful tone : "I'm not satisfied with the way in which Fanny is developing, or, rather, is not developing. A few years ago I thought her the most promising girl I had ever met. Now I could not speak so gushingly about her. She is a painstaking girl, but she is not brilliant—does not show much insight or penetration. That last essay she wrote for the 'Idealists' on the 'Psychological Basis of Self-consciousness' was a decided disappointment. It was a splendid subject, and she might have made a great deal of it. But she didn't. The essay was conscientious and painstaking, but too laboured and not lighted up by any imagination or insight."

But though Jardine found Fanny not quite satisfying from an intellectual point of view, he still found her personality generally a pleasing and engrossing study. He was not in love with the girl. For one thing, he was at this time exactly double her age, and, like a sensible man, he did not think that if one married, as he asserted he would do, for companionship more than for any other consideration, it was a wise thing to ally oneself with a girl who, as regarded age, might be one's daughter.

So though Jardine thought Fanny Brown very pretty and very nice, he had no personal hopes or ambitions with regard to the girl. So at least he said, and I suppose we must accept his own statement on this matter as being more or less in accordance with the actual state of the case.

Yet though Jardine did not now cherish any very lofty hopes with regard to the mental future of his fair young friend, still he took a practical interest in her mind, such as it was, and lent her books, and spoke to her on intellectual subjects, and, generally, did what he could to bring out what talent was in the girl.

Sometimes Jardine was not quite satisfied even with the physical development of Fanny. Occasionally he said, in a regretful tone : "Fanny is not what she was a year or two ago. At that time I thought her the prettiest girl I had ever seen. What lovely liquid eyes she had then ! Now her eyes have lost a good deal of their liquid depth, and her complexion is getting muddy, and I don't think she is quite so tasteful about her dress as she once was."

But perhaps the next time you saw Jardine after he had pro-

nounced this disparaging opinion on Miss Brown's appearance, he would say in a rapturous voice :

"I saw Fanny to-day. How well she was looking ! I never saw her look prettier. What eyes she has—as soft and lovely as those of a gazelle !"

From which it would appear that Mr. Jardine was not always consistent in his judgments of his fellow-creatures. This shows him to have been a man of honest courage, for why should people tether themselves or their intellects to what they thought or said in the days that are past ?

CHAPTER II.

MR. NIGEL MACDONALD.

ONE night a new member appeared at a meeting of the "Idealists." This was a tall young man, who had rather a determined air and a very decided manner.

In the course of the evening this young man was duly proposed and seconded as a member of the Club under the name of "Nigel Macdonald." No member of the Club made any audible objection to the nomination of Mr. Macdonald as one of the "Idealists." But one of the members who was present at the meeting did not look with approval on Mr. Macdonald or on his nomination as one of the Club. This individual was Jardine.

"Big, clumsy clod-pole," Jardine whispered to his neighbour, as he looked fiercely across the room at the stalwart Nigel. "He's more like a ploughman than a gentleman."

Well, if Mr. Nigel Macdonald was like the typical ploughman, all we can say is that that class of men are a very handsome set of people.

As time wore on, Jardine did not get any more reconciled to Macdonald. It was soon not merely his personal appearance but his mental qualifications or disqualifications that Jardine objected to.

"What business has a man like Macdonald in a club like the 'Idealists' ?" Jardine asked in an indignant manner. "A society of riveters is what would suit him better, I think. I'm sure he can't follow the essays and discussions one bit. He certainly doesn't look as if he had much intelligent appreciation of them."

But if Macdonald did not look as if he followed the proceedings of the "Idealists" with much discrimination, Jardine saw, or fancied he saw, with indignation, that this new member seemed to make a

close study of one of the lady members of the Club—no less interesting a young person than Miss Fanny Brown.

"That man Macdonald is an insolent fellow," Jardine said in an almost fierce voice. "He's a rude, uncultivated boor. He sits all the time of the 'Idealists' meetings and never takes his eyes off Fanny Brown. I'm sorry for the girl. She must feel it very much."

It must be allowed that the other members of the Club did not notice that Fanny showed any embarrassment or annoyance under Mr. Macdonald's persistent glances. But, possibly, Jardine, with his keen interest in the girl, had a better opportunity than the rest of his fellow-members of knowing what were the feelings of the damsel while she was exposed to the gaze of the handsome Ross-shire man.

One night, at a meeting of the Club, matters came to a crisis in Jardine's mind with regard to this affair of Macdonald and Fanny. The subject of the essay on this occasion was "The Influence of the Zeit-Geist in the Works of Mr. Meredith." But, as usual, Macdonald did not seem to be much interested in the paper. He was staring steadily at Fanny, who, to make this action of the young man more apparent, was sitting on the same side of the room as he.

When the reading of the paper was ended, and while there was a murmur of undertoned criticisms, Jardine could stand it no longer. So he went up to Fanny and said :

"I hope that man has not annoyed you too much to-night by his behaviour?"

"What man?" Fanny asked, with a look of calm unconsciousness.

"That man Macdonald," Jardine almost hissed. "I've been watching him all the evening, and I consider his conduct has been simply disgraceful. But I hope you are not seriously put-about in consequence of his behaviour?"

"Oh, no," Fanny answered, with a slight smile. "Please do not disturb yourself about the matter. It is not worth mentioning."

"If you like I will speak to him, and ask him what he means by this conduct," Jardine persisted. "It is intolerable that any member, especially any lady member, of this Club should be subjected to such persistent annoyance. It's an insult to the whole Club."

"Oh, please do not say anything more about it," Fanny said, in an entreating tone. "It does not matter a bit. Indeed, I did not notice anything rude in the conduct of any one of the members."

When Jardine was talking over the matter to his friends afterwards, he said :

"I must allow I admired immensely the delicate taste of Fanny when I spoke to her about the disgraceful behaviour of that man Macdonald. She seemed not to care to talk about it. No doubt she felt it too painful a subject to discuss. She must have felt it keenly. If I had got any encouragement from Fanny I would have gone up to Macdonald after the meeting and demanded an explanation."

If Jardine had really carried out this idea of demanding an explanation of Macdonald's conduct from that gentleman himself, he would certainly have shown some moral and physical courage, for it is rather a risky thing to raise the ire of a young Ross-shire man who stands six feet three in his boots.

CHAPTER III.

SOME NEWS ABOUT FANNY.

SOON after this little incident at the Club which I have just described, Jardine took a serious illness, no less distressing an ailment than rheumatic fever. When he was beginning to recover from this illness he heard a little bit of news which gave him some concern. A man calling on him one evening said :

"Oh ! by-the-bye, have you heard that your friend Fanny Brown is said to be engaged?"

"No," Jardine answered in a tone of undisguised astonishment.

"Well, so it's said," the visitor went on.

"And who is the happy man?" Jardine asked, trying to speak in an easy manner.

"You have me there, Jardine. All I've heard is that he's a tall, stalwart chap, who looks as if he could knock you down for one-and-sixpence."

"That's rather a vague description," Jardine answered, though a distinct dread came into his mind. Whenever he heard the phrase "tall, stalwart chap," at once the image of Nigel Macdonald came up before him.

A few days afterwards this same visitor again came to sit for a little time with his convalescent friend.

"Well," the visitor said in a tone of triumph, after they had chatted for a few minutes on general subjects, "I've got a little more information collected about Fanny Brown's *fiancé*. He's a 'Mac'—Mac, Mac—what's the rest of his name? No, I'm beat. I can't remember any more. I never was good at those Gaelic names."

A vague idea of asking his visitor whether the name was "Macdonald" flashed through Jardine's mind, but he stifled the idea almost as soon as it had come into being.

But before the visitor left Jardine's house on this occasion he burst into a shout of triumph with the words :

"I've got the beggar's name now! It's Macdonald. Fanny got to know the chap at that idiotic Club that you and she waste your time at. You'll know this Macdonald, I suppose?"

"Well, I know him to see as a member of the Club," Jardine answered in some confusion, which did not escape the quick eyes of his visitor.

"Shouldn't wonder, though, old Jardine had cherished a hopeless fancy for the fair Fanny all the time," the visitor said to himself as he walked away from Jardine's house on that winter night. "He looked quite put-about as he spoke of the affair. I'm rather sorry I ever mentioned the thing, and he so feeble, poor old chap!"

After his visitor had left him to his own meditations Jardine did not feel in a very comfortable frame of mind. What would Fanny think of him if she remembered what he had said on one celebrated occasion about the man to whom she was now engaged? And if she told Macdonald of what Jardine had said of him on that same occasion, the poor invalid felt that it would not be very safe or pleasant for him to encounter this irate Highlander.

But Jardine had not to go through the ordeal of meeting Macdonald for some time after this. It was one fine day in December that he met the stalwart Nigel. At this time Jardine was still feeble and nervous, and when he saw Macdonald approach he felt as if he would collapse. It seemed to him there was a fierce look in the Highlander's eye, and revenge in his tread, as he approached his victim.

But when he came up to the trembling Jardine, Macdonald's face wore quite a pleasant expression, and he said in a hearty voice : "I'm so glad to see you out again, Mr. Jardine. I hope you are feeling better?"

"Oh! much better, thank you," Jardine answered in a feeble tone.

But Macdonald did not wonder at the tremor in Jardine's tone. One's voice is not usually very sound or strong when one has just come out of a dangerous fever.

After this when Jardine spoke of Macdonald he usually said : "Mr. Macdonald is a very fine type of the Celt—intense in his loves and in his hates, but full of chivalry and high-toned magnanimity. He will, I am sure, prove a most devoted husband to Fanny."

LIFE-SAVING APPLIANCES USED BY BEETLES.

A PAPER appeared in the April 1902 number of this Magazine showing in outline the nature and scope of "mimicry" as displayed by the beetles of our own country. Since that paper was written Canon Fowler, President of the Entomological Society of London (whose work in five volumes is the standard authority on British Coleoptera), has dealt exhaustively with the whole subject of beetle mimicry in his annual address to the Fellows. The current theories of Protective Resemblance and Warning Coloration may be said to have been borne to our shores upon the wings of butterflies. It was seen (or assumed) that butterflies were largely preyed upon by birds, and all the rest, it was supposed, followed automatically. Any unpleasant taste developed in lepidopterous species would give its possessor a greater chance of escape from the beaks of hungry but discriminating birds; the more nauseous insects being always left to continue the race. But this unpalatability, to be effective, must be made known by special colours or patterns, which would be intensified and made more unmistakable by natural selection. Palatable species which accidentally resembled their nauseous brethren would to some extent be protected, and the resemblance would in time, by the weeding out of the less successful mimics, become sufficiently great to save them from systematic slaughter. Again, accidental resemblance to other orders of insects or to inanimate substances would, if protective, be increased by the same automatic process. All this rests on the assumption that birds habitually persecute butterflies, and this the assailants of the theory stoutly deny. They are probably wrong; yet, it must be confessed, the sight of a bird chasing a butterfly is extremely rare, either in this country or beyond the seas. But if the foundation be rotten, the whole superstructure so beautifully embellished comes clattering to the ground.

Not long ago I was anxious to ascertain the nature of the food of our coast fishes, and with that end in view performed during many

months a series of *post-mortem* examinations on subjects furnished by an intelligent and interested fisherman. The results demonstrated not what the text-books said particular fishes ate, but what, as a matter of fact, they had actually eaten. It was a peep behind the scenes, and some theories disappeared in the process. I once lived in a house under the eaves of which many house-martens built, and, being at that time a collector of beetles, was struck with the evidence on the window-sills showing the great drain made upon those insects for the food of the birds. A beetle's horny wing-covers are easily recognised and not quickly digested. Butterflies, on the other hand, being soft-bodied, are soon dissolved by the powerful gastric juices, and once they have disappeared inside the beak of a bird, rapidly lose every feature by which they may be identified. Canon Fowler, taking advantage of the robustness of the order with which he is chiefly associated, has brought together much interesting evidence to show that beetles are extensively preyed upon; and suggests that if birds eat hard-shelled Coleoptera, they are almost certain to relish soft-bodied Lepidoptera. Mr. George Sim, who in the course of ten years examined the contents of the stomachs of three hundred and five eagles and owls of many species, communicated the results to the "Scottish Naturalist." The food mentioned is, of course, of a heterogeneous character; but it is significant that several of these birds of prey feed largely on beetles and other insects. Thus two honey-buzzards contained wasps and their larvæ, and three ospreys fish and beetles in numbers. A merlin, a red-legged falcon, and three kestrels also contained beetles; the food of one of the kestrels consisting of sixty caterpillars, thirty grasshoppers, eleven beetles, and one earwig. The Rev. Murray A. Matthews says: "In mild winters kestrels feed almost entirely upon the common 'clock' beetles, as the writer has proved by dissection. In hot summer weather they capture numerous *Tipulæ*—'daddy-longlegs'—and may be seen hovering over and pouncing upon them in the dry bents; grasshoppers, caterpillars, earth-worms, frogs, and lizards are also preyed upon; cockchafers, too, are largely devoured, being caught in the air with their feet, and eaten while they are on the wing." Yarrell's "British Birds" gives the results of an examination of two hundred and ten pellets, composed of the indigestible portions of food thrown up by tawny owls. They included countless numbers of cockchafers, and forty-eight beetles of other species. Ducks feed voraciously on the lesser cockchafer, and it is within the present writer's experience that they betake themselves on summer evenings to the bottom of chimneys around which the beetles are wont to circle, and wait

patiently for the coveted morsels to fall at their feet. Mr. R. Newstead has furnished Canon Fowler with the result of his observations of the crops of many birds, including thrushes, blackbirds, robins, dippers, warblers, tits, nuthatches, tree-creepers, wagtails, shrikes, fly-catchers, swallows, swifts, starlings, crows and rooks, goatsuckers, woodpeckers and cuckoos, which leads to the conclusion that most insectivorous species prey upon beetles. It must be some consolation to farmers, gardeners, and woodmen to know that the majority of the beetles found in the crops of these birds belong to families hostile to their interests. Remains of weevils, which are all plant-feeders, occurred in 90 per cent. of insect-eating birds; then, in order of precedence, came the dung-beetles, the skipjacks and their destructive wire-worm larvæ, carnivorous ground-beetles, wood-eating longicorns, and lastly the group which includes the turnip-fly. The dung-beetles undoubtedly help to loosen and manure the earth, and the Carnivora reduce the number of plant-feeders; but the other four groups, with the possible exception of the longicorns, are no friends of the "landed interest." In addition to their avian enemies, beetles have to run the gauntlet of frogs, toads, lizards, and probably of mice and hedgehogs. This body of evidence proves conclusively that, whatever may be the case with the Lepidoptera, Natural Selection has an immense working capital to trade with in beetles, which, as Dr. Sharp observes, are the predominant order in the existing epoch. In discussing "mimicry" as it is applied to beetles, Canon Fowler suggests that protection is afforded in the following ways.

1. Protection is obtained by the hardness of the outer covering. Not only are the majority of beetles provided with horny wing-covers, but the rest of the body is frequently shielded by a shell-like skin, and horns and other excrescences are sometimes added, making their owners, it might be supposed, undesirable morsels. Canon Fowler found by experiment that a dried weevil, placed between two boards, supported more than a quarter of a hundredweight without breaking, and says: "Many of these beetles offer almost as much resistance to a pin as a walnut-shell, and they would be quite safe from the attacks of ordinary birds." I cannot help thinking that the value of this defence is greatly exaggerated. The common dor-beetles are hard and have rigid thorny legs, yet fowls eat them readily and suffer no ill-effects; while, as we have already seen, kestrels in mild winters feed almost entirely upon them. Moreover, it is a curious commentary upon this theory that the hard weevils, which are among the most gritty of all beetles, stand at the top of the bill of fare of Mr. Newstead's insectivorous birds. In

attributing a protective value to chitinous integuments too little allowance is made for the solvent power of the gastric juices. The enormous jaws and horns of stag-beetles, goliath-beetles, and the like, may make their owners difficult to swallow, but there is little evidence to show that they have been produced in the male insects for defensive purposes.

2. Concealment, and therefore protection, is secured by an assimilation of colour or form to the environment. Here we are on surer ground. Brilliant beetles rest in safety on bright backgrounds of the same hue. The longicorns and the weevils frequently resemble the bark of trees; one species of weevil, found in Madagascar, being so much like the trees on which they live that they can hardly be seen when known to be present. Other species are so marked as to imitate lichen, or lichen growing on bark. Mr. Francis Galton, in a classic passage, points out that the stripes of zebras do not always reveal the presence of those animals. The white and black in the moonlight, for instance, are far more protective than a wholly white or black skin would be. It is admitted that the stripes of the tiger actually conceal it in the broken lights of the jungle. This truth is exemplified by beetles, especially by the wood-frequenting longicorns, which exhibit the zebra-like colouring arranged longitudinally or horizontally. Concealment obtained by likeness to seeds, knobs of wood, bits of lichen, and buds is found in so many species, and the likeness is so close, that it can scarcely be accidental.

3. Protection is obtained by the secretion of distasteful juices, or odorous substances, which are advertised by unmistakable colours or patterns. We must guard ourselves here against supposing insects unpalatable simply because they are repulsive to us. A vast number of beetles are malodorous in a high degree, as every collector knows well. Some greet the nostrils with a scent as of a smouldering candle, some with a smell of rotten fruit, while others reek with stenches so vile as to put that of the famous skunk to shame. But apparently it is not the most offensive beetles from our point of view which are objectionable to birds. Some groups, however, as the soldiers and sailors and the ladybirds, are emphatically rejected. Although soldiers and sailors swarm on the hot days of summer, not a single specimen was found by Mr. Newstead in the many birds he examined. The glowworm group is rejected by monkeys and fowls, and the ladybirds by frogs and probably other amphibia. All these insects expose themselves recklessly, trusting to their spotted patterns of red and black, yellow and black, and

possibly, in the case of the glowworms, to their phosphorescence, to warn off hungry enemies. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this confidence is justified. Some eccentric birds, however, seem to select the food rejected by their fellows; black-headed gulls, cuckoos, and starlings being among the queer exceptions which feast on ladybirds.

4. Protection is gained by the adoption of peculiar attitudes. A large number of beetles are said to feign death in order to save their lives. They certainly draw in their legs and antennæ, and pack them into grooves specially provided, as in the pill-beetles and many of the weevils; or assume contorted attitudes with the legs sticking out, as in the dor-beetles. But whether this is a simulation of death may be questioned. It can hardly be supposed that the insects have any consciousness of what is a deathlike attitude, and, moreover, the attitudes assumed do not resemble those produced by death. The insects doubtless derive their protection almost solely from the absence of motion, as human beings do when attacked by the big Carnivora. Large numbers of the beetles in question add to the effect of the supposed deathlike rigidity by dropping to the ground when alarmed, their colour then helping to conceal their whereabouts.

5. Some beetles, especially those with shortened wing-covers known as rove-beetles, throw themselves when attacked into warning or threatening attitudes, and pretend to present stings which they do not possess. A familiar example is the insect known as the devil's coach-horse, which opens its jaws wide, cocks up its tail, and thrusts out some white glands. Professor Poulton suggests that such attitudes serve to warn off experienced enemies, and denote readiness for battle if the enemy be inexperienced; therefore serving or every emergency. Mr. Donisthorpe, who has been making experiments on some of the beetles which live as "hostile, persecuted lodgers" in ants' nests, speaks thus of *Dinarda*, a species whose antics the present writer has often watched: "When it meets an ant it stands still and raises the abdomen over the body, and if the ant tries to attack it, pokes the end of the body into the ant's face. The ant starts back and the beetle resumes its career." Seven other species of beetles were observed to adopt the same means of defence, although in every case they were perfectly harmless. It was all pretence.

6. Protection is obtained by a likeness to unpleasant objects. According to Mr. G. Champion, many beetles of one large genus "so closely resemble the droppings of caterpillars that inexperienced

people will not believe they are anything else, even when they are pointed out to them." Among the prettiest of the British weevils is the genus called *Cionus*. The insects are globular in form and mottled grey in colour. Nearly all the species are distinguished by a curious marking on their backs, which, while adding to their beauty, helps that beauty to pass unobserved. A black velvety patch occupies the centre of the back, and this is surrounded by various mottled rings, making altogether a picture that suggests a fresh bird-dropping which has fallen from a height and bespattered the back, leaving a solid nucleus in the centre. This curious method of protection is fairly common, being found in other beetles, and also among moths and spiders.

7. Protection is often secured by a likeness to dangerous insects of other orders, and to beetles known to be distasteful. The livery which warns off enemies from bees and wasps is usually one of black decorated by red or yellow stripes. Many beetles adopt this significant garb; our wasp-beetle, for instance, having a black coat edged with gold, and adding to the deception by its abnormal movements. Other species of longicorns found in many parts of the world strongly resemble wasps and bees, and in some cases hover over shrubs just like those insects. A species from British Columbia imitates one of the humble-bees, as does also *Emus hirtus*, one of the rarest of our British rove-beetles. But perhaps the most remarkable instance of this kind of protective resemblance is given by Dr. A. R. Wallace. "In Borneo a large black wasp, whose wings have a broad white patch near the apex (*Mygymia aviculus*), is closely imitated by a heteromerous beetle (*Coloborhombus fasciati-pennis*), which, contrary to the general habit of beetles, keeps its wings expanded in order to show the white patch on their apex, the wing-coverts being reduced to small oval scales. This is a most remarkable instance of mimicry, because the beetle has had to acquire so many characters which are unknown among its allies (except in another species from Java)—the expanded wings, the white band on them, and the oval scale-like elytra." Ants find many humble imitators among the beetles, and especially is this the case when those beetles live as lodgers in the nests of the ants. The guests mimic their hosts both in colour and in general outline, in some cases permanently curling up their tails over their backs as if to shorten themselves to the dimensions of their models. Father Wasmann thinks that the beetles take up their abode in the nests without permission, and states that the better the sight of the ants the more closely do the beetles resemble them in form and general

appearance. The writer has often been struck on lifting a stone off a nest by the cleverness of the disguise assumed. One characteristic of the Hymenoptera, and especially of the wasps, is a slender waist. As tight lacing is out of the question for hard-shelled beetles, they often copy their powerful friends by (so to speak) colouring the sides of the abdomen white, so as to give the impression that the waist is constricted. Mr. R. Shelford says that many longicorn species imitate in this way the group of ichneumon flies which prey upon the caterpillars of our white butterflies; the effect in one species "being as perfect as if an artist had deliberately painted the profile of a hymenopterous abdomen on that of a beetle." Imitations of notoriously distasteful beetles by palatable species are extremely common. Insects of many families discard their proper form and coloration, and ape those of the soldiers and sailors, the ladybirds, and others, thus procuring protection at the cost of turning their coats. That birds recognise the danger-flags of black and yellow, black and red, or, as in some instances, of brilliant unicolorous tints, and avoid the owners, has been clearly demonstrated. Professor Lloyd Morgan made experiments on young chickens to ascertain whether their avoidance of dangerous insects was instinctive or gained by experience. He pasted strips of orange and black paper on glass slips, and placed meal moistened with quinine on the slips. On other plain slips meal moistened with water was provided. The young birds soon learned to avoid the orange and black, and would not touch plain meal placed on them. Not only so, but they carried their experience into everyday life; avoiding at once distasteful cinnabar caterpillars and dangerous wasps.

The above considerations serve to show that birds of many kinds prey upon beetles to an enormous extent, and thus afford sufficient scope for the working out of such a scheme of protection as that indicated by the popular but inadequate term "mimicry." Beetles are found everywhere—in earth, air, and water; one hundred and fifty thousand species at least being known to science, while countless numbers remain to be discovered and described. Upon this vast host the necessity for protection has wrought with startling effect. They needed life-saving appliances, and Nature, working by the elimination of the least fit (a practice which forms the basis of the art of the floriculturist), has furnished them to thousands of species in a marked degree, and to all in some measure. These devices chiefly take the form of (1) protection by the assimilation of the colour or form to the surroundings of the insect; (2) by the secretion

of distasteful juices advertised by warning colours ; (3) by attitudes of concealment ; (4) by threatening attitudes which may or may not be mere pretence ; (5) by a resemblance to unpleasant substances ; and (6) by the imitation of dangerous insects belonging to other orders, or protected insects of the same order. A theory which can produce such a body of facts to support it stands

Four-square to all the winds that blow.

JOHN ISABELL.

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

THIS autumn the Bodleian Library will celebrate its Tercenary. Sir Thomas Bodley's foundation has, indeed, been in existence for rather more than three hundred years, but it was formally opened on November 8, 1602, and October 8 has been fixed for the first day of the celebrations this year.

The University had possessed a public library before Bodley's time, and not even the MSS. which Duke Humphrey of Gloucester gave in the middle of the fifteenth century were the first with which it had been enriched, for a library had been started in the fourteenth century under the auspices of Thomas Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, while prior to this there are vague accounts of books kept in St. Mary's Church.

Another collection of books accessible to Oxford students in those early days is said to have been given to Durham College, the predecessor of the modern Trinity, by Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, and author of the "Philobiblon"; but some have doubted whether this collection ever reached its destination.

Before the middle of the following century came Duke Humphrey's magnificent gifts. Between 1439 and 1446 about 600 MSS. seem to have been received from this source, nor was the Duke's liberality limited to these years; while, in addition to the presents of books, he apparently assisted the University in the erection of the present Divinity School and the Library above it which still bears his name.

In Mr. Anstey's "Munimenta Academica"¹ there are lists of some of the books given by the Duke at different times. They include works on very varied subjects.

Other donations followed those of Duke Humphrey, but, fortunate though it was in these invaluable benefactions, the University was soon to lose almost all but the bare walls of its library; for, notwithstanding the strictest regulations, it appears that students

¹ See also his *Epistolæ Academicæ Oxon.* (Oxf. Hist. Soc., 1898), vol. i. pp. 179, 204, 232.

soon began to leave inadequate pledges for the return of volumes which they borrowed, and often preferred to retain the books rather than redeem their property. Then the commissioners of Edward VI. descended upon Oxford for the purpose of "reforming" the University, and Duke Humphrey's Library they must have reformed in the spirit of the Caliph Omar. Books which they affected to consider Popish, because of their illuminations and ornamental initials, they are said to have ruthlessly seized, and, in the words of Anthony à Wood, "some of those books so taken out by the Reformers were burnt, some sold away for Robin Hoods penny-worths, either to Booksellers, or to Glovers to press their gloves, or Taylors to make measures, or to Bookbinders to cover books bound by them, and some also kept by the Reformers for their own use."

That the havoc brought about by this and other causes was as complete as possible is proved by the fact that on January 25, 1558, certain *venerabiles viri* were appointed by the University for the purpose of selling the bookcases of the Library! It is further remarkable that of all Duke Humphrey's MSS. scarcely any are now in the Bodleian, and, out of the two or three which are thought to have been his, one at any rate was returned to the library long after the pillage of the Commissioners.

But a brighter day was dawning for the University Library. Only a few years before the visit of the Commissioners, Thomas Bodley was born. As he himself tells us in a short autobiography, which he wrote in 1609, he was "descended, both by Father and Mother, of Worshipful Parentage." His father, being an enemy to Popery, left England in the days of Queen Mary, and fled into Germany, where he was afterwards joined by his wife and children. Later on, the Bodley family flitted to Geneva, and of the sojourn there Sir Thomas gives an interesting account. "I was at that time," he says,¹ "of twelve Years of Age; but through my Father's Cost and Care, sufficiently instructed to become an Auditor of Chevalerius in Hebrew, of Beroaldus in Greek, of Calvin and Beza in Divinity, and of some other Professors in that University (which was newly then erected); besides my domestical Teachers, in the House of Philibertus Saracenus, a famous Physician in that city, with whom I was boarded: where Robertus Constantinus that made the Greek Lexicon, read Homer unto me." At Geneva he stayed over two

¹ I quote from Hearne's edition in his *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, pub. in 1703. This varies somewhat in spelling both from the original (?) MS., which is in the Bodleian, and from the edition of 1647.

years, until the accession of Queen Elizabeth led his father to return to England, and settle in London.

Shortly after this he was sent to Oxford, where he became a member of Magdalen. His academical career was a distinguished one. Made a fellow of Merton, he lectured on Greek at that college, and filled the offices of Proctor and University Orator. Then, having spent nearly four years abroad, that he might become better acquainted with foreign languages and manners, he was sent by Queen Elizabeth on several important embassies, and, indeed, for many years was engaged in diplomatic business. About 1587 he married a wealthy widow, the daughter of a Mr. Carew, of Bristol, and from 1588 to 1597 he was resident at The Hague. Having retired into private life, he deliberated with himself how to spend the energies of his remaining years, and the story of his decision is best told in his own words. "I concluded at the last," he tells us, "to set up my Staff at the Library-Door in Oxon; being thoroughly perswaded, that in my Solitude, and Surcease from the Commonwealth Affairs, I could not busy my self to better purpose, than by reducing that Place (which then in every Part lay ruined and wast) to the publick use of Students."

And so on February 23, 1597, Bodley wrote to the Vice-Chancellor a letter, from which the following are extracts :

Sir,—Although you know me not, as I suppose, yet for the farthering of an offer of evident utilitie to your whole Universitie, I will not be too scrupulous in craving your assistance. . . .

Where there hath bin heretofore a publicke Library in Oxford, which you know is apparent by the rome itself remayning and by your Statute Records, I will take the charge and cost upon me to reduce it againe to his former use, and to make it fit and handsome with seates and shelfes and deskes and all that may be needfull, to stirre up other mens benevolence to help to furnish it with bookes. . . .

And where before as I conceive, it was to be reputed, but a store of bookes of diverse Benefactors, because it never had any lasting allowance for augmentation of the number or supplie of bookes decaied, whereby it came to passe, that when those that were in being were either wasted or embeziled, the whole foundation came to ruin : To meet with that inconvenience, I will so provide here after (if God do not hinder my present designe) as you shall be still assured of a standing annual rent to be disboursed every yere in buying of bookes, in Officers' Stipends, and other pertinent occasions ; with which provision, and order for preservation of the place and of the furniture of it from accustomed abuses, it may perhaps, in tyme to come, prove a notable Treasure for the multitude of volumes, an excellent benefit for the use and ease of Students, and a singular ornament in the University. . . .

From London, Feb. 23, 1597.

Your affectionate frend,

THO: BODLEY.

A A

These offers were most gladly accepted by the University, and so the restoration of Duke Humphrey's Library was almost immediately begun. Donations, both of books and money, poured in from all sides, and statutes were drawn up for the regulation of the library. By November 1602, more than 2,000 volumes had been received and arranged, and on the 8th of this month the library was formally opened. Between nine and ten in the morning,¹ the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Howson, afterwards Bishop successively of Oxford and Durham, and the two Proctors, Daniel Perry and Walter Bennett, with a great number of professors, doctors, and other graduates, assembled in St. Mary's Church, and, after some discussion as to the order and manner in which they should enter the library, proceeded to the Bodleian. There they were received by the first librarian, Thomas James, of New College, who made a short speech, in which he praised both the place and its founder; and then, when he had finished, the Bodleian Library was declared open.²

Thus was established one of the greatest libraries in the world. The details of its subsequent history we cannot here relate. They have already been recounted by Mr. Macray in his interesting "*Annals of the Bodleian Library*." We cannot, however, pass over in silence the arrangement made by Bodley with the Stationers' Company, by which a copy of every book published by its members was to be given to the library—an arrangement which was afterwards ratified by the Copyright Acts.

Nor ought we to leave without mention the knighting of Bodley in 1604, or his death in London on January 28, 1612.

To give in a short article any idea of the treasures which the Bodleian contains would be an impossible task. Its priceless MSS., the work of every age and clime, its countless printed books, which contain within their pages the summary of almost all that man has discovered or invented, and the register of almost all his recorded words and deeds—these may be better imagined than described. We can only cry out with the worthy Elia, "What a place to be in is an old library!"

A few words written in 1898 by the present librarian, Mr. Edward W. B. Nicholson, may, however, give some faint notion of the size of the Bodleian.

It "has now," he says, "about 600,000 bound volumes, and, owing to the great numbers of pamphlets and small books bound up

¹ We are only told, indeed, that it was "inter horas 9 et 10," but presumably the ceremony took place by daylight.

² "Qua [sc. oratiuncula] finita initium habuit hæc Bibliotheca."

within the same covers, even this is a very imperfect indication of its real size. Its annual accessions of all kinds—including, for instance, separate parts of periodicals and separate maps—have during the last four years averaged 59,741 items : this includes large purchases of new foreign books and large exchanges with foreign Universities.”

But there is a darker side to the picture. The Bodleian is now very poor. The state of affairs is best illustrated by some extracts from a letter written by Mr. Nicholson to the *Daily News* of October 6, 1894, and from a pamphlet which he afterwards published on the same subject.

Speaking of the Bodleian, Mr. Nicholson says : “It is indeed probably more than half as large as the British Museum, and increases perhaps one-third as fast, and although the proportion of readers is necessarily smaller, they number hundreds daily—often more than one hundred being reading at the same moment.” Subsequently Mr. Nicholson examined the Parliamentary returns of the income of the British Museum for the year 1894–95, and found that, when he had deducted all grants for departments not represented in the Bodleian, it apparently amounted to the sum of £73,680 15s. 11d. Now, the income of the Bodleian for the corresponding year was only £7,951 19s. 4d. ! When we consider this and the proportionate size of the two libraries as above estimated, we shall appreciate the reality of the Bodleian’s need ; but if any further proof were wanted, it would be found in the statement of the late Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Stubbs. “For all purposes,” he said, “including salaries, repairs, purchases of books, and binding work, I think the Bodleian ought to have an income of not less than £15,000 a year.”

To continue our extracts from Mr. Nicholson :

The total inadequacy of the income of this grand institution arises partly from the poverty of the University as such ; partly from the fact that, although many distinguished men have made themselves even more distinguished by bequeathing us rich collections, no one since Bodley’s time, with the exception of Dr. Mason in 1841, has left us any considerable sum of money, and partly from the inability of All Souls for many years past to pay us any portion of the contribution assigned to it by the last Universities Commission.

Again :

I will only say that what we really need money for most is not the accumulation of books, . . . but for an adequate staff ; for completer catalogues both of printed books and MSS. ; for the catalogues, which as yet don’t exist at all, of our printed music, our maps, our engravings, our drawings and illuminations in manuscripts, our paintings, our coins, our seals, and the like ; for practical improvements (such as the electric lighting of the Radcliffe reading-room, the

warming of the Bodleian portrait-gallery); and for the present shelving and future housing of our stores. By-and-by we shall want an additional building: if it were properly built it needs only to be as large as one single wing of the Bodleian quadrangle to hold 1,200,000 octavos.

The librarian further tells that Mr. Gladstone was deeply interested in the cause of the Bodleian, and wrote to him saying, "In a case like that of the Bodleian I would put in use all the 'cheek' that I possess."

After Mr. Gladstone's death, an article appeared in the *Spectator* suggesting that an endowment of the Bodleian would be the best form for a national memorial to Oxford's great son, but the proposal fell entirely to the ground. At last, however, in connection with the tercentenary, a fund has been started for the redemption of the library from its state of penury. The merits of such a fund ought to want no recommendation; but it is to be feared they will receive only scant attention so long as the impression prevails—as it seems to do with many people—that the Bodleian Library is a State-endowed institution, or at least one rolling in the wealth bequeathed to it by former generations. That this is not the case the extracts from Mr. Nicholson's letter and pamphlet sufficiently prove. That the library is worthy of aid in its poverty surely needs no proof; but if, in addition to the evidences of its indigence which we have just brought forward, and in addition to the warmth of Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, some further argument is still required "to stirre up other mens benevolence," may not this be found in the fact that in the days gone by the Bodleian Library has been deemed worthy of benefaction by such men as Francis Bacon and John Milton, Oliver Cromwell and Archbishop Laud?

REGINALD V. LENNARD.

“STRONG AS IRON.”

“**T**HERE is great benefit to the kingdom in general by the sow iron made of the iron stone and Roman cinders in the Forest of Dene, for that metal is of a most gentle, pliable, soft nature, quickly and easily to be wrought into manufactures over what any iron is, and it is the best in the known world. And the greatest part of this sow iron is sent up Severn to the forges to Worcestershire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire and Cheshire, and there is made into bar iron.”

So says one Andrew Yarranton, in a book printed 1677, with the title “Improvement of England by Sea and Land,” and the words set thought a-travelling back for centuries to the days when scantily-clothed Britons waged hopeless war against the “fourth kingdom.”

The Romans, as everybody knows, made a rule of grasping what they coveted, and, being “strong as iron,” nations of inferior metal were doomed to be crushed sooner or later.

An alloy of copper and tin had for the most part to serve the invaders till they found that our islands were rich in ore, which only lacked working, and none could do this better, under direction from the more civilised Southerners, than the wild, dark-eyed men who fought so desperately to keep their freedom. Inch by inch they were forced to give way, and in exchange for freedom the conquerors gave them new arts through an experience which was probably bitter enough to those who had no choice about acceptance. Never before were such roads made, such houses built, such quantities of ore dug for smelting, albeit roughly, and the strangers made obedience a necessity by methods not to be gainsaid. Bows were of small avail against spears; ignorance has all the world over gone to the wall when the spirit of progress approached, and thus it came to pass that the swarthy-skinned sons of the Silures in Dene Forest took their first upward steps from savagery.

In many places cinders grew from mere heaps into hills, which proved vast stores of wealth for generations to come. Clever though the Romans were, much remained for them to learn about the

mysteries surrounding iron work, and time alone held the key to unlock them. Fluxes, blasts for furnaces, the refinements of more modern times, were apparently unknown ; thus the refuse was found to contain not only much metal which paid for a second smelting, but also plenty of combustible matter which was valuable in firing.

Nearly fifty years ago accident revealed the date of one Roman visitation to Dene Forest, thereby rejoicing the hearts of archaeologists who love to read the past by the present. In a deserted mine, known as the Devil's Chapel, a workman drove his pick under a stone mass, which was too heavy to be moved by hand, and with the withdrawal of his tool were brought to light some round scraps of metal. These the man handed to the engineer who was present, saying in a surprised tone, "Lor ! 'ere be a lot o' silver buttons." The buttons proved to be silver coins, safe hidden from thieves or prying eyes by the owner, who could hardly have been more pleased by their possession than were the discoverers centuries after. These old pennies, familiar as a day labourer's hire in the New Testament parable, bore the heads and inscriptions of several Roman emperors, the earliest being that of Nerva, A.D. 98, *i.e.* three years after St. John's banishment to Patmos.

Roads, camps, villas, baths, helped by degrees to make the forest into a flourishing centre for the usurpers, who were not slow to recognise that the owners of the soil did better service in mines than themselves, and the knowledge was used to advantage. Sometimes ore was scooped from great hollows, which are locally called the Scowles ; at others it was taken from steep, irregular passages on a hillside, with occasional openings to give the diggers air ; for there seems to have been little engineering science in those early days, and if a vein dwindled or ceased, the Romans tried elsewhere instead of following up the clue to possible beds beyond.

Now flourishing mines in the neighbourhood are veritable cities, wherein the visitor may wander for many miles in underground lanes or streets, among fossil ferns and trees, lighted on his way by gas, and with the knowledge that fellow-men in hundreds are earning their bread around him. Gradually the "fourth kingdom" passed away, after the manner of each great nation which has helped to build up a civilised world. But the iron did not, and the miners, who from the first were a peculiar people, began to regain an independence which may have been increased by the experience gained from their masters' teaching.

It has been said that the quantity of iron consumed shows the advance in proportion of art and intelligence. If so, great strides

were taken by the time William the Norman followed Danes and Saxons as an invasion wave ; and throughout the Forest enormous mounds of grass-grown refuse prove that Mother Earth had been made to yield her riches in bountiful measure. It seems strange, then, that in Domesday Book no mention was made of iron mines, only fisheries, mills, granges, and hides of land, as though they alone were profitable. The King demanded an annual tribute, which was paid by Gloucester as the chief town in the district, and very hard must the miners have worked to furnish thirty-six icres, since an icre meant ten large bars.

William was, perhaps, thought oppressive, though not altogether unjust, and, knowing that those who paid tribute should have privileges to lighten the burden, he gave the Foresters certain rights which from the first were jealously guarded.

By that time the Smithy-men, as they called themselves, had developed into a distinct race, with much of their old fierce hatred of interference underlying advance in knowledge, and a dogged spirit which pushed its way defiant of all obstacles. Their home was to some extent isolated by its very position with mountain and river boundaries. Moreover, the dwellers showed an aggressive attitude towards outsiders, whom they always called "foreigners."

When Domesday Book was drawn up, there were apparently no more than half a dozen forges at work, feeble contrivances and small to boot, being moved from place to place according to the supply of ore. The sheepskin bellows were blown by hand, and, in short, the labour connected with iron work must have been trebled in the days when science was young.

But the rights before alluded to no doubt did much to quiet open discontent. The Foresters might dig where they pleased ; a right of way was allowed that ore or coal might be carried without question ; needful timber might be felled for the forges ; and, though by no means least, one penny, or its worth, was allowed on every load brought to the works. As money, even in the thirteenth century, was nearly fifteen times its present value, and silver double its present weight, the diggers managed to make a fair profit.

Nothing further concerning the miners' rights was certainly known till 1282, when by Edward I.'s order a Commission was sent to report on Dene Forest and its trade. About that date, though never printed till 1687, a curious document was drawn up—a sort of Magna Charta for the "wild, robustical people," as an old writer speaks about them, who lived, worked, and died in their tree-girt home between the Severn and Wye. Perhaps their privileges had

waxed insecure through the freaks of successive rulers, or the opposition of less favoured neighbours; and the preface to their paper thus began :

"Be itt in minde and remembrance what ye Customes and Franchises hath been that were granted by me time out of mind," &c.

It was not surprising that much heart-burning and endless bickerings took place between miners and the keepers who rose into importance with Norman game laws. The Forest guardians complained bitterly that under cover of timber cutting, their unruly neighbours poached deer, besides otherwise interfering with duties which were most strictly set down by sport-loving kings. Infringement of those duties meant nose slitting, ear cutting, loss of eyes, or fines at best. Yet despite preserves for hunting, the dwellers in green depths managed to get their own way in the main, and squabbles multiplied, when, thanks to dwindling unsettled boundaries, some claimed rights which the Smithy-men looked upon as exclusively their own.

The guardians of vert and venison were not allowed to complain in silence, for the other side promptly took up the cudgels to defend themselves, and declared to the higher powers, when these visited Dene Forest for hunting, that privileges were ignored on every possible occasion or without.

By the tenth year of Edward I.'s reign (1282), forges had increased in number to sixty, three thousand people were supported by working them, and records say that much of the royal revenue was produced from cinders left centuries before by the best road-makers in the country. No doubt their roads were still in use, for in places such as the Soudley Valley, the great "margins," or kerbstones may to-day be seen with some nine feet between their well-set lines, though most of the paving-stones in the middle were long ago carried off for building.

Royal exactions apparently failed to crush the miners' energy, for when the document containing their privileges was first written, the number of forges had increased to seventy-two, each paying seven shillings a year to the Crown. But miners were not the only ones who were granted favours in Dene Forest, for a certain small Cistercian Abbey was on several occasions used as a hunting-box by Norman and Plantagenet kings. This fact was a fine opportunity to secure good things, and when permission was given to set up one forge "free and quit," besides having pasturage for cattle and oaks for fuel, the jealous Smithy-men made as much commotion as if

personal insult were offered to them. For time had proved their value and experience had opened their eyes to see that they possessed a power which might as well be used to assert themselves when authorities folded their hands, refusing to interfere.

At length the Tewkesbury traders' cry waxed too loud to be ignored, when they declared that boats and trowes, carrying all manner of merchandise to Bristol, had been stopped "at the coast of the forest by multitudes of the common people dwelling thereabouts," who seized the loads, threatening violence if the boatmen dared resist.

Thereupon an Act was passed to enforce restitution, and the raiders' bold, quarrelsome nature was turned to account during the troubles of Edward II.'s reign, by orders to exchange pickaxes for bows. Once the Foresters marched as far north as Berwick-on-Tweed in their new capacity of soldiers, and they were found to fight nearly as well as they dug. In 1310, 1311, 1315, and 1317 the Constable of St. Briavels was commanded to select various numbers, some as sappers, others as archers, for military service, and often fresh privileges took the place of hard cash in payment. Their return home was, as may be readily imagined, not altogether relished under the circumstances by their more peacefully inclined and less favoured countrymen.

The Gaveller must have had hard work to collect his majesty's dues "between mattens and masse every Tuesday," from people who defied law, whenever this could safely be done, and who resented interference. At length the King hit upon a plan which would secure money for his coffers with less trouble and uncertainty as to amount. The Forest should be farmed to a knight who would be answerable for its rent, and might squeeze what he liked besides for himself from the turbulent tenants.

Anthony Kingston, unpleasantly known to history as the "bloody Provost-Marshal," was one of the earliest to farm Dene Forest, and the inmates certainly felt that they had fallen on evil times when left to his mercy. Luckily for them, however, his reign was short; and Anthony saved his neck from the gallows for conspiracy by dying on the way to London to take his trial.

Timber-cutting was restrained by Parliament in 1581, owing to complaints that the royal forest was dwindling to such an extent there was no small danger of extinction. About that time the Spaniards, who looked with jealous eyes on the iron-works, made up their minds to destroy these when the country was presently conquered, thanks to the Invincible Armada. And Queen Bess sent

messengers to Gloucestershire to report to her whether the chest-nuts were ready for felling, that the trees might be converted into ships to oppose the enemy, but they were pronounced too young.

Better things were in store for the iron trade when Lord Dudley took up the reins of government, because he was not content to pursue the old methods for working, these having long ago proved to be inadequate.

The new tenant was content to pay a rent of £2,433 to the Crown, from which two facts may be gathered, namely, that he was a man of considerable wealth, also that he looked to increase it by vert and venison, as well as by the coal and iron which were plentifully stored underground. Records tell us that the "bargayne" was made in 1612, and it is rumoured that the Earl was the first to employ furnaces instead of the "blomaries," or hand forges, which had hitherto been used. These had comparatively little power, and probably Lord Dudley was astute enough to see that his personal interest demanded improvements. Besides, when he entered on his tenancy a survey reported the Forest forges to be "very cracked and ruinous," which is not surprising when one considers what troubles convulsed the country in those days.

Human nature being much the same all the world over, the miners no doubt took advantage of the fighting among their betters to further their own ends. At all events we are told that they killed the deer, were by no means particular as to what timber they felled or how much, and these were not the only ways in which their hands were given to "picking and stealing." Still repairs were costly, the machinery of law was slow, cumbrous, and uncertain in its action, the detested "foreigners" must benefit by an improved state of things, and thus it came to pass that when the Earl looked into matters he found much to be done before due returns were likely.

Charcoal, coke, lime had each been tried in turn as fuel, then why not coal, which burned with more heat than the others and lay in abundance all around ready for digging? Soldiering days were over for the miners before even the sixteenth century ended, and the new master was bent upon bettering the trade. So the Smithy-men were set to work, and having surrounded himself with plenty of material, Lord Dudley began to experiment.

The fibrous brown ore, which was more plentiful than all the fifteen known varieties, was capable of better working than it had hitherto received. So chimneys rose in openings made by the disappearance of underwood, bellows were made larger, as a natural

consequence the blast was stronger, and a still more important change was that coal was then used to supplement wood fuel.

A bank near water was chosen for convenience, and on the top were built cone-shaped furnaces of gritty Forest stone twenty or thirty feet high. Into these were thrown charcoal, brushwood, ore, flints, cinders also to act as a flux later on, the men having learnt that to smelt ore alone meant dead loss. Being young in science the reason was beyond them, only it was plain that unless a flux was used the metal flowed away in a glassy stream with the refuse and they could not be parted.

Underneath the furnaces fires were lit, and three holes made at intervals which were anxiously watched by the workers, because they knew that right results depended upon everything being in order. The first hole was for the blast made by two large bellows which were driven by water instead of by hand as heretofore. Dross escaped through the next, and from the lowest molten metal streamed into sandy grooves which had been scooped ready to receive it.

Not content with having new and better furnaces built, the enterprising tenant inquired where the best ores were to be found, for South Wales, Staffordshire and Lancashire were rich in them. When he discovered that Lancashire possessed purer material for working than the contents of Dene Forest mines, quantities were imported by him and less fuel for smelting was required. Only fifteen or sixteen sacks of charcoal were needed to fuse this ore, and thus a considerable saving was effected.

It will be seen that under such vigorous tenancy the iron trade developed and considerable changes were made for the better. But ignorance and prejudice combined with fancied self-interest are stubborn foes to progress, and though experiments might be tolerated, their success was not. Leave for the miners' felling of oaks was an elastic privilege, and their anger was stirred when this was curtailed in favour of something new, however much better it might be.

What between opposition and riots the Earl was glad in time to be rid of his "bargayne," and in 1615 Sir Basil Brook became a tenant of the Crown instead. Three years later Messrs. Chaloner & Harris took Sir Basil's place at a rent which had dwindled to two thousand pounds, and during their tenancy it may have been that Government ordered six hundred guns to be cast for the States-General of Holland. The order was carried out in 1620, and the spot where the casting took place is to this day known as Gunsmills, a picturesque valley with the Forest rising round it on three sides, and a ridge of red rocky hills on the fourth, locally known as Shapridge.

Changes of tenancy seem to have been frequent in the seventeenth century, and how the Smithy-men bore with the vagaries of different masters can only be inferred by after events, for few outsiders dared to penetrate to those leafy fastnesses, the intricacies of which were only known to the dwellers therein. They alone were acquainted with the windings in sundry deserted mines called Scowles, or the whereabouts of many a safe hiding-place where crimes and criminals might remain undetected till Doomsday. Besides, "foreigners" had a wholesome dread of the gipsy-like men in orange-stained fustian, whose ideas on religion and morals were crude, and one of whose weakest spots was a superstition born of dense ignorance.

No law was found straight enough to curb such men for long, because their very position added to difficulties, and when Cromwell's iron hand was on the land he sent peremptory orders that "all the iron-works formerly leased to the Crown should be suppressed and demolished."

In the Civil War time previously the Foresters' indignation had been greatly aroused by Sir John Winter, a loyal gentleman of Lydney, who made the most of his own rights while disregarding those of other people. The knight's wholesale felling touched the miners in a sensitive spot, so they called Sir John "a plague," his house "a den," disregarded his commands, threw down his fences, and complained bitterly to the higher power about destruction of timber. Their complaint cut two ways, and great was the malcontents' dismay when they heard that their only nominal means of livelihood was to be taken from them altogether. Indeed, many years elapsed before Cromwell's decree could be fully carried out, and not till 1680 was a note to that effect made in the Fourth Order of the Mine Law Court, dated April 27.

By that date changes were undermining many things throughout the country, nor was Dene Forest behindhand in this respect, though the Wye, the Severn and Welsh mountains made barriers across which changes drifted more slowly than in other parts. When the destruction caused by successive holders of the Forest became known through Commissioners' reports, fresh plantations were made, precautions were taken, keepers and verderers were appointed to guard Crown interests, and the coal trade rose into importance on the ruins of iron.

This, however, lingered here and there as a private speculation, and in a valley twelve miles from Gloucester there was, till early in the nineteenth century, a forge which brought its owners much

profit, judging from letters on the subject. In them are frequent references to iron at nineteen pounds per ton, and occasional ones to Lancashire ore having been brought for smelting to what is still called the Furnace Yard at Flaxley. Prices fluctuated after that, and generally in a downward direction, till in 1824 bar-iron sold at nine to thirteen pounds, and eight years later at four pound fifteen shillings per ton!

The keepers must have had no light or easy task when first the iron-works were discontinued, for never was there a truer saying than that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," besides which the Smithy-men's fierce passions were aroused by what to them was a very real grievance.

One who knew the neighbourhood well, and has long since passed away, left in writing his impressions of the desolation caused by carrying out Cromwell's order: "I saw," says he, "the ruins of one of these furnaces, situated below York Lodge, and surrounded by a large heap of the slag or scoria that is produced in making pig-iron. The situation of this furnace is remote from roads, and must at one time have been deemed nearly inaccessible. The quantity of slags I computed at from eight to ten thousand tons. If it is assumed that this furnace made upon an average annually two hundred tons of pig-iron, and that the quantity of slag run from the furnace was equal to half the quantity of iron made, we shall have a hundred tons of cinders annually for a period of eighty to a hundred years."

About 1720 the iron-making district of Dene Forest seems to have contained ten blast furnaces, six being in Gloucestershire, three in Herefordshire, and one at Tintern; but not till 1795 was the manufacture resumed with any seriousness, and the date is preserved on an inscription stone in the furnace at Cinderford. But even then, wrote an inquirer on the subject, they failed commercially as a speculation, from the rude and insufficient character of their arrangements, the quantity produced not reaching twenty tons a week.

It was increasingly felt by scientific men that there was much room for improvement in working the metal, which time has proved to be of the first importance in labour. Mining and agricultural tools of every sort were faulty, because when iron was run from its ore the pigs and sows were over full of dross. Their refining not only gave double work, for some twenty per cent. in weight was lost before they left the puddlers' hands to be cast into various forms. After groping persistently in the dim light caused by intelligent

experiments, a Scotchman discovered, in 1828, a remedy, also an improvement, which gave fresh impetus to the trade.

This was the hot blast which, by purifying the air before it reached the seething metal, was found to answer better in minimising labour than the cold blast which had hitherto been employed. Neilson's suggestion pushed its way on its own merits sooner than Lord Dudley's about fuel had done some two centuries previously, and the year after it became public property the iron trade made a new start in the Forest. Its rise in Wales and Staffordshire had till then made Forest speculation on the whole a failure, and in 1788 it was reported "no regular iron-works were carried on there." However, when men have enterprising spirit, besides money and material at command, the wheels of trade are unlikely to stop turning for long, and company after company was formed, having more or less freemasonry with iron-masters in other counties.

One Moses Teague formed the earliest, and called it the Cinderford Iron Company. He was by all accounts a restless genius who thought that nothing was done while anything remained for him to do, and that new methods of every kind must be better than the old. A huge water-wheel was erected to blow the furnace, improvements were eagerly sought after, and so freely did money flow to the outlay that the members became embarrassed to start with, consequently when years of depression followed the company collapsed.

That water-wheel, said to be nearly the largest existing, was put up at an unfortunate time, because steam-power was beginning to assert itself ; moreover, the wheel was found insufficient despite its size. So also was a steam-engine for supplying two large furnaces on the blast principle, and not till a new company undertook the iron-works some years after did matters assume a more cheerful aspect.

In the beautiful Soudley Valley, near Newnham-on-Severn, iron wire, drawn out by strength of hand, is said to have been made as early as 1565. But little is known about the doings in that obscure spot except that changes were frequent there as elsewhere, varying with the men who had temporary control. At one time the wire gave place to paint and brass, at a later date new blast furnaces were built and ore was again smelted at Soudley as in Roman times. Through the valley may still be clearly traced the road made under the direction of the armour-clad legions who have left so many marks upon our country.

As time went on miners formed unions to protect their interests, when it was found that employers, who often rose from the ranks,

were hard in their dealings, like the metal which enabled them to mount in the world. Strikes led to distress and lawless outbursts, masters combined to raise or lower wages, then the trouble passed, and the night sky was aglow with furnace fires as usual.

The writing of centuries long since gone may still be read in to-day's story of the Forest, and local names, such as Cinderford, Cinderhill, or Furnace Yard, tell of the time when riches lay hid in refuse. This was left by a nation which taught its slaves how to use metal, after preparing it for sundry purposes, in place of wood and stone. In short, the iron trade, at all events in Dene Forest, may truly be said to have been founded by people who, many hundred years before their prosperity, were pronounced by prophecy to be "strong as iron."

S. M. CRAWLEY BOEVEY.

A WARRIOR-SAINT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

My Christian champion stout, . . . God's scourge upon the Moor.

LOCKHART.

Defiance, Emperor, while I have strength to hurl it !

Tenniel's Cartoon in "Punch," Dec. 17, 1870.

ON August 8, 1902, a French officer, Lieutenant-Colonel de Saint-Rémy, being ordered to send a squadron of his regiment of Chasseurs to assist in closing the nuns' school at Lanouen, in Morbihan, positively refused to obey. "I am a Christian," he is reported to have answered, "and will not share in an act which is contrary to my faith and to my religious sentiments." He was, as might be expected, "at once relieved from his command," and was ordered "to repair to Belle Isle to undergo fortress imprisonment."

When, through the *Times* of August 12, this "very serious incident" became known in England, those who were familiar with recent French military biography were at once reminded of a nearly parallel case in 1880, during the almost similar anti-clerical agitation under the government of Paul Bert. Next day they learned that everybody in France had remembered it too, and that application had been made to the retired General de Gallifet, the surviving actor in the scene, for his account of the affair in 1880, when General de Sonis, commanding at Chateauroux, was in a like strait between his religious and his military duty. This M. de Gallifet has accordingly done in a letter to the *Gaulois* (reproduced in part in the *Daily Telegraph* of August 13): "On the eve of the day fixed for

the execution of the decrees against the religious orders," writes M. de Gallifet, "General de Sonis saw me at Tours, and did not refuse his obedience, but gave me his resignation"—an important military distinction.

Who was General de Sonis, the clerical champion of 1880? The average Englishman may be excused for not knowing, since, setting aside a bare mention of his name in Cassell's "History of the Franco-German War," and a few like summaries, all the books which go into detail on his career are distinctly Roman Catholic. M. de Sonis had a reason, highly creditable to himself, for wishing to remain in obscurity during his lifetime, and on this very occasion of 1880 he wrote to two or three newspapers on his own side begging them not to put his name forward. Yet even in those days his work was manifest—a restored Church, a restored army; and since his death removed the seal of secrecy, he has become known for what he was—the Havelock, the Hedley Vicars, the General Gordon of France. Legend has already begun to gather round a career in itself sufficiently striking and unconventional. It is told how, at his prayer, streams have broken forth in the desert, and devouring floods have been stayed. The Queen of Heaven has descended to comfort him. The Bishop, whose task it was to pronounce his funeral sermon, ventured to hint at a coming time when miracles should be wrought at his tomb, and the Church "should glorify with a brighter splendour" this striking example of Christian graces united with national valour. And meanwhile his life has been written at full length by an Archbishop, and abridged, adapted, illustrated, in infinite gilt prize-books and red-lined manuals with allegorical devices of sword and chaplet. He is depicted at the head of Catholic tracts, kneeling in full uniform, with hands and eyes uplifted, ministering beside plague-stricken pallets, leading his last charge with the Dove descending in bodily shape upon him. The prayer with which he solaced his last years of suffering is sold as a leaflet at fivepence the hundred, while the devout watchword of his fighting days is emblazoned on filigree cards, amid conventional garlands of oak and bay. Anecdotes of his piety form the staple of those little "Almanachs de la France," or "Almanachs du Bon Soldat," which are put forth annually to "check the flood of socialist and immoral literature." But, above all, the indecisive battle of Loigny, in the war of 1870—dismissed by military historians with a few words of contempt, "an action as *décousue* as possible"—has acquired glory and interest as the scene of his final charge under the banner of the Sacred Heart, and, moreover, of the apparition of "Our Lady of

Lourdes"—an exact replica of that described by Bernadette—to comfort him as he lay wounded and abandoned.

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, and under the protection of Mary, Queen and Mother of all Christians, of my patron St. Louis, of St. Joseph, and of my guardian angel"—so opens the fragment of autobiography which General de Sonis did not live to complete. He goes on to state that he was, in the correct sense, a Creole, being born (August 25, 1825, St. Louis's Day) at Pointe-à-Pitre, in the island of Guadeloupe, where his father, Lieutenant Charles Gaston de Sonis, was aide to the military governor. The lieutenant's family consisted of two daughters and two sons, beside a step-daughter, the child of his wife by a former marriage. Louis Gaston, the future warrior-saint, was his father's second child and elder son. His mother was Marie Elizabeth Sylphide de Bébien, widow of M. Chanais de Lestortière. Both parents came of noble families impoverished by the Revolution, and could boast of ancestors martyred by the guillotine and on the battlefields of the Vendée.

Gaston remembered through life the maternal grandfather's house, looking over the blue sea studded with islets, the Place de la Victoire, whither he dragged his black nurse every morning that he might see the soldiers drilling, the volcano, and the sulphur springs, objects for adventurous and delightful excursions. One of these expeditions stood out especially in his memory, when he, then about six years old, lay wrapped in cloaks at the bottom of a boat, listening to the plash of the oars alone breaking the stillness, and gazing up to the starry heavens above, with thoughts of the majesty of Creation, such as of old inspired the Psalmist. "This was the first revelation of God to my soul. I can feel my father's arm adjusting the cloaks round me." In another fragment Gaston recalls: "My father used to take me up on his horse before him, to draw pictures for me, sing songs, tell stories. Whenever my father was at home, we were all of us climbing on his knee at once."

M. de Sonis *père* returned to France in 1832, taking the children with him, but the mother was left behind at the bedside of her aged father. Little Gaston was sustained by the promise that Mama would soon come after them; but the grandfather lingered full three years, and when at last, in 1835, a date was fixed for her leaving him, she was suddenly struck down by malarial fever. "We were all overwhelmed by the blow," wrote the son who had been watching for her return. In this year Gaston was sent to the preparatory College of Stanislas, under the direction of the Marist Fathers. Severe strictures have recently been passed upon this establishment.

Inadequate washing apparatus, pupils incited to anti-Republican demonstrations,¹ surveillance system carried to the extreme, with the result of manufacturing a typical "little prig, with his eyes turned down, and his toes turned out"²—all these things have been alleged against it. Perhaps little Gaston de Sonis did turn down his eyes and turn out his toes, but at any rate he preserved tender reminiscences of his days of pupilage.

"The good Fathers encouraged my natural dispositions for piety, and I repaid them by my progress. Every night I knelt long in prayer by my bedside. When only ten, I was permitted to make my first Communion, and to this great act I brought all my baptismal innocence, together with a fervour beyond my years. . . . Delicious memories ; balm for evil days ! I could fill pages, but let it suffice to say that I regard my first Communion as the blessing of my life."

Precocious piety, forced in a hot-house, some may say. Yet the hot-house plant lived to flourish in the free air. Forty-five years afterwards, in a letter of 1880, written on the occasion of his resignation of his command, the veteran Sonis reminds his correspondent of "our first Communion together, and our vow to die rather than yield."

Gaston's next move was to the Oratorian College of Juilly,³ the training school of a line of warriors, beginning with Marshal Villars. He arrived a thin and pale little boy, and, like Marcellin Marbot before him, he had to undergo the ignominy of being nicknamed *Mademoiselle* ; but he soon proved his manliness in the riding school, where his special adroitness presaged the future cavalry leader. Yet, somewhat oddly, his first fancy was for the sea service, and, at his own wish, he was transferred in 1842 to a naval college. This he found to be "a den of vice"—such is his scathing phrase ; and, consequently, he was soon glad to fall in with his father's original plan for him, that he should complete his education at the Military College of Saint-Cyr. During his vacation in 1844 he took long rides with his father, and from him learned what he afterwards repeated to his son as the A B C of military discipline—"Never to ask to go to

¹ Urbain Gohier, in the *National Review*, reprinted as a tract by the Ladies' League for the Preservation of the Reformed Faith of the Church of England.

² Hannah Lynch, *French Life in Town and Country*, 1901.

³ Founded as an Augustinian monastery in the twelfth century, and appropriated by Blanche of Castille for the education of the orphans of Crusaders. Created *Académie Royale* under Louis XIII. A description of it near the time of Sonis occurs in Canon Wordsworth's *Diary of a Tour in France*.

the right rather than to the left, unless that should be the post of danger."

In September 1844, the young people of the Sonis family were all at home with their father, then in garrison at Libourne, and as happy as the day was long. Gaston was in request at all the local gaieties, and his sisters profited by having so charming a brother. The father was called away for a day or two to take his youngest son Théobald to school. They set off cheerfully, and the sisters remembered rallying Papa upon his jaunty appearance in civilian dress. Early next morning an old friend of the family knocked up the porter, and demanded to be shown up at once into Gaston's chamber. Seating himself by the youth's bedside, and pressing his hands, he said, "My poor child, I have terrible news for you. Your father has been taken suddenly ill, and is now lying at the Hôtel du Midi at Bordeaux." And as the startled sleeper gazed bewildered, the friend went on to say that he had obtained a carriage, that the sisters must be called, and they must drive post haste, on the chance of being in time for a last farewell. So said, so done; and as evening fell the young people drove up to the door of the Hôtel du Midi, but when they arrived the father was speechless. They sat weeping round his bed, and shuddered as the Curé entered with the Viaticum, which seemed to them as the death-warrant. "My children," said the priest, "stay me not in a sacred duty." The sisters drew Gaston from the room. In a few minutes he was recalled; extreme unction had been administered. The father pressed their hands, gave his watch to Gaston, and shortly afterwards sank into a stupor, from which he never rallied. All night the orphans knelt hand in hand, feeling abandoned of earth and heaven, when in the early morning the door opened, and an ecclesiastic presented himself—not the assistant at the death-bed, but a sojourner in the hotel, who, hearing the sad tale, had come to offer comfort. And according to Sonis, the words he spoke "pierced the soul, revived the latent spark of piety in my heart, braced me for future duty. When he left us I was converted; my heart was given to Heaven."

This priest was a Jesuit, and for his sake Sonis always protected that Order in its missionary enterprises abroad, and against the attacks of socialists and anti-clericals at home.

The sisters were sent back to their mother's family in Guadeloupe, where they remained till one of them married, and the others entered Carmelite convents. Meanwhile Sonis made his *début* at Saint-Cyr, which in the days of Louis-Philippe was far from being

the nursery of Catholicism and Royalism that it has since become, under the influence, partly, of Sonis himself. The pupils never saw the chaplain save at the altar on Sundays, and could confess and communicate only on their holidays out. Sonis found himself singular in making this use of his days of freedom.

No portrait exists of Sonis in his earlier years, but from various sources it may be gathered that he was of unusual height, slender and supple, yet vigorous and wiry, that his hair and eyes were coal-black, but that his skin was fair, until it was tanned by the Algerine sun. Later on, he grew very thin, as was to be expected from his austerities. In character, his comrades found him quiet and studious, very obliging, though of a somewhat hasty temper, which he struggled hard to subdue.

In 1846 he passed on to the Cavalry School of Saumur, amid more congenial surroundings, for here he had the solace of visits to the neighbouring Abbey of Solesmes. The monks pressed him to stay with them for good, and Sonis was half-convinced ; but his love for horse exercise prevailed. He made, however, about this time, a solemn dedication of himself in the secular life. When, the next year, he received his sub-lieutenancy in the 5th Hussars, his resolution was repeatedly put to the test by the recurrent necessity of taking a part one way or the other as to the salutation of the Host in the public streets. His mental struggles on this point may perhaps not at once commend the sympathy of readers of Protestant proclivities, and the anti-climax of the following tale may be rather trying to the English sense of the ludicrous ; but let due honour be yielded to all forms of sincerity.

It was at the officers' club, a well-filled room ; Sonis, the youngest subaltern, stood, newspaper in hand, leaning against the chimney-piece. A little bell came tinkling along the street. "Surely," thought he, "that must be the *bon Dieu*." Then came the struggle. "Must I kneel? Nobody else does. . . . And yet, if it were their king, their general, their flag, they would salute. And shall I do less for my God? *Allons donc !*" He approached the window, had half-bent the knee, when, lo ! the trial was spared him. It was nothing but a costermonger's donkey-cart, with its cracked tin-pot.

In 1848 his regiment moved to Castres, a dead-alive little town, and the officers deplored their ill-luck. But Gaston always believed that the Archangel Raphael had ruled the matter. While marching in, with all the little boys running after them, and the better-class gazing from their windows at a sight so stirring, the officer at Sonis's side began telling him about the society of the neighbourhood.

He had just mentioned a lawyer's family, including a daughter—"There she is," he continued, directing his companion's attention to a figure on a balcony. Sonis avers that he fell in love at first sight; and the lady (after their marriage, of course) admitted that she too had felt an attraction. Soon afterwards they met at a party, where "under the eyes of her parents," as befitted good young French people, Sonis "conversed seriously with her," and satisfied himself that her principles were as excellent as his own. "We each invoked Heaven to bless our pure sentiments," and the young man, having no senior relation to act for him, made his offer in person to the lawyer-father. There was some demur, owing to the suitor's lack of means; but as the daughter, on inquiry, "could not dissemble her appreciations," and the young man, on his side, "evinced the utmost delicacy and honour," consent was given to the alliance of Louis Gaston de Sonis with Jenny Antoinette Anaïs Roger, on April 18, 1849, he being then twenty-three and she seventeen. Their wedded life was to be an exact carrying-out of that predicted by Mrs. Jennings for a curate, "They will have a child every year. And, Lord help 'em! how poor they will be!" but it was one of lifelong attachment and mutual succour, and, at this time, the ideal of love in a cottage. "We were as happy as could be on earth," wrote "she who now daily weeps for him." "Every day we thanked Heaven for giving us to each other. . . . I blush to say, sometimes I felt quite jealous of the attention he bestowed on religion. And then he would reply sweetly that one must not be jealous of the *bon Dieu*, and that our union, rooted in heaven, would stand firm when others had failed." Sonis gave his wife riding-lessons, which came in useful afterwards in Algeria; they visited the museums and picture-galleries, or, side by side in the smallest of lodgings, studied Jomini, which the wife found quite interesting when he explained it.

In his zeal for good works of all kinds, Sonis had been induced, while at Saumur, to join the Freemasons, for, strange to say, he was not aware that they had been condemned by the Church. In this matter, the archiepiscopal biographer admits, the youth had preserved his innocence almost *too* well. One day at Castres he was asked to take the duty of an officer who was going to a Masonic dinner—"They might have asked me too," said Sonis. "Why, surely you are not one of them!" exclaimed the colonel, amazed. "Why should I not be?" "Well! you had better go and see for yourself." Accordingly Sonis attended the dinner, where the style of decoration puzzled him; however, he supposed the skulls and

cross-bones to be emblems of mortality. But when the after-dinner speeches began there remained no more room for doubt. He sprang to his feet, threw down his napkin (a gesture which is always vividly reproduced in the pictorial tracts)—“Gentlemen ! where am I ? This is a trap ! I was told that religion would be respected, and I hear it insulted ! You have not kept your promises ; I am freed from mine. Farewell for ever.” And he stalked out of the room, leaving the guests dumfounded.

In the course of the next few years he was transferred to Pontivy, to Paris, where he and his wife rejoiced in the opportunity of attending Lacordaire’s Conferences, and finally to Limoges, in the capacity of full lieutenant. Here he received a new impulse in the religious life. He had a bad fall while training an English mare, “Miss Anna,” for the military sports, was laid up for a month, and was “administered,” or received the Sacraments, as one in danger of death. When he rose from his bed it was with a renewed sense of “the vanity of earthly things,” which manifested itself in ways sometimes verging on the priggish. Witness the tales, repeated admiringly, of his quoting *Sic transit gloria mundi*, when his wife and a friend were talking *chiffons*, of his wishing “a happy death” as his New Year compliment to a comrade’s wife, and of his virtuous exultation over the mere frequenters of *cafés*—“*Quelle vie !*”

But his sincerity was beyond doubt. Every morning saw him in his place at five o’clock mass, among the peasants and work-people who took their opportunity before the opening of the market. He received the Communion every Sunday and holiday, and went fasting till noontide each day throughout Lent, refusing, even at his confessor’s instances, to profit by the dispensation regularly granted to the army. Once, going straight from a review to vespers, and finding that his appearance in full-dress uniform was creating some sensation, he took himself to task for feeling embarrassed, and, as discipline, proceeded, before the congregation, to go through the whole Way of the Cross, making the prescribed genuflexion, with recital of *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Gloria*, before each of the fourteen stations. Then, doubting whether this had been too ostentatious, he applied to his director, whose reply was much in the spirit of “Not guilty, but don’t do it again.” Another time, on his way to church, meeting the Host, he duly fell on his knees, in a particularly dusty road, and a well-dressed woman, passing in a carriage, was moved to much laughter. Almost involuntarily there escaped from the worshipper’s lips the words, “Ah ! so you find it laughable, do you ?” Then, recollecting that it was not his place to reply, he

entered the sacristy before approaching the Communion Table, to obtain absolution for the momentary loss of temper. Panegyrist often repeat these two incidents as wholly laudatory, and omit what is perhaps the best part, the final misgivings.

The early 'fifties were, as Leech's pictures record, the era of table-turning ; and Sonis, coming in to an evening party, was beset with invitations to join—"the Church has not forbidden it." "The Church mistrusts it," was his reply, as he took his station in the farthest corner ; and the usual result of a sceptic's presence followed : the table would do nothing that night, and the guests murmured under their breath against subalterns who set up to be so pious. In secular matters he was equally unbending. At the *plébiscite* after the *coup d'état* of 1851, when all his regiment voted *Yes* for the election of Louis Napoleon, Sonis alone, faithful to his Royalist traditions, dared to vote *No*—and this in spite of the remonstrances of his Colonel, who told him he was only fit for the Middle Ages. He refused to solicit advancement. "Though a Christian may beg his bread," said he, "I read nowhere that he is permitted to beg favours," and to this resolution he remained firm, even when his wife urged the claims of their growing family. In 1852 he joined the Association of St. Vincent de Paul,¹ which may be described as a national district-visiting society with both men and women workers ; and it was remembered gratefully by the poor under his auspices that his were "sit-down" visits (*visites assises*). This gave him opportunity to set on foot an "*Œuvre des Militaires*" for the spiritual instruction of the soldiers, and to read a paper on Sunday observance, which, being favourably received by the Bishop, became the germ of the present-day (Catholic) association for Sunday cessation of labour. Another of his works, less to English taste, was the introduction of the "*Adoration Nocturne*." This devotion, long confined to religious houses, had since 1848 been established by Father Hermann at Notre Dame des Victoires, for laymen, who were thereby to "console the Divine Heart" for the Apostles' slumber in Gethsemane. Sonis found seven disciples, civil and military, and they, "meeting noiselessly, much like conspirators," passed, in his words, "delicious nights," each kneeling in turn before the tabernacle in the dimly-lighted church, repeating

¹ Founded by Frédéric Ozanam in 1833. It was introduced among the English Roman Catholics in 1844, and has since formed branches in Bristol and other large towns. Present patron, the Marquis of Ripon. One of its chief objects in England is the befriending foreign sailors at the London docks, and directing them to confessors who speak their language.

the *Pange lingua* and *Lauda Sion*, and making "acts of atonement" for the works of darkness committed by the ungodly during the same hours.

But all this while the young officer had never seen fire ; and, to his regret, his regiment was not among those sent to the Crimea. It was his fate, instead, to be despatched to Algiers (May 1854), as captain in the 7th Hussars. The time was unfortunate ; his wife was obliged to remain behind, and with her, of necessity, their three children ; and his letters during this period breathe a spirit of deep home-sickness, always corrected with the pious ejaculation, *Fiat !* He had the solace, however, of continual occupation, in bringing his men into discipline, and looking after their moral and spiritual welfare in "a heathen and godless land, full of traps for the unwary." He was successful to the extent of being able to say with pride that "nearly all my hussars wear Madonna-medals"—at which the sceptical reflection may occur, that medals are cheap ; but there is evidence of more solid influence for good, as attested by the story that the men restrained each other from swearing, "because it would pain the Captain." Sonis was noted for being, like Condé, "a courteous commander" ; and one of his principles was never to *thou* (*tutoyer*) any fellow-Christian, or, at least, to restrict the term solely to equals. To call a wife *thou* he regarded as a revolutionary innovation ; indeed he forbore to use this form of address even to his children, on account of his profound respect for the baptismal grace in them. Off duty, his time was devoted to the study of literary and popular Arabic, in both of which he became an adept, to the work of the St. Vincent Society, of which he found a branch already established in Algiers, and to introducing, with the aid of the Bishop, the Nocturnal Adoration. One of his letters gives the list of his library : the "Vulgate," the "Maronite New Testament," the "*Imitation* in Latin," "My old school Virgil," some odd volumes of "St. Augustine," "St. Alphonsus Liguori" and the "Count de Maistre," and a host of Arabic grammars, "over which I am knitting my brows."

His wife joined him at Milianah in the course of the next year, and all would have been bliss, but that the regiment was perpetually changing quarters, and ever and again they had, at short notice, to pack the babies into mule-panniers and to set out across country. On one occasion, in a journey of twenty leagues, there were twenty-two streams, girth-deep, to ford ; a mule fell with its precious freight of children ; and hardly had they all settled down at their

destination, before they had to be up and away again. Each "translation of domicile," as the French phrase is, "was ruin." At Milianah they bought furniture and it had to be sold at a loss; at Blidah they hired a furnished "apartment" for a month, and then had to stay so long that it would have been cheaper to buy at the first. Even his new Hussar uniform was so costly that his promotion entailed "all sorts of privations" upon him. One by one the luxuries were cut off—cigars, the club, the café, and even, with many regrets, the *Univers* newspaper; but never the subscription to St. Vincent.

In 1857 he made his first military expedition, that which resulted in the conquest of Kabylia, and gave him the delight of assisting at a solemn outdoor mass, said by the Vicar-General on the newly-conquered plateau, before an altar raised upon drum-heads, and surmounted by a cross made from a fresh-hewn oak tree.

Early in 1858 Sonis effected an exchange from the Hussars into the First African Chasseurs, then in garrison at Algiers. He hoped thus to be relieved from the expense of moving his household about; but, as fate would have it, the War of Italian Liberation broke out, and his new regiment was embarked for Genoa, to enter upon the campaign in Lombardy. The cause was little to his liking, but he recognised that a soldier has no politics. Before setting out, he prepared himself, as was his wont, by receiving the Communion and offering his life at the foot of the crucifix, in presence of his wife and the six children. At Genoa, among the military men there gathered together, some amusement was excited by the austere simplicity of his Algerian camp equipment—a sheepskin on a truss of hay for a bed, and a tin jug and basin. But the laugh was turned when he was found to be the only officer unaffected by the Imperial order for a reduction of baggage. His fame as a "Jesuit" had preceded him; but happily a friend had made him a parting present of a case of Madeira, and as his seriousness was not in the teetotal line, the wine was brought out with great effect at a third-rate inn, and sent everybody to bed in good-humour. On landing, and after every subsequent march, the Captain's first visit was to the church, where he knelt before the tabernacle, and, if practicable, made his confession, helping out his imperfect Italian with recollections of college Latin. "Then I returned to camp, light of heart; if death came, it would find me *en règle*." One of the stock tract stories is that of his religious refreshments while on duty.

"While reconnoitring, a steeple appears. Halt! The Master is there. We dismount, we enter; we pray the priest to administer to us the Communion.

Done ! Our time is not our own, we remount, and we make our Act of Thanksgiving at full gallop."

He was distressed by the absence of almoners ;¹ and meeting an old priest who remembered the battle of Marengo, he enlisted his services to say mass for the fallen on both sides. After the victories of Montebello and Magenta, he was ever by the side of the wounded, asking them if they knew their prayers, teaching them if the reply was unsatisfactory, and pressing on them a Madonna-medal "to bring good fortune."

Another trait which the pictorial tracts have seized upon is that of his desperate charge at Solferino, when he was seen, by a movement like a lightning-flash, to shift his sword to his left hand to cross himself, and then to rush upon the squares of Tyrolese fusiliers, the boasted phalanx of the Austrian army. His panegyrists try to make out that this decided the victory, but, on comparison of the official accounts and his own letter to his wife from the battlefield, the plain fact appears to be that he got into a hot corner and out again.

To Madame de Sonis.

. . . I set out at full speed, four paces in front of my squadron. A bullet ricocheted between my horse's legs, covering me with earth, and killing the horse behind me. Those magnificent Tyrolese squares overwhelmed us with a rolling fire from all sides. Never shall I forget the faces I met, the bayonets gleaming like razors, the thousand balls whistling at my ears. Half my squadron was laid low ; the other half was attacked in flank by a squadron of Uhlans. My poor grey horse was shot under me. I drove in the spurs, and he carried me out of all those squares, and fell. Then I had to run on foot, sword in hand, amid a hail of balls, having parried a deadly bayonet-thrust with my sabre. . . I sprang on a horse which one of my chasseurs brought me, and rallied my men. My splendid squadron was now but a platoon. I had not a scratch.

. . . *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis !*

Never throughout this day have I lost the sense of the Divine Presence. . . .

God and Mary keep you and me, beloved.

June 26, 1859.

DE SONIS.

For this day's service he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which he hastened to lay on the altar of Notre Dame des Victoires at Paris. The last months of occupation passed tediously with him, as he realised more fully the anti-papal character of the war, and the secret alliance of its promoters with the malcontents of the country. "Poor Italy !" he wrote, "where Christianity is banished

¹ Military chaplains were abolished at the Revolution of 1830. Sonis lived to see them restored during the clerical reaction of 1873, and abolished again in 1877, under the administration of Paul Bert.

to the peasant's hut ! It behoves us to show ourselves true soldiers of the Church."

By September 1859 he was back in Algeria, and was soon sent on an expedition to Morocco, under a colonel after his own heart—Montalembert, younger brother of the famous author. The army had need of all its Christian spirit to cope not only with the hostile tribes, but also with the cholera, which overtook it when a hundred miles from priests, from doctors, from nurses. Colonel and captain mingled their laments over this instance of latter-day Imperial bad management, and especially over the injustice of taking no care for the souls of those who risked their lives. All the officers did their best, taking their turn at nursing, keeping a cheerful countenance, and organising lively military choruses ; but it was Sonis who held the crucifix before the dying, repeated prayers over the graves, and reconciled to his fate the young Lieutenant-Colonel Fenin, carried off within three months after his marriage. Colonel de Montalembert was himself struck down ; Sonis sat by him night and day, and received his dying blessing, and his message for his regiment, "that he died happy, and he hoped to meet every man of them on high." Such was the reputation of Sonis for sanctity that both these officers asked him to hear, in Crusader fashion, their dying confession. This he declined to do, but offered instead to join in prayer with the sufferer that life might be preserved till the arrival of the priest, who had at last been despatched from the nearest ambulance. When the priest came, he was amazed to find all the sick well instructed in their religion, and to recognise, at one death-bed after another, "a captain of chasseurs keeping off the flies with an improvised fan." Sonis refused in after days to give any account of his deeds of mercy, but his intimates have preserved some detached sentences for the biographer. "What hearts of gold under these rough surfaces ! May I die as well when my time comes ! Poor fellows ! they pressed on me their remembrances for their parents, their sweethearts ; it was heart-rending ! . . . I could not speak the words of absolution to them, but I trusted that the Sacred Heart would aid my efforts."

After a few months' well-earned rest in France, which gave him opportunity to place his elder sons and daughter at clerical schools, and to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of the shepherdess-saint, Germaine of Pibrac, Sonis set out again in March 1860, with his wife and the younger children, for Algeria, where he was to remain for the next ten years, in the improved position of Commandant of a Circle. Madame de Sonis describes their journey to Laghouat, or El-Arouat, then on the extreme frontier—the four days' ride over

parched plains, with the road marked only by telegraph-posts ; the reminder of home and religion on finding, at one of the nightly halting-places, a Madonna-image, and a wall papered with coloured pictures of soldiers ; the arrival at the palm-planted oasis, with terraced European buildings rising above native huts ; and the reception, "truly fairy-like," a salute of musketry from native horsemen, with a chorus of *you-yous* from invisible women. With strict observance of precedence, the new Commandant visited in regular order the Host, the priest in residence, and the chief secular authority, as a preliminary to settling down to functions which, all agree, were never better performed than by one who spoke Arabic like a native, rode like a native, performed his religious duties like a Moslem, and who—not the least important—took about with him a creditable wife, who could sit down in the chief's harem while the husbands discoursed without. His day's work was mapped out "like that of a monk," reports his staff-officer—an hour spent in prayer and spiritual reading, usually of the Gospels or the "Imitation," preparatory to attendance at the earliest mass, and reception of the Communion every other day, which was as often as the chaplain would permit him. Then came a slight and hasty breakfast, and work at his bureau till the mid-day meal with his wife and children ; in the afternoon his one luxury of a gallop over the desert, usually combined with some visit of inspection ; official work again, or, if there was nothing more pressing, study of the last light on theology or on cavalry tactics, and an evening at home, closed with family prayer, after which, in accordance with old pre-Revolution custom, each child knelt to receive his blessing. He kept his nocturnal watch—his "*veillée d'armes*," as he said—on the night of Maundy Thursday, and fasted literally from all food from Good Friday to Easter morning. This last, he admitted, was an effort, and one from which his profession might well have dispensed him ; but he would not have it said that the Christians observed the laws of their religion less strictly than the Moslems. On the same principle, when his staff-officer, walking with him to church, made a joke which brought a smile to his face, he bade him forbear, pointing out that the Arabs always maintained a grave demeanour on their way to worship. He had his reward in the esteem of the natives, who bestowed on him the titles of the "great French marabout," and *Moula-ed-Dine*, "master in piety."¹ They had marvelled to see him refuse the gifts which were offered, as a matter of course, to every new governor ;

¹ The spelling and the interpretation are taken from a French source. The present writer disclaims any responsibility for their accuracy.

and their admiration was intensified when, on the occasion of an Arab suitor drawing aside his burnous and pointing significantly to a bag of money concealed beneath it, Sonis sprang from his seat and called for the guard to arrest the insolent one. "What!" was the universal exclamation, "is there at last a Frenchman who is incorruptible?"

These peaceful days were soon to be troubled. In 1861 the Commandant was summoned to defend the Christians of Djelfa against fanatic Arabs. He rode the thirty-six leagues in a night, but arrived only in time to find the village laid waste, and to capture some dozen of the assassins, whom he tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot. The matter was taken up hostilely by the "Judeo-Masonic" press at Paris; and the Governor, Marshal Pelissier, having too many harsh deeds on his own account to afford to justify those of his subordinate, found it judicious to suspend the Commandant temporarily. When the affair had somewhat blown over, Sonis was reinstated in the less important command of Saïda, where, as everywhere else, Arabs and priests alike delighted in him—"his arrival," writes the Curé, "was as good as a mission." His next troubles were domestic ones. Two children died, one in France, and one, "the pearl of the family," at Saïda—as the children of such a father might be expected to die, gazing on the crucifix hung over their cribs, and murmuring aspirations after Paradise; and his letters to sympathising friends are such as have been written by fathers of all shades of creed and in all countries. While in his first mourning, he was ordered on a melancholy expedition—to avenge Colonel Beauprêtre and all his regiment, massacred by rebel Arabs (April 1864). Sonis had a painful parting with his family, whom for safety he sent to France during his absence. His wife, being out of health and low-spirited, had a presentiment that she would not see him again, and he had anew to assure her that the children of so many prayers could not be orphaned unless it was really for their advantage. "We paid a farewell visit to our child's tomb, and each kissed the stone. Our hearts were heavy, but Heaven helped us to bear our burden."

The opening incident of the campaign was not reassuring. The column, emerging from a defile, came suddenly upon the bodies of its slain predecessors. The men shrank from the horrible task of burying them, and Sonis was the first to seize a pickaxe and to set the example. Recognising among these month-old corpses, gnawed by jackals, that of a particularly smart young officer, his next letter home contains characteristic reflections upon "the body of our

humiliation." "As usual, in this Christian army there was no priest to bless the tomb," an omission which he never ceases to regret, and for which he made up, as best he could, by daily reading mass alone in his tent, and sending to his correspondents his meditations upon the Sunday's Epistle and Gospel. His colonel, the future General Marmier, exclaimed, "What a soldier he was, and what a thorough Christian! He would never touch meat on a Friday, even when dead horse was all the meat we had!"

During his last leave home, he had joined the Third, or lay, Order of Mount Carmel, and had been invested with the scapular which promises deliverance from Purgatory on the conditions of a strict moral life and daily recital of the Office of the Immaculate Conception; and daily he contrived to keep the canonical hours, on horseback or at the midday and evening halts. One of the most characteristic of this year's letters describes his efforts for the conversion of a sub-lieutenant of seventeen, a widow's son, who had been recommended to him. "By 'conversion' need I explain that I mean——" (much what an early Methodist would have meant by it)? "So I went to the point at once, since a ball might carry one of us off at any moment." Having brought his new acquaintance under his tent, and supplied him with materials to write home, he proposed—a condescension, as coming from the superior officer—that they should help each other with their examination of conscience for next confession. "And Pierre has promised we shall not part without receiving the Communion together."

Here is perhaps the place to draw attention to the testimony collected by Archbishop Baunard to the personal influence of Sonis. He is described as being at this time still youthful in appearance and feeling, "very young in character," sympathetic with the young officers; a smart officer himself, appreciative of smartness in others, and knowing and loving a good horse. "He never discussed matters of faith," is the report of one subordinate, "but he put good books and encouraging examples in my way. The best of all examples, however, was his own." Another officer was especially struck by his manners: "M. de Sonis has left on my memory the impression of the most accomplished *gentilhomme* of his time." Though quick-tempered, he never went beyond the bounds of "a perfect courtesy"; and even in the first expression of his displeasure or his uneasiness, he would pull himself up, and fix his eyes upon his desk. Once the officer had occasion to pass round the desk, and discovered that the object upon which Sonis thus gazed was a crucifix. One malcontent indeed is quoted: "The colonel

was more feared than loved ; though his men admired his courage, they did not comprehend his austerity." But the writer's grievance seems to amount to this, that, like Waverley under "so respectable a person" as Colonel Gardiner, they "escaped some temptations which they might otherwise have incurred." Perhaps the most touching testimony of all is that reported in 1899 by a lady whose betrothed, the Commandant Chabert de Lans, laid down his life under the walls of Metz in 1870. On the eve of his departure for that fatal war, he told her : "There is an officer some years my senior, now forgotten in Africa, who is a saint in uniform—M. de Sonis. That *homme de Dieu* was my guardian angel. His household is a pattern of Christian wedlock. My own one, let us take him and his wife for models, and love as they do."

Sonis was back at Saïda in December 1864, glad to be in time for the Christmas celebration, but very dreary in the empty house, and very disconsolate for the child who would never return. The next year, 1865, was the occasion of the Emperor Louis Napoleon's visit in state to Algeria, when he remarked Sonis's martial bearing at the head of his squadron, and intimated to the Governor, Marshal Macmahon, a desire to attach that brilliant officer to his household. Macmahon sounded the Commandant privately, and found to his amazement that the Royalist and Ultramontane firmly declined the honour. So this opportunity of Court favour was rejected, but the Emperor acknowledged the Commandant's public services by promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the First Spahis ; and upon this Macmahon thought he might safely restore him to his government of Laghouat, where he was needed, moreover, to repress a second outbreak of border tribes. These he overcame for the time in the skirmish of Metlilli (January 9, 1866), where he scaled the rocks, musket in hand, and dislodged the enemy, with a loss on his side of five men only. An incident of this victory has been preserved by his devoted native ally, Lakhdar-ben-Mohammed, Agha of the friendly tribe of Larbâa.

After the fight, we found in a chief's house ten thousand dours (about £3,000). I asked the Commandant what he meant to do with it. "Why, of course," he said, "I shall pay it into the Treasury." Said I to him, "But the Treasury is rich, and you, Commandant, are poor, and with your family——"

He turned on me with flashing eyes, and exclaimed, "Never ! What is all that to me ? Can I carry ought but a shroud into the tomb ?"

The historian of the subsequent expedition (Lieutenant d'Harcourt, in an interesting article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for March 1869) has said much of the Commandant's courage, his prudence

"his words of conviction and fire, which inspired us with his own confidence," but nothing about his religion, which perhaps implies that it was known mainly by its fruits. The column started on March 25; it is left to Sonis to add that he chose Lady Day as being auspicious. When fainting with thirst, "Providence came to our aid. The wearied horses snuffed the air, and, of their own accord, started off at a trot, and brought us to the edge of a clear pool shaded with tamarinds and oleanders." Sonis told his wife that in this he perceived a direct reply to his almost despairing prayer to St. Joseph. A favourite story in pictorial compilations is that when murmurs arose in the camp, the Commandant invited to dinner with him the Zouave who had been the chief complainant, and enjoyed the man's discomfiture at being set down to the ordinary rations of biscuits, rice, and lukewarm water. But this varies suspiciously in different versions, and it seems uncharacteristic of a commander who, while recognising the equality of all men before Heaven, still understood the necessity for their due subordination on earth. What is authentic is that, amid all the cares of the expedition, the Commandant found time to interest himself in the restoration of "a dear wandering sheep" (*chère brebis*), a young sub-lieutenant, "looking hardly sixteen," who had fallen into bad company and been led away from his early religious habits. Sonis held serious talks with him at the nightly halts, and obtained his promise to return to confession when back in Algiers.

"The dear boy has written a letter of twenty pages to tell me of it, which I have read and re-read with new interest. Ah, my friend, how precious are souls!"

An incident of the next year's expedition (1867) frequently figures in tracts with such titles as "Prier! c'est bon pour les femmes!" and "Arrière le respect humain!" While the column was crossing the dry bed of a river, a storm arose among the distant mountains, creating a torrent which swept down the river-bed and threatened to engulf all in its path. The pace was quickened, but destruction seemed inevitable. Sonis sprang from his horse, and, kneeling on the sand, invoked the protection of St. Joseph, the guide of the Holy Family. And lo! the flood held back "till the last man and the last camel were safely over," and then poured down with a rush which must have carried all before it.

That year (1867) was a season of drought, plague of locusts and of cholera, and finally of famine, corpses strewn along the road, cannibalism, "everything that I used to read of in books and think exaggerated. . . . I fear it will go hard with us at the Judgment

Day if, having daily bread, we grumble at petty vexations. All I can do is but a drop in the ocean." In one journey the Commandant picked up eight abandoned children, and had the satisfaction of despatching them to the Catholic Orphanage at Algiers, "that nursery-garden for heaven." His own youngest child fell ill; Sonis and his wife watched in turn by the cradle night and day, multiplied prayers and novenas; the infant recovered by, or after, the touch of a relic of St. Philomène. When, in March 1868, the Commandant had time to look round, he found himself, with charitable and other expenses, seven thousand francs in debt. He invoked the aid of St. Joseph, promising an annual novena of thanksgiving; and by the next post the exact sum arrived from Algiers, in an envelope signed only "De la part de Saint Joseph." Here is the making of a pretty legend; but unfortunately there exists a rationalist explanation. The prayer had not only been made, but mentioned in a letter to an old friend of the St. Vincent Conference; and he in his turn mentioned it to a rich colleague, who, wonderful to relate, was delighted to be employed by St. Joseph for the benefit of "the gallant and saintly Colonel de Sonis," to whom he accordingly despatched the sum as from the Saint. The recipient gave due thanks at the altar, but, being a man of common sense, he applied to his French correspondent for an explanation, and the latter, after many evasions, was driven to reveal the name of the donor. General de Sonis, as he had become by that time, wrote a letter of thanks, which became a treasured autograph. But he never rested till he had paid off the debt.

Sonis's last fight on African soil was important enough to bring his name into general histories, even English ones. "Several large bands of insurgent Arabs . . . marched northward. . . . A body of French troops was sent out against them from Laghouat, under the command of Colonel Sonis." (Article "Algeria," in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, perhaps the earliest mention of his name in English literature.) Sonis, temporarily absent at Algiers, was telegraphed for from Laghouat (January 28, 1869), had just time to despatch his faithful Lakhdar to muster the friendly tribesmen, to take a hasty leave of his wife, at a time particularly trying for her, and then (January 30) to march southwards towards the advanced post of Aïn-Madhi, then held for the French by Si-Ahmed-Tidjni, whose father had been a faithful ally in the 'thirties. As the column approached, it was met by a body of native horsemen, who, just as it was about to fire, turned out to be the good Lakhdar and his scouts, arriving in hot haste to report that there was treachery; Si-Ahmed

had given the citadel up to the enemy. Sonis held a council of war, and next morning (February 1) marched towards the united host, which, even allowing for Oriental hyperbole in the account, he judged to be four to one. Just as the French had got into the middle of an amphitheatre of hills, they perceived the enemy blocking the distant outlet ; it was such a trap as has again and again been the scene of a crushing defeat—witness the fields of Flodden, the Moors' victory over Charles II.'s forces outside Tangier, and, only the year after this, of Sedan. But Sonis, by a rapid change of course, gained the heights, and from thence poured down a deadly fire from the new chassepot, then for the first time used in Algeria. The Arabs retreated, with a loss of seventy dead and three hundred wounded, against ten French wounded only. Sonis marched into Aïn-Madhi, arrested the traitor Ahmed, and, after a few days spent in pursuit, was back in Laghouat, to the great relief of his wife, who had heard the distant firing, and who knew that, in case of defeat, she and the children might expect to be massacred. Four days after his return, baby No. 12 and last was born, and, in acknowledgment of past favours, was christened Philomène. This victory won for Sonis his promotion to full colonel, and a presentation copy from the Emperor of his "Life of Cæsar." Moreover, it so quieted the South as to enable him to take a three months' leave to France, for the first time since 1860. Here he enjoyed the satisfaction of converting his younger brother, Théobald, who, to his regret, had been hitherto but a worldly character. The story will live in moral textbooks as a commentary on *Diluculo surgere*. Colonel de Sonis having arrived overnight from Marseilles at a Paris hotel, M. de Sonis, jun., did violence to his usual habits, and turned out of his bedroom before the morning coffee, to be the first to welcome his brother ; but, to his surprise, he met him at the foot of the stairs. "What ! you here already ! And where do you come from ?"—"From Notre Dame des Victoires. My first visit must be to her, my second to you." They walked and talked for some time, and then the Colonel arranged to go on and pay some other calls and return for mid-day breakfast. The younger brother was left pensive. "He can turn out to church the morning after a journey, earlier than I can do it to meet him again ! There must be something in his religion !" While in this mood, chance or Providence guided his feet to the door of the same church, Notre Dame des Victoires ; an "interior voice" impelled him to enter ; and, for the first time for years, he confessed and received Communion. At mid-day he rushed into Gaston's arms, with the assurance that henceforth they

were brethren in the faith. Gaston's letters overflow with devout rapture. "He is now *tout à Dieu*. Thanks to our Lady of Victories and to the prayers of our Carmelite sisters!" Then, with a touch of that hardness to earthly affections, which his enemies charge against him, he added, "The Cross has been laid on him in seal of his acceptance. He has just lost his youngest child." It was probably in this year that Sonis made a pilgrimage to the yet obscure shrine of Lourdes. (Not foreseeing how important this visit would be in his biography, he has omitted to put the date on record.) Watching, with his usual keen interest, the state of ecclesiastical politics, he rejoiced in the promised Declaration of Infallibility, and indulged anew the hope of one day visiting Rome and receiving in person the Pope's blessing. His son Henri was preparing to enter the Papal Zouaves—"the noblest cause on earth," wrote the father, who had often declared that it was what he would have done if he had not had a family to provide for. And hereupon he enlarges upon the special sanctity of the military profession, its obedience, discipline, detachment from worldly goods, realisation of the uncertainty of all things earthly. Happy, so far, is the pious French warrior, that he has not to reckon with a pious anti-war party.

But now the storm was at hand which was to overthrow not only the French Empire, but also the temporal power of the Pope, and which, while closing the soldier's career with one last bright flash of dearly-won glory, was to add to his name new lustre as a Christian sufferer and a seer into the hidden things of heaven.

In May 1870, Marshal Macmahon, making the round of his government of Algeria, was received in Colonel de Sonis's house, and while there, first broached the subject of war with Prussia. It is said that Sonis was the only officer of the company who dared to express doubts of success, and that, when amazed and indignant protests arose in chorus, his only reply was, that he hoped he might be mistaken. Within a few weeks, Louis Napoleon made his Declaration of War (July 15, 1870).

As soon as the news arrived, Sonis telegraphed for permission to join the army of the Rhine, where his brother Théobald and his eldest son Gaston, aged nineteen, were then serving. After the defeat of Wörth, he renewed his demand, and sent off to the front his second son Henri with the Algerian Fusiliers. After Gravelotte he sent his third son Albert, aged sixteen, with the Spahis; and having now exhausted his available sons, he entreated anew to be allowed to strike a blow for France, if only as a simple soldier. His appeals passed unheeded, the Ministry and the superior officers

being no friends to him and his profession of piety. He was left fretting and chafing, and pouring out his soul to correspondents. "*Mon Dieu !* How could this campaign have been undertaken, and nothing ready? I foresaw this too well to feel surprise." Then he enumerates the national sins: the evacuation of Rome, French generals figuring in godless processions, a statue of Voltaire inaugurated on Assumption Day of all days in the year—enough to draw down the Divine thunderbolts. As events went on, his principles constrained him to a line of action which was far from conciliating the authorities. He steadily ignored the creation of the new Republic, even to the point of leaving the cannon unfired on the day of its proclamation, and repressing all popular demonstration. "It is disgusting," he wrote, "this *volte-face* of the familiars of the Tuileries ! Strange if I, who have never in my life cried *Vive l'Empereur*, should live to be the last Bonapartist !"

Finally, after having demanded, as he said, *à cor et à cri* to be employed, the time came when leaders were found to be lacking ; and on October 30, 1870, he received the long-desired authorisation to return to France, with the commission of general of brigade in the army of the Loire. "I remember," wrote Madame de Sonis afterwards, "his exclamation of joy on opening the Minister's letter. Ah ! neither of us knew what was in store !"

The family were all prepared and ready to start ; and by the next boat the newly-appointed general quitted Algeria for ever, with his wife, his eldest daughter Marie, now twenty years old, and six young children. They parted at Marseilles, Madame de Sonis to go with the children to her father's house at Castres, he to take the first train to Tours, the seat of Gambetta's Government. The children long remembered how he kissed them and signed the cross over each of them. He had confided, though not to his wife, that at this stage of the war he saw no prospect "save to die sword in hand, face to the foe, and eyes turned heavenward." Then he added, in words that have become the motto for the picture of his last charge at Loigny (though usually with the touch of materialism in them a little softened), "God may preserve my life if He will ; but I shall bear Him daily in my breast (*dans ma poitrine*), and you know that God never surrenders."¹

His reception at Tours is cited as an instance of the universal *débrouillez-vous*, or utter confusion and shifting of the responsibility to whoever could be found to take it. A division of cavalry

¹ Another version of his words is : "Quand on porte Dieu dans son cœur, on ne capitule jamais."

was assigned to him, the numbers of the regiments were entered correctly in the book; but where were the men? He must find out for himself. Days had to be spent in riding about the country hunting them up. Then came a summons from the General-in-chief, d'Aurelle de Paladine, to march upon Fréteval. Meanwhile the enemy were advancing upon Chateaudun. "You cannot forsake us!" appealed General Fiereck, commander of the garrison. Torn asunder between these conflicting claims, Sonis telegraphed to Gambetta at Tours, "Who commands here?"

The reply amazed him: "Yourself."

He telegraphed back, "For how long?"

"Act as if it were permanent." (*"Agissez comme si c'était pour toujours."*)

A few days later came a Ministerial despatch nominating him to the command of the Seventeenth Corps, *vice* General Durrieu recalled. This still more confounded him. "What folly," he said, "to transform a poor colonel of yesterday into a commandant of a *corps d'armée*!" His true vocation, as he realised, would have been that of a leader of light cavalry, to harass the enemy's rear, conduct night attacks, cut railway lines and telegraph wires, and put in practice his experience of desert warfare. "I can make nothing of these poor Mobiles. But *à la grâce de Dieu*!"

His first movement, nevertheless, was a successful one, being the relief of a body of Papal Zouaves, which was being shelled by the Prussians from the village of Yèvres. The Zouave captain, Henri Derély, has left his impression of the Algerian hero. "Suddenly, on the shell-torn slope, behold infantry, cannon arriving at full speed, and in front, the centre of a dazzling group of scarlet-cloaked Spahis, a general, high in his stirrups, sword in hand, face beaming with enthusiasm, and '*Vive la France!*' on his lips. Quick as thought the infantry occupy the bridges, the artillery overpower that of the enemy, the Zouaves and sailors attack the village, the Prussians give ground, and for the last time in this ill-starred campaign we taste what may be called a victory."

Sonis's one comfort in the general wretchedness was to find among the troops under his command the celebrated Papal Zouaves, and to make acquaintance with their colonel, the Baron de Charette, whom he had long known by reputation. On each Zouave breast gleamed the badge dear to a Royalist, the "Sacred Heart," given to them by Charette, an heirloom from his great-uncle, the Vendean leader, and many of the wearers seem to have been distinguished by personal sanctity or by miraculous gifts. One Zouave is com-

memorated as having accompanied every shot he fired with an *Ave* for the soul of its possible victim. Another, when in danger of drowning, had felt a rock spring up to give footing to him. A deceased Zouave had appeared in Rome to a blind girl in her sleep, and she had awaked seeing. With these presages of Divine favour our hero solaced himself, and meanwhile paid that attention to the gaiter-buttons which had been so fatally lacking in those above him. Captain Derély gives a glimpse of him in the character of a martinet.

You must not suppose that he was more lenient to us than to the secular troops. Not at all ! One day, as General de Sonis passed with his bodyguard of Spahis, I saw him stop short before a volunteer who was standing stock-still with his hands in his pockets. The General beckoned me up, and then, pretty sharply, "Do they not salute where you come from? Take that man's number, and put him on guard at the camp." I pleaded that the poor fellow was newly joined and raw to the service; but the General answered relentlessly, "I can excuse nothing in the Zouaves. They ought to set an example."

It is a dreary task to trace the incessant marchings and counter-marchings—the cruel result of conflicting orders from the Tours Government and the senior generals. One night, the enemy is in retreat, the bivouac fires are lighted, when, lo ! a telegram from the War Minister to fall back on the morning's position. Seven hours of weary march, and at last, in the small hours, "the same beds of damp leaves at the foot of the same trees" as yesterday. With daylight, a reproof from the General-in-Chief, "Your retreat was conducted with too much precipitation." "Thank Heaven, I had the telegram in my pocket !" is Sonis's comment. The following day, orders to "hurry up" (*se presser*) "and arrive"—where? "Where the cannon guides you." The men grumbling at "being kept trotting all day after a Cid Campeador, to come in for a battle at supper time." (Such is the phrase of the author of the "Journal d'un Sous-Officier."¹) While on him, the general, fell the work that should have been shared among colonels, captains, and lieutenants; he has to see to the arming and provisioning, and at half-past seven in the morning he has to start the column on its march, which ought to have begun at three. To add to the discomfort, winter set in, with slippery ground on which the horses could hardly keep their footing, a wind "which cut down your back while you roasted your face at the camp-fire"; the Loire

¹ At first anonymous, but since avowed by Amédée Delorme. (Paris : Librairie Hachette et Cie., 1901.)

was frozen over, and ice had to be melted to make drinking-water. But amid all his vexations, one practice was never forgotten. At the nightly halt, the village church was of necessity made the barrack-room ; but every morning, silence fell upon the inmates, as the General walked up the aisle, knelt to receive Communion as recollectedly as if he had been in the midst of an adoring congregation, and then turned to address to the men the words that, in varying forms, were his watchword through the campaign, "He who bears Christ in his breast can never yield."

E. PERRONET THOMPSON.

(To be continued.)

SOME EARLY ART SALES.

IT is not until the close of the seventeenth century that we find many records of sales of pictures or works of art. Old as is the auction as an institution—dating from the Roman days, when the spear stuck in the ground attracted the notice of the buyer to the spoils of war—we do not hear of public auction rooms in early London. Sales were effected either at the house of the owner or at a public room hired for the purpose. Thus we hear of Ave Maria Lane and the Black Boy Coffee House there as a chief place for the sale of books by auction in the time of Queen Anne. Another similar place was Tom's Coffee House—probably the one of that name in Birchin Lane, Cornhill—which is heard of as the usual rendezvous of young merchants at 'Change time. Then there was the outroper's office in the Royal Exchange—the outroper being an officer charged with the duty of seizing the goods of foreigners sold otherwise than in the public markets of the city. The habit of making collections of pictures and other works of art dates practically from the reign of Charles I., and from that period we hear of important art sales taking place from time to time. The Earl of Arundel rivalled the King in the extent of the treasures which he had gathered together during his travels on the Continent. From the year 1615 he collected diligently in various countries of Europe. Writing on one occasion from Frankfort to his agent at Rome, he says: "I wish you saw the Picture of a Madonna of Dürer which the Bishoppe of Wirtzberge gave me last weeke as I passed by that way, and though it were painted at first upon an uneven board and is vernished, yet it is more worth than all the toyes I have gotten in Germanye, and for such I esteem it, having ever carried it in my own coach since I had it." He gave directions that his treasures should be conveyed to England by the shortest sea route. Says a writer of the day: "The Ship wherein his goods were fraughted (amongst which are many thousands most excellent pieces of painting and Bookes which his Lordship gathered in his journey) is still at the Rotterdam, kept in with the ice ever since his Lordship parted."

Arundel's grandson, the sixth Duke of Norfolk, gave the famous Arundel marbles to the University of Oxford in 1667. The dispersal of the pictures of Charles I. was spread over three or four years. In the year 1650 Parliament had resolved to sell the royal collection, and agents from various foreign princes and art lovers from all parts of Europe were eager bidders. The Spanish Ambassador is said to have bought so many paintings and other articles of value that eighteen mules were required to carry them from Corunna to Madrid. Another purchaser of note was Cardinal Mazarin. Raphael's seven cartoons were, at the instance of Cromwell, luckily saved for the nation at a cost of £300. Probably many fine works were lost to us by the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's pictures and jewels by auction at Antwerp during his banishment, when no other means of subsistence was to be found. Sir Peter Lely's collection of pictures, including several by Vandyck, were sold by auction after an attempt had been made in vain to dispose of them by lottery. His prints and drawings were also sold in 1687, and we hear that the sale occupied forty days and realised £26,000. Catalogues now begin to come into general use and lend their aid to the purchaser. An early specimen of these informs us of a sale to take place "at the two white posts against the statue at Charing Cross," at which no person was to bid less than sixpence at a time. The neighbourhood of Covent Garden has from the beginning been the chosen resort of auctioneers, and here were to be found most of the celebrated sale rooms. A certain Edward Millington appears to be one of the first auctioneers of whom we know anything definite. He was established at the "Vendu next Bedford Gate, Charles Street, Covent Garden," where we find him conducting the sale of the goods of a General Dousfield in January 1691. He also announced that his sales would be continued every Friday "during the gentry's stay in town." He followed the fashionable world, moreover, to Tunbridge Wells every season "for the diversion and the entertainment of the ladies and gentlemen" at that favourite watering-place. The usual hour of sale was four in the afternoon. Millington, as an extra inducement to the art-loving public, announced "a curious invention of lights whereby the pictures may be seen as well as by day." Sale by inch of candle was formerly very common, and was at one time prescribed for the sale of goods imported by the East India Company. Whoever last bid before the light expired had the lot knocked down to him. Pepys mentions this form of sale in his Diary for 1662, September 3: "After dinner we met and sold the Weymouth Successe and fellowship hulkes, where pleasant

to see how backward men are at first to bid, and yet when the candle is going out how they bawl and dispute afterwards who bid the most first. And here I observed one man cunninger than the rest that was sure to bid the last man and to carry it ; and inquiring the reason, he told me that just as the flame goes out the smoke descends, which is a thing I never observed before, and by that he do know the instant when to bid last." In this connection may be mentioned an instance of this kind of sale reported in the *Standard* newspaper as late as the year 1892 (October 18): "At the village of Corby, near Kettering, the land belonging to the parish charities has been let by the interesting old custom of burning candle. A pin was inserted in the candle a short distance from the light, and the bidding advanced until the pin dropped. . . . When the heat dislodged the pin the last bidders found they had the land on a lease of eight years." One of the most interesting of early sales was that of the great antiquary and collector, the Earl of Oxford, whose library and manuscripts, called the "Harleian Miscellanies," were sold by his widow to the British Museum. We hear that he had a passion not only for building and landscape gardening, but for collecting books, manuscripts, pictures, medals, and various curiosities, which he usually bought at prices much beyond their worth. The miscellaneous curios, with coins, medals, and portraits, were sold by auction in March 1742, and a vast number of books and 350,000 pamphlets were bought in the same year by Thomas Osborne, the bookseller of Gray's Inn, for £13,000. The announcement of the before-mentioned sale brought together a large assemblage of buyers of rank and fashion of both sexes. Among the purchasers were George Vertue and Horace Walpole, the latter of whom purchased (in addition to a picture by Holbein) many coins and "a Roman deep copper dish with a cupid painted on it," which no doubt he considered a bargain for two guineas. The sale was effected by Mr. Christopher Cock at his house in the Piazza, Covent Garden, destined to be for long associated with sales by auction. It formed part of the mansion formerly tenanted by Sir Peter Lely and continued to be famous as Langford's Sale Rooms and then as those of George Robins. Here Hogarth exhibited his "Marriage à la Mode" gratis to the public. The sale of this great artist's pictures at his house—the Golden Head, in Leicester Fields—presented some peculiar features. The biddings were to remain open from the first to the last day of February 1745 on the following curious conditions : (1) That every bidder was to have an entire leaf numbered in the book of sale, on the top of

which was to be entered the name and place of abode, the sum paid by him, the time when, and for which picture ; (2) that on the last day of sale a clock (striking every five minutes) should be placed in the room "and when it hath struck five minutes after twelve the first picture mentioned in the sale book will be deemed as sold ; the second picture when the clock has struck the next five minutes after twelve, and so on successively till the whole nineteen pictures are sold" ; (3) no one was to advance less than gold at each bidding ; and (4) no one was to bid on the last day except those whose names were before entered in the book. The ticket of admission was the etching known as the "Battle of the Pictures"—a title suggested, no doubt, by Swift's "Battle of the Books"—which depicts a conflict between the pictures of the Black Masters on the one hand and those of Hogarth on the other. These conditions of sale not being of a very attractive or popular kind, one is not surprised that the whole sum realised was but a little over £400, including six "Harlot's Progress" at fourteen guineas each, and eight "Rake's Progress" at twenty-two guineas each. In the year 1750 the set of paintings depicting the "Marriage à la Mode" passed to a Mr. Lane, of Hillingdon, near Uxbridge. The bidding at this auction was to be by written tickets, and the highest bidder at noon on June 6 was to be the purchaser. When Mr. Lane arrived at the Golden Head he found himself to be the only bidder present. The highest offer having been declared to be £120, Mr. Lane, shortly before midday, offered to make the pounds guineas, at the same time granting the artist a delay of some hours to find a better purchaser. However, as no one presented himself, Hogarth disposed of the pictures to Mr. Lane for £126, the frames alone, of Carlo Maratti make, having cost four guineas apiece. At the close of the eighteenth century they were purchased for £1,381 at Christie's, and passed with the rest of the Angerstein collection to the National Gallery, their present home. The celebrated "March of the Guards to Finchley" was disposed of by means of a raffle. A large number of chances were subscribed for, the remainder being given to the Foundling Hospital—one of these latter winning the prize. The picture was accordingly handed over to the Governor by the artist's directions. Hogarth had taken an interest in the Foundling Hospital from the date of its establishment in 1739, and one of his most successful portraits is that of its founder, Captain Coram. Another sale of some interest which took place at this period was that of Dr. Richard Mead's collection of statuary, coins, gems, and drawings, which was the largest formed in his time. Pope, who was his

patient (as we learn from the epistle to Bolingbroke: "I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise"), also commemorates his bibliographical tastes:

Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.

We hear that the poet drank asses' milk by Mead's order. At the back of this physician's house in Great Ormond Street—the site of the present Hospital for Sick Children—was a museum in which he stored his bronzes and marbles. It is said that Watteau, when in London, consulted him professionally, and painted two pictures for him in memory of his visit. The auctioneer on this occasion was Abraham Langford, who was also somewhat of a playwright. There is a long and grandiloquent epitaph on this many-sided man in St. Pancras Churchyard. Some of the verses tell us how "his summer's manhood" was "open, fresh and fair,"

His virtues strict, his manners debonnaire,
His autumn rich with wisdom's goodly fruit,
Which every variegated appetite might suit.

As a dramatist Langford does not seem to have achieved much success, though a ballad-opera by him, entitled "The Lover his own Rival," was performed at the New Theatre at Goodman's Fields. But as an auctioneer he was second to none. The total sale realised over £16,000, a large sum for those days. The sale of the collection of the Chevalier d'Eon is chiefly interesting from the character of this extraordinary individual, as to whose sex much mystery existed. He was employed in important missions to Russia, and also held the post of Chargé d'Affaires for France in this country. In August 1777 he left London, and on presenting himself at Versailles in his uniform as captain of dragoons was ordered "to resume the garments of her sex," and was forbidden "to appear in any part of the kingdom in any other garments than those proper for a woman." As he did not possess the suitable clothes, the Queen was pleased to order him a complete Court outfit. Under the superintendence of one of the ladies-in-waiting d'Eon "was anointed with fragrant perfumes, her hair was curled, and a magnificent headdress put on her . . . and she was adorned with bracelets, a necklace, earrings, and rings." On one occasion the vexed question of the Chevalier's sex came before the tribunal of Lord Mansfield on the question of a wager. The decision of the jury on the evidence before them was recorded to the effect that d'Eon was a woman. An auction of his

effects took place at Chapman's rooms in Cornhill, next Tom's Coffee House. Some years later a sale was announced to take place at Christie's of "furniture, swords, trinkets, jewels and all the wearing apparel constituting the wardrobe of a Captain of Dragoons and a French lady." The sale by Chapman took place in July 1784, and various pictures of the Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch schools were disposed of. Passing mention may here be made of the abortive sale of the collection of the French picture dealer M. Desenfans, which he bequeathed to Sir Francis Bourgeois. The sale was no doubt spoiled by the fact that the collector had been a prominent champion of the dead master's. Bourgeois, in his turn, bequeathed the pictures to Dulwich College, with a sum of £10,000 to erect a proper gallery and an additional £2,000 for the care of the paintings. In 1794 the whole of Sir Joshua Reynolds's collection of pictures were sold by order of his executors, one of whom was Edmund Burke. The sale was conducted by Mr. Christie "at his Rooms, late the Royal Academy, Pall Mall." At the same rooms a few years previously one of Sir Joshua's own pictures, that of "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy," was actually sold by Lord Halifax for the inadequate sum of £262 10s. ; while some years ago the same picture was privately disposed of for somewhere near £15,000. The French Revolution caused the dispersal, it is said, of many fine collections, among the finest being that of the Duke of Orleans. The exhibition of his pictures took place in Mr. Bryan's room in Pall Mall and at the Lyceum in the Strand, and continued for six months. Many of the paintings found their way to Bridge-water and Stafford Houses, and the National Gallery secured among others the "Resurrection of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo. This famous gallery had been got together by the Regent of Orleans in the first half of the eighteenth century, and in 1792 a mere trifle was realised for the whole collection by Philip of that house, better known as "Egalité." Some years previously the collection of the great Sir Robert Walpole, at Houghton, was sold to the Empress of Russia for the sum of £40,555. Writing to Horace Mann in February 1779, Horace Walpole, speaking of the matter, says: "I once should have thought forty thousand pounds a high price : the whole collection made by my father, of which there have already been three sales, cost but that sum. Five years ago, with the opulence and rage for *virtù*, they would have produced more. At present not so much. Cipriani was desired to value them, and has called in West. To be sure, I should wish they were rather sold to the Crown of England than to that of Russia, where they will be burnt in a wooden palace

on the first insurrection." Several of the pictures (which did not include the family portraits) were by Rubens and Vandyck.

No more interesting name in connection with auctioneering can be mentioned than that of Christie. The founder of the family, who was born in 1730, resigned a commission in the navy for the employment of an auctioneer. His first sale took place on December 5, 1766, at rooms in Pall Mall, formerly occupied by the print warehouse of Richard Dalton. Here the exhibitions of the Royal Academy were held until 1779. Some years later he moved next door to Gainsborough, who lived in the western wing of Schomberg House. His son James, the younger, moved to the well-known premises in King Street, St. James's, which have been associated with such famous historical sales as the Stowe, the Bernal, the Hamilton Palace, and the Fountaine collection. James Christie was somewhat of an antiquary as well as auctioneer, his first publication being on the remote origin of the game of chess. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Mann in 1770, gives us a glimpse of the luxury of the day, which took delight in every kind of show, and incidentally lent itself to the patronage of art. "There has lately been an auction of stuffed birds; and as natural history is in fashion, there are physicians and others who paid forty and fifty guineas for a single Chinese pheasant: you may buy a live one for five. After this it is not extraordinary that pictures should be dear. We have at present three exhibitions," and the rage to see them was so great "that sometimes one cannot pass through the streets where they are." "Another rage is for prints of English portraits. I have been collecting them above thirty years, and originally never gave for a mezzotinto above one or two shillings. The lowest are now a crown, most from half a guinea to a guinea. Then we have Etruscan vases made of earthenware in Staffordshire (by Wedgwood) from two to five guineas, and ormolu never made here before which succeeds so well that a tea-kettle which the inventor offered for one hundred guineas sold by auction for one hundred and thirty."

A name once as famous as that of Christie is George Robins, who was born in 1778, his father being an auctioneer in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden. He wrote his own advertisements, and by his ready wit and repartee established a well-merited reputation. At one time he wielded the ivory hammer in Bartholomew Lane, at the Auction Mart opposite the Rotunda of the Bank. Half the landed property of England is said to have passed through his hands. His merits even inspired to poetry, for some one has commemorated him in the lines:

The pictures touched by Titian and Vandyke
With rainbow pencils, in the which did vie
Fair form and colour for the mastery,
Warm'd his discourse till ear ne'er heard the like.
"Who is that eloquent man?" I asked one near.
"That, sir? That's Mr. Robins, auctioneer."

Shortly before his death he was offered 2,000 guineas to go to the United States and dispose of a valuable property in New York ; so that his fame had spread to the other side of the Atlantic. He was buried in 1847 in Kensal Green Cemetery. He was well known to most of the wits and connoisseurs of the day, and on one occasion we hear of him giving a dinner to Lord Byron, Sheridan, Colman, and John Kemble amongst others. One of his remarkable sales, in which he resorted to every ingenious device for enhancing the value of the property, was that of the lease of the Olympic Theatre, in which he raised the price from £3,500 to £5,850. In ingenuity he was rivalled on one occasion at least by Christie in the sale of John Hunter's effects. When Christie came to a mask the eminent scientist had used to keep his face from stings in his observations on bees, he was fairly puzzled, and after turning the lot round and round came out with : "A most interesting and curious article—a covering for the face used by the South Sea Islanders when travelling to protect their faces from the snowstorms !" The most interesting sale perhaps ever conducted by George Robins was that of the contents of Strawberry Hill, including the valuable collections made by Horace Walpole. For many years of his life the decoration and embellishment of this seat had afforded him constant occupation and amusement. "I am going to build a little Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill," he writes, and, true to his word, we hear of his constructing a grand parlour or refectory, with a library above it, and later on a picture gallery and cloister, a round tower, and so forth. Then he proceeded to fill it with pictures and statues, books and engravings, miniatures, enamels, old china, snuff-boxes, and nick-nacks of all kinds. The days are still comparatively recent in which matters of art were considered of very slight importance, and the collector or virtuoso was regarded as an eccentric being, possibly harmless, but hardly worthy of serious attention. Thus Lord Macaulay looks upon Horace Walpole's passion for curiosity-hunting with something like derision when he writes of him as returning from the recreation of making laws and voting millions to more important pursuits—to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the

spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel. The great sale took place in 1842, and George Robins announced that this would be "the most distinguished gem that has ever adorned the annals of auctions"; but for some cause or other—partly, no doubt, because the temporary shed did not show off the articles to the best advantage—not more than two hundred persons were present on the first day. Among other items of interest disposed of was the silver bell said to be the handiwork of Benvenuto Cellini, and made for Pope Clement VII., which realised £110 odd. Dr. Dee's speculum—a round piece of polished kennel coal called the Devil's Looking-glass—sold for twelve guineas. Dr. Dee was a well-known necromancer and conjurer in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Then there was a lock of hair cut from the head of Edward IV. when his coffin was opened in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1789, and one from the head of Mary Tudor when the tomb at St. Edmundsbury was opened. Anne Boleyn's clock in silver-gilt was on view, given her by the king on the morning of the marriage. Cardinal Wolsey's red hat, found in his wardrobe by Bishop Burnet, clerk of the closet, was sold for £21 to Charles Kean. The *Times* newspaper was mildly depreciatory of the sale. "The eloquence of the auctioneer's address produced good prices and produced a sum which the 181 lots would have brought at any other sale; but there was nothing for which a good judge would have travelled a step out of his road. The sale went off without energy and without display; there was little animation and nothing to excite." And this in spite of George Robins's announcement that the sale—fixed for Monday, April 25, 1842, and twenty-three following days (Sundays excepted)—would provide "a repast for the lovers of Literature and the Fine Arts of which bygone days furnish no precious example, and it would be in vain to contemplate it in times to come." Catalogues cost 12s. each, and were a "passport to the purchaser." The sale realised nearly £30,000. Another sale of equally interesting associations was that of the Beckford collection at Fonthill in 1823. It is said that the necessity of a sale arose from the loss of two large West India properties of considerable value. The *Times* newspaper, in a notice of the view which preceded the sale, said: "He is fortunate who finds a vacant chair within twenty miles of Fonthill; the solitude of a private apartment is a luxury which few can hope for. . . . Falstaff himself could not take his ease at this moment within a dozen leagues of Fonthill. The beds through the county are literally doing double duty: people who come in from a distance during the night must wait to go to bed till others get up in the morning. Not a farmhouse, however

humble, not a cottage near Fonthill, but gives shelter to fashion, to beauty and rank. Ostrich plumes which by their very waving we can trace back to Piccadilly are seen nodding at a casement window over a depopulated poultry-yard." In this splendid Wiltshire palace the author of "Vathek" lived like a hermit for many years, with a physician, a major-domo, and a French abbé, busied with the collection of books and works of art. The year previous to the public sale Fonthill and most of its contents were privately disposed of to a Mr. Farquhar, who in the following year resold them, as we have seen. The collection was not always favourably criticised. Hazlitt, speaking of the public view before the sale, writes: "It is a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy-shop, an immense museum of all that is most curious and costly and at the same time most worthless in the productions of art and nature. . . . The only proof of taste he has shown in this collection is his getting rid of it." The sale by auction, which occupied thirty-seven days or more, took place at the Abbey during September and October. Accommodation was provided in the park, beds being charged 3s. 6d. single and 5s. double, while the catalogues cost 12s. and gave admission to the sale-room only. In spite of Hazlitt's depreciatory remarks, we hear of many valuable articles changing hands. Such was the set of ebony chairs which belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, and came from his palace at Esher. Then we hear of Henry VII.'s state bedstead, cabinets of the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I., and a coffer of raised Japan work, with animals in gold and silver, which belonged to Cardinal Mazarin. Amongst the objects of Oriental art, which were fairly numerous, was a hookah, carved in jade and set with jewels, which belonged to Tippoo Sahib and was taken as plunder from his palace at Seringapatam. Beckford, however, did not part with his favourite pictures nor with all his curiosities and books. We hear, indeed, that at Lansdowne Terrace, Bath, he applied himself to the creation of a miniature Fonthill. He is said to have sometimes parted with a picture, but never with a book, and described himself shortly before his death as "all agog, all ardour, all intrepidity," as of yore in the gathering together of beautiful objects in general. The amount realised by the sale was over £43,000.

Before closing this imperfect account of the earlier period of art sales, mention must be made of the famous Shakespeare Cup, which was sold by Christie at the old rooms in Pall Mall, next to Schomberg House. This cup is said to have been carved from Shakespeare's mulberry tree, lined with and standing on a base of silver, with a

cover surmounted by a branch of mulberry leaves and fruit in silver-gilt. It was presented to Garrick on the occasion of the jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon. The first bid was 100 guineas, and it was ultimately knocked down for 121 guineas. Since those days the interest in art sales has increased rather than diminished, and the crowd of connoisseurs and art lovers brought together by a sale at Messrs. Christie's contain names more famous than Gough, the editor of Camden's "Britannia," the bibliographer Isaac Gosset, the witty Caleb Whiteford, or even Horace Walpole himself, prince among the haunters of auction rooms.

GERALD P. GORDON.

THE "HOLY EXPERIMENT" OF WILLIAM PENN.

IN all ages men have striven after the realisation of a government which should embody those reforms most longed for by their several generations : some—as Plato, More, Bacon, Harrington and Swift—rested content with the expression of their thoughts in word or writing ; others, of varying race, working in many climes, earnestly endeavoured to give practical form to their ideals. In this latter class William Penn deserves to hold a leading place.

Although Clarendon calls Admiral Penn an adventurer, and in Pepys' entertaining pages he makes no great figure, it will hardly be gainsaid that the conqueror of Jamaica endowed his son (born in 1644) with a certain aptitude in worldly affairs. This was supplemented by a liberal education at Oxford, where young Penn would doubtless have taken his degree had it not been for an untoward circumstance. In 1660 the Puritan heads of colleges were compelled to resign, and the Anglican statutes were vigorously renewed. Penn, with several other students, objected, openly rebelled, and was expelled. Foreign travel, and study under professors of European reputation, interrupted by a residence at the Court of Louis XIV., were followed by brief service on his father's staff, and by one of considerable duration under the Duke of Ormonde, in Ireland, during which he made practical acquaintance with the art of war.

Then another and most important event happened. At Oxford Penn had met an earnest and able Quaker preacher, Thomas Loe ; and at Cork, in 1666, the two renewed their acquaintanceship, with the result that the young aristocrat definitely threw in his lot with the Quakers—a step which involved a complete, though but temporary, breach with his father. This circumstance only made Penn the more earnest in the cause he had espoused. In the following year he became an acknowledged minister among the growing Quaker sect, and commenced a long career as apologist for their doctrines. This period of Penn's life is important in the

present connection, inasmuch as it first discovered his most cherished convictions on several ethical questions (the chief of these being the principle of universal religious toleration), and provides illustrations of his personal boldness in the support of an unpopular cause, of his readiness to spend time and substance for the common good, and of his passionate advocacy of the rights of freeborn Englishmen (*vide* the celebrated trial of Penn and Mead at the Old Bailey in 1670).

For the special work Penn performed, and which it is the purpose of this article to describe, the qualifications thus briefly sketched would hardly have sufficed, save for two advantages he possessed. The death of the Admiral left his son in possession of a handsome estate, put down as being worth £1,500 a year, to which must be added an acknowledged claim upon the Crown for a sum of £16,000 lent by Sir William. The second advantage lay in his personal relationship to Charles and, particularly, to the Duke of York. The Admiral had, says Clarkson, sent "one of his friends to the Duke to desire of him, as a death-bed request, that he would endeavour to protect his son as far as he consistently could, and to ask the King to do the same in case of future persecution. The answer was gratifying, both promising their services on a fit occasion." Penn himself stated ("Memoirs of the Pennsylvanian Historical Society") that "a pledge given to his father on his death-bed obtained for him the assured favour of the Duke of York." There is no doubt that Charles, as well as his brother, considered this eccentric son of a useful servant as standing towards them somewhat in the relationship of a ward.

One other circumstance requires mention. At the time (1676-1681) Penn was being drawn into connection with the colonising scheme on the eastern seaboard of North America, the Puritan party was suffering grievously from the Act of Uniformity and the Five Mile Act; the Nonconformists (especially the Quakers) were being persecuted widely and severely under the renewed Conventicle Act; and the Presbyterians were living under a cloud. In fact, at this period, when religion occupied a greater share in the minds and lives of the people than probably it has done at any other time, there was absolutely no rest for any but a minority. England was in a ferment: not one of the kind which breeds revolution, but of that which leads men to grasp at any good opening to a new home and a fresh chance in life.

So that when, in 1679, Penn published the prospects of the colony he and others had decided to start in the new world, with a

government which was not only to be by the people and for the people, but with religious toleration added, there were many eager to accept the terms and sail for North America, the more so as it was known that a large number of Quaker families had already found a home there (George Fox visited his co-religionists in the district in 1672). The desire to cross the sea was so general and sustained that vessels went at the rate of one a week for several years.

The circumstances which led to Penn's acquisition of land in North America were, briefly, these. West New Jersey came into his hands through his acceptance of an arbitratorship in relation thereto in 1676. The constitution he drew up provided that no man, or any number of men, should have power over men's consciences in religious matters; that justices and constables should be chosen by the people; and that members of the Assembly should be elected by ballot and paid 1s. a day, "that thereby they may be known to be the servants of the people." This absolute toleration of all forms of religious belief is the more remarkable in view of the severe persecution to which the Quakers had been subjected in New England, especially in Massachusetts, where Boston was the scene of disgraceful acts performed under the authority of Governor Endecott.

Pennsylvania (a tract of land approaching the same area as England, situate north of Maryland, bounded on the east by the Delaware) was ceded to Penn in 1681 as payment of the debt owing him by the Crown; East New Jersey was purchased (by himself and eleven others) about the same time; the Territories (inhabited by Dutch and Swedes) were obtained in 1682 from the Duke of York. "At length," wrote Penn, "after many waitings, solicitings and deputations in Council, my country was confirmed to me under the Great Seal of England. God will bless and make it the seed of a nation. I shall have a tender care of the government that it will be well laid at first."¹

Penn had three leading objects in essaying this "holy experiment": to set up an example to the nations; to afford an asylum to his persecuted fellow-religionists and to all unsettled Nonconformists in a "free colony for all mankind"²; and to exercise perfect justice in his dealings with the poor Indians.

Various measures were at once taken to make the new colony known, and in July 1681 there appeared the first "deed of settle-

¹ Bancroft.

² Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic, had previously declared that in Maryland "he would not directly or indirectly molest any settler, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of his religion."

ment," in which the influence of Algernon Sidney (for whose abortive election to Parliament, in 1679, Penn had worked strenuously) and of Harrington's "*Oceana*" has been detected. The document consists of twenty short clauses, designed to guide the first steps of the young colony without hindering legitimate growth; it is remarkable for the Proprietor's endeavour to prevent large areas of land getting into the hands of a few men who would simply hold and not develop, and for his insistence upon the equal rights possessed by the Indian and the white settler. "Whatever is sold to the Indians in consideration of their furs shall be sold in the marketplace, and there suffer the test whether good or bad; if good, to pass; if not good, not to be sold for good, that the natives may not be abused or provoked." All differences between planters and natives were to be settled by six of each class sitting together. Of himself Penn said: "I propose to leave myself and successors no power of doing mischief, that the will of one man may not hinder the good of a whole country."¹ In 1681, when the Proprietor was badly in want of money, a company of traders offered £6,000 and an annual revenue for the monopoly of the Indian trade between the Delaware and the Susquehanna; but Penn declined the proposal on the ground that such a government would interfere with absolute freedom of trade.²

In October 1682 Penn landed at Newcastle amid great demonstrations of joy. Two months later, at Upland, he appointed an assembly, the Provinces and Territories both represented, where he was greeted by the Swedes with the message that "they would love, serve, and obey him in all they had. . . . It was the best day they ever saw." Then the great law of Pennsylvania was formally passed. This code (slightly modified in 1683, 1696, and 1701 respectively, as will be noticed) is in several respects a most remarkable instrument. It constituted a government, to consist of a governor and all freemen, to make laws, choose officers, and transact affairs of state. From the first the government undertook the cause of education and the encouragement of the sciences; it enacted "that all children of the age of twelve years shall be taught some useful trade, to the end none may be idle, but the poor may work to live, and that the rich, if they become poor, may not want." Electors and elected were to be such as professed faith in Jesus Christ. No one was to enjoy more than one public office at a time ("that they might with more care and diligence answer the trust reposed in them"); any elector receiving reward or gift should forfeit his right to elect, whilst

¹ Proud, i. 199.

² Bancroft.

anyone elected bestowing such reward or gift should be rendered incapable of serving ; and (1683) all elections should be determined by ballot. There were provisions for simplifying law and making justice more accessible, for preserving its purity and substituting law-suits by arbitration ; all prisoners were to be put to some handicraft trade, every convict prison to be made into a workhouse ; persons spreading scandal or malicious reports were to be punished. It was prominently stated that all "who confess and acknowledge the one Almighty and Eternal God to be the Creator, Upholder and Ruler of the world, and who hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly, shall in no wise be mulcted or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practice in matters of faith and worship, nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place or ministry whatever." It was also provided that no "common daily labour" should be performed on the Lord's Day ; and that swearing, lying, drunkenness, drinking of healths, stage plays, cards, dice, May games, gamesters, masks, revels, bull-baitings, cock-fights, bear-baitings and the like should be "respectively discouraged and severely punished." There were to be neither poor rates nor tithe, and the penalty of death was to be abolished except for treason or murder. Cities were to be planted with gardens so as to form "a greene countrie towne."

With a constitution so democratic in its character and liberal in its principles, the future of Pennsylvania would appear to have been secured ; but the one great defect in Penn's character—his complete inability to discover the right men for the responsible positions at the head of his government—seriously affected the progress of the new colony, especially during his long absences from it. He returned to England in 1684 (moved thereto by a boundary dispute with Lord Baltimore, and by the severe persecution of the Quakers, which he hoped to modify or end), deputing his power to the Provincial Council. Difficulties, however, soon arose. To meet these, changes, which did not turn out satisfactorily, were made in the composition of the executive body. Then he had to remind the Council about his rents. Boundary disputes arose between East and West New Jersey, and a serious difference between the Provinces and the Territories, which, although under the same government, possessed different interests. A religious dissension, caused by George Keith (master of the first great school in Pennsylvania), also caused much trouble to Penn. But the final blow to the colony came as the result of the Quaker objection to the provision and use of arms. The

colony was asked by the Crown to contribute money for this purpose, and refused. This, coupled with the unsettlement consequent upon recent events, which had been noted by the enemies of the colony and reported to London, caused the withdrawal of the government from Penn in 1692.

Two years later, however, the governorship was restored, on the colony promising to provide money and men for the defence of its frontiers. In 1699 Penn landed in America for the second time, accompanied by his family; but he himself returned to Europe in 1701, in order to appear before the Lords, who wished to convert the Provinces and Territories into Crown colonies. From this time, with exceptions, to 1718, when the Proprietor's death occurred, the colony proved a heavy weight on his shoulders. On one occasion the Territories openly rejected his authority; while Penn never refused the freemen of Pennsylvania any reasonable desire, the fact remains that he himself owned the "unappropriated" land, part of which the people were eager to add to their respective freeholds; his son became the leader of dissolute characters in Philadelphia; Penn was embarrassed monetarily, and in 1709 had to mortgage the colony. Three years later he agreed to surrender his rights to the Crown for the sum of £12,000. The matter was not, however, concluded, owing to the Proprietor's ill-health. In 1790 Congress bought the proprietary interests of William Penn's descendants.

From a financial standpoint, Penn's experiment was a failure. And even when viewed generally, it must be conceded that whilst he had tried to accomplish a high success, he had only succeeded in achieving a qualified one. But Penn's comparative failure proved the starting-point for others' notable achievements; while he showed that "he belonged to the rarer and nobler type of governing men who see the golden side, who count faith, piety, hope, among the counsels of practical wisdom, and who, for political power, must ever seek a moral basis."¹ Much might be said of the rapid growth of Pennsylvania and of its capital (now the second city of the United States) by way of illustrating the sure foundation Penn laid for his country's prosperity.² Space will not, however, allow of this, inasmuch as it remains to mention, in more detail than has yet been found

¹ John Morley on Oliver Cromwell.

² "Pennsylvania became the most consistently free colony in the country, the most consistently prosperous, the most rapid in its growth in freedom and prosperity. So nearly had the inhabitants everything that they could desire that they hesitated to take up the revolutionary cause in 1775."—*A Quaker Experiment in Government*, J. Sharpless.

possible, the distinguishing mark of greatness placed upon Penn's government—his treatment of the natives and his relations with them over a long course of years.

The facts which follow are the more remarkable when it is remembered that both Charles II. and the Duke of York forcibly expressed their sense of the impossibility of treating the Indians as other men. "You will soon be in the Indians' war kettle," said the Merry Monarch when Penn explained his principles, and the Duke's agent was even more outspoken: "What are we to expect from such noddies that will have nothing to do with gin and gunpowder, and say that guns were invented not to kill men but hawks and wolves? Are they likely to extend our conquests, to spread our commerce, to exalt the glory of the British name, and above all to propagate our most holy religion? What can they promise themselves in settling among the fierce and bloodthirsty savages of North America, but to be tomahawked and scalped, every man, woman, and child of them?" And there was active discouragement even on the spot, for, of the non-Quaker States, New England believed in the policy of extermination; the Dutch were always fighting the Algonquins; the people of Maryland had experienced Indian raids and had mourned over cruel massacres at their hands.

The object of Penn's first communication with the Indians (from London, in 1681)¹ was to declare the position of authority over them given him by the king, but he added that he desired "to enjoy with their love and consent." A formal treaty² (which for seventy years remained unbroken) was completed by Penn in person in 1682, under the elm-tree at Shakamaxon, when the help the Indians had given the first settlers in their almost destitute condition was acknowledged by an attempt to arrange fair methods of purchase and sale between them and the whites. The *personal* interest felt by Penn in the welfare of these subjects of his is illustrated by his efforts to induce them to give up the use of alcoholic liquor, which had a most detrimental effect upon their health and morals. All Quakers were definitely forbidden to sell liquor to them.

In 1696 a large amount of money (£300) was granted by Penn-

¹ Actually the first meeting between the Quakers and the Indians was in 1678. "You are our brothers," said the Salkerns, "and we will live like brothers with you. We will have a broad path for you and us to walk in. If an Englishman falls asleep in this path, the Indian shall pass him by, and say, 'He is an Englishman; he is asleep; let him alone.' The path shall be plain. There shall not be in it a stump to hurt the feet." (Bancroft, p. 614.)

² None of these treaties was ratified with an oath, yet none was ever broken.

sylvania to Governor Fletcher of New York, acting for the King, to provide clothing for the Indians, to prevent their joining the Five Nations, who, it was said, were taking up arms against the English, on behalf of the French. The present writer cannot, however, find any proof that there was the slightest sign of disaffection among the Pennsylvanian Indians. And it is significant that, in 1701, in the treaty Penn then made, the sovereign of the Five Nations themselves was formally represented by his brother. It is sometimes stated that the Pennsylvanian Indians had been deprived of arms by the Five Nations, but this is doubtful; on the other hand, there was not, on the part of the whites in Pennsylvania, the slightest attempt at defence against a possible enemy.

The last-named treaty was mainly concerned with questions of trade, the relation of the Indians towards the government of the King, and with the ratification of sales of land already made. In confirmation the Indians gave five pounds of skins, and Penn divers merchandise. It was at the conclusion of this conference that Penn decided to form a joint-stock company, with regulations as to liquor, and charged not only with the prosecution of trade, but also with that of the Gospel.

From 1701 to 1719 (the year of Penn's death) there was little unsettlement with the Indians. It is clear that the whole government of Penn considered it their emphatic interest to maintain warm friendship with the Indians, although when it served their purpose they would grumble at the "great expense" caused their colony by the maintenance of the alliance.

The virtual termination of the covenant, with the commencement of the Indian war in 1754, was due to plain causes, the chief of which was no doubt the very small representation in the government held by the Quakers (they lost effective control in 1756). Then there had grown up flagrant abuses in trade; the Indians had been dispossessed of land rightly their own; and at the same time the French were using every means to entice them to their side.

The history of Penn's relations with the Indians is not complete without a reference to the estimation in which they held him personally. This is, of course, most eloquently shown by the seventy-four years of active friendship existing between the two peoples. Indeed, this period may be indefinitely prolonged if the Quakers only are concerned; for it is a striking fact that when a state of war at last existed between the Indians and the colony, no true Quaker was disturbed. If a so-called Quaker took to a gun, why, then, not being acquainted with him personally, the Indians treated him as an enemy,

knowing "that the Quakers would not fight nor do them any harm."¹

William Penn, and the governors of Pennsylvania who immediately succeeded him, they styled "Brother Onas" (*onas* is the Indian word for pen), and towards his person they always showed warm if not extravagant affection. When he died they sent his widow a message of sorrow for the loss of their friend, with choice skins to form a cloak which might protect her "while passing through the thorny wilderness with her Guide." "They should never forget," they stated in 1721, "the counsels which William Penn gave them;" and the following year, in addressing Sir William Keith, they said: "We are glad to hear the former treaties made with Wm. Penn repeated to us again, and renewed by you, and we esteem and love you as if you were Wm. Penn himself." For years later than this no treaty was made without a feeling reference to the goodness of the colony's founder: "great" and "good" were ever upon the tongues of the Indians when they spoke of their "Brother Onas."

Penn's high policy of basing his relations with the native tribes of North America upon the *natural rights of all mankind*—not upon the supposed interests of trade—is thus shown, by a contemplation of its fruits, to have been amply justified. For the times it was a bold and original attempt; its final success is honourable to him who conceived the project, and is pregnant with lessons for the present generation.

E. E. TAYLOR.

¹ In 1706 Chalkley, an English Quaker who travelled extensively in and around Pennsylvania, was able to declare, from the evidence he had gathered, that during the Indian raids in other parts of the New England States, among the many hundreds slain only three Friends were killed, *and these because they took up arms.*

PHINEAS PETT, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IN 1607 Pett first came into personal contact with James I., and that curiously shrewd and canny monarch soon learnt to appreciate his merits and to recognise him as the foremost ship-builder of his time. Lord Nottingham presented him to the King at Richmond, when he went there with a cunning model of the *Ark* for Prince Henry, the *Ark* being one of the big ships he was building at Woolwich.

His Majesty expressed his high admiration and approval of the work, and then Pett goes on to say, "My ever honoured Lord and old Master did request me to tell his Majesty the story of the three ravens I had seen at Lisbon, which I did with my best expression, though somewhat daunted at first at his Majesty's presence, having never before this time spoken to any king." The story is not given, but it pleased the King, "who accepted all in good part and used me very graciously."

In 1608 Pett tells us how he entertained Prince Henry on one of his numerous visits to Woolwich Dockyard to inspect his work. He gave "a set banquet of sweetmeats and all other fruits the season of the year would yield, with plentiful store of wine, Rhenish, white sack and claret and Greek wines."

The liquid part of the banquet sounds all right, but the solids seem somewhat light and unsubstantial except for such weak vessels as vegetarians. However, it would appear to be quite the correct menu for those days, as Pett always provided the like entertainment whenever the King, or the Prince, or the Lord High Admiral came down to visit him.

In this same year began poor Phineas's great persecution at the hands of Lord Northampton. This nobleman, stirred up by the much-injured Edward Stevens, and strongly backed, as we are told, by "some who were no great friends to the Lord High Admiral and the principal officers of his Majesty's Navy, procured a great and

large commission from his Majesty to inquire into all the abuses and misdemeanours committed by all officers. . . . In this great inquisition it pleased God for the punishment of my sins to suffer me to be grievously persecuted and publickly arraigned."

In this great inquisition it evidently went very hard with Pett and his friends, for he says: "It was prosecuted with such extremity of malice as not only many were brought into great question and tossed to and fro before the Commission at Westminster to their no small charge and vexation, but the government itself of that royal office (the Admiralty) was so shaken and disjointed as brought almost immanent ruin upon the whole Navy."

Pett escaped this danger and went back to his shipbuilding, despite the "malicious practices" of his enemies. In the autumn of 1608 he finished the *Ark*, which at her launch received the name of the *Ann Royal*, at the hand of his very good friend, Mr. Oliver Cromwell. Of this gentleman we have frequent mention, but never a word is told us of his nephew, the great Protector, though surely Pett must often have met him at Huntingdon in his youth and early manhood. Diarists like Pepys and Boswell are few and far between. It is only a genius who can realise the importance of the infinitely little, and Pett was too entirely absorbed in his shipbuilding and in combating the "malicious practices" of those who tried to hinder it, to pay much attention to minor matters.

The *Ann Royal* being out of hand, he laid the keel of a new great ship, and pushed on the work with his usual zeal. His arch-enemy Stevens, however, left him little breathing time, and soon commenced another and more serious attack on his character and ability as a shipwright. This leads up to the most interesting passage in the diary, wherein we are brought face to face with James I., and told how that curious compound of wisdom and folly held an inquiry in person into Pett's conduct and ability at Woolwich, and did it remarkably well and with great thoroughness. The story is a long one and must be shortened as much as possible, but the King's pompous speeches must be given *in extenso*, as far as space will permit.

For their final effort at Pett's ruin Lord Northampton and Stevens got the help of one Captain George Weymouth, "a great braggadocio," but of some reputation as a shipbuilder. This man averred that Pett was entirely ignorant and incompetent, that his timber was bad, and the proportions of his ship all wrong. The report he made, and got endorsed by others, was sent to the King by Northampton with a request for an inquiry, to which his Majesty

consented, and nominated his lordship and his co-conspirators to hold it. Pett, however, got to hear what was brewing against him, and knowing the unscrupulous character of his enemies, did what he could to counteract their designs. He determined to write a letter to his friend, Lord Nottingham, to inform him of the position of affairs, but before doing so he offers up a prayer, "desiring the Lord to guide and direct my pen so as it might but tend to His glory and the discharge of my duty." His letter was a manly and straightforward one, giving details of the plot against him and the names of the plotters, finally, with impressive earnestness, begging that an impartial commission of inquiry might be appointed to report on all his doings. The Lord High Admiral was so much impressed by the letter, that immediately on its receipt, at 4 o'clock in the morning, he presented himself at the royal bedside to read it to the King.

The King no doubt was sleepy, but his lordship was insistent, and his Majesty yielded to the pressure and at once revoked the commission granted to Northampton and his friends. A fresh commission was given to Nottingham and three other high officials of the Court, and Northampton ordered to merely attend the inquiry. The latter was just starting with his fellow-plotters to Woolwich when he received the royal command, and doubtless realised the truth of the old adage that "there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip."

The Lord High Admiral's Commission held their inquiry at Woolwich, examined all the plotters, chief of whom were Matthew Baker, the shipwright, and Weymouth (nicknamed by Pett "Kilcrow"), and reported that all their charges were baseless and malicious. With this report we are told the King "rested marvellously well satisfied." But not for long, for Northampton, made more bitter by his recent failure, soon began to press for yet another investigation on the ground that the last one was not impartial. In vain the weak and vacillating James urged that it had been held by noblemen who were principal peers of the realm on whose honour and fidelity he could rely. Northampton still pressed his point, till James, worried and tormented beyond endurance, said he should have his wish, but he himself would hold the inquiry in his own sacred person and settle the disputed point of Pett's ability once and for all.

The proceedings at this court of inquiry are most quaintly described by our author. The whole scene is so vividly depicted that we can almost fancy we see the various actors and hear the words they spoke so long ago in Mr. Pett's parlour in Woolwich

Dockyard. James, with all his pomposity and his long-winded speeches, displays a shrewdness, industry, and impartiality which would have made him an invaluable public servant if he had not unfortunately been born a king. Poor Pett, kneeling on his knees for two mortal hours, gives his evidence with fear and trembling, whilst his constant friend Prince Henry stands by his side to encourage him. The Lord High Admiral and the expert witnesses summoned by the King stand on one side of the room, and on the other, Northampton and the witnesses for the prosecution, as we may call them, with sufficient space between to prevent their coming to blows. His Majesty, as we know, was ever anxious to keep the peace.

Early hours were in fashion in those days, so the King drove down from Whitehall and opened his Court at 8 A.M. with a speech, "tending to an exhortation that none on both sides should either accuse for malice or other pretence, or excuse for love, favour or other particular respect, for that his Majesty, representing God's person, would not be deluded or led by any . . . and willed such whose conscience accused them (either of malice or partiality) to give over and depart before they took the oath to be administered to them, threatening severe punishment to those who should be found offenders therein, declaring what danger it was to be perjured to the Majesty of God and the King."

The oath having been administered by the Lord High Admiral, Pett was called as the first witness, and gave his evidence kneeling right before his Majesty at the corner of the table. The charges were many, but the King judiciously reduced them to three principal heads, (1) the point of art, (2) sufficiency and quality of materials, and (3) cost. As regards the point of art, James, omniscient as he usually thought himself, confessed his ignorance, and wisely appointed three assessors to take the necessary measurements and work out the calculations of proportion. These were Sir Thomas Chaloner, Governor to Prince Henry, the learned and Reverend Mr. Briggs, Lecturer on Geometry in Gresham College, and Mr. Ark, Student in St. John's College, Cambridge.

Their examination of the ship naturally occupied some hours in the making, and all this time, Pett says, "I sat upon my knees bated by the great Lord and his bandogs, sometimes by Baker, sometimes by Bright, Clay, and gaping Weymouth, and sometimes confusedly by all: and which was worst, his Majesty's angry countenance still bent upon me, so that I was almost disheartened and out of breath, albeit the Prince's Highness standing near me from time to time encouraged me as far as he might without offence to his father,

labouring to have me eased by standing up, but his Majesty would not permit it."

What a paltry, little-minded, mean Majesty it was we all know now, but to the loyal Pett no doubt he was resplendent, and none other than the Vicegerent of Heaven on earth.

It was not till the afternoon that he received his first gleam of encouragement, when the King, having thoroughly tested the ship's timbers himself, remarked that "the cross-grained was in the men, not in the timber." The examination of the ship completed, and the King, having received from the experts a favourable report on the question of proportion, and having listened impartially to all the adversaries could say, began to give Pett "some princely encouragement, protesting oftentimes that all this grievous accusation proceeded of nothing but malice."

The trial, in fact, was over, and the verdict manifestly going to be for the defendant, but the royal judge had to make his speech, and this is our author's condensed report of it :

"By this time all these things were performed and his Majesty wonderfully satisfied, and it growing late, his Majesty returned again to the hall, and being placed and the room filled as full as it could be packed, his Majesty began a most worthy and learned speech for conclusion of the business. The scope of his words tending first to a full declaration of the satisfaction he had received touching this great business, wherein he expressed with many effectual speeches what content he received in bestowing his pains that day to so good a purpose. Next his Majesty addressed himself to give thanks to the Lord Northampton for his great care and diligence in searching out such errors in the office of the Admiralty wherein his Majesty and the State were abused, with encouragement for him to go forward with prosecuting his commission, notwithstanding his lordship had been misinformed by being drawn to question this business. Next he directed his speech to Mr. Baker, Bright, Stevens, and the rest of the informers, very bitterly reprehending their malicious practices, more being the effect of their own private ends than out of any conscionable care of the good of his Majesty's service, or benefit of the State . . . with many exhortations to will them to beware how they did abuse the Majesty of God and himself, His substitute, with malicious information. His Majesty then began to show me a very pleasing countenance. . . . Lastly, he cleared all imputations and aspersions cast upon the Lord High Admiral, with recital of his honourable services performed to the honour of the State and his perpetual fame, commending his great

wisdom and impartial carriage of himself in that day's tryal . . . to the perpetual eternizing of his name and honour."

Now it was the Lord High Admiral's turn, who, after praising Pett up to the skies for his honesty and ability, went on to "extol and admire his Majesty's justice, great wisdom and princely care of the good of the Commonwealth in that he had refused no pains (as the day's work and honourable assembly could justly witness) to provide to rectify and set straight to the wonder and admiration of them all a work of so great consequence." He then laid his hand on Pett's head and offered to pawn his lands, his honour and life itself for the due performance of the work he had in hand.

The King was almost obliged to reply to Nottingham's courtly speech, and this he shortly did, repeating his high appreciation of his conduct and services.

Then, being about to depart, a sudden thought struck him that Pett might seek to be revenged on his accusers, and might challenge them to mortal combat. Bloodshed was always abhorrent to James, and fighting he detested. Accordingly he charged Pett, still kneeling on his knees, on his allegiance and life not to quarrel with or challenge any person whatever who had given information against him that day.

Lord Northampton was so disgusted at the failure of his plot that he would not even bid farewell to his Majesty when he set out in his "carroach" for Whitehall at 8 P.M. after his twelve hours' work, a slight which one wonders James did not resent.

On the 8th of the following month the King commenced the great inquisition of the Navy on Northampton's information, who, true to his character of a good hater, now accused Pett of having sold brass ordnance, powder, and the stores of the *Resistance* to the Spaniards when he went to Spain with the Lord High Admiral. The King told him he knew all about the transaction, and that Pett was in no way to blame. Probably James had received the lion's share of the plunder, and had no desire that the matter should be inquired into.

Now comes a story of his enemy, the "great braggadocio" Weymouth, who certainly had done his best to ruin Pett, and was a thorough-paced rascal besides. Yet the latter, who was a most kindly, forgiving soul, pardoned all his offences and helped him all he could in his hour of need. A Knight of Hants gave Weymouth an order to build a ship for him, which, as Pett says, was "expected to run beyond the moon, but when finished was found to be the

veriest Bubble of Drown Devil that ever went to sea." No sooner was this vessel ready for sea with her armament and stores on board, for which it is to be presumed Weymouth had been duly paid, than he took her over to Antwerp and tried to sell her to the Dutch, offering his services to that Government at the same time as her commander, though he was in receipt of a pension from James of ten groats a day. His offers were refused, and what became of the ship we don't know. The Lord High Admiral, hearing of the business, gave strict orders for Weymouth's apprehension as a pirate if he were found in England. Eventually this rascal stole back to London, sought out Pett, knelt before him, and in the most abject manner besought his forgiveness and his help to obtain his pardon. He had rightly judged our author's character, for he who had been so grievously injured not only forgave his bitter enemy, but used all his influence with Lord Nottingham to obtain his pardon, which the good Lord Admiral shortly granted.

At midnight on June 5, 1611, Pett, being then at Chatham, was startled by the arrival of a king's messenger in hot haste with urgent orders to man a vessel called the *Lighthorseman*, and to run out as far as the Nore head to search all passing craft for the Lady Arabella Stuart, who had escaped from the Tower and was bound, so it was supposed, for France. In this quest he was, fortunately for that much-enduring lady, as we know, unsuccessful.

On August 1, 1612, Pett had his last interview with his true friend and benefactor, Prince Henry. He had been sent for to Richmond on some business of the Prince's, and when it was over he says, "He dismissed me with these words, and with a most princely gravity took a farewell—'Go on cheerfully (saith he) in what I have entrusted you with, and let not the care of your posterity encumber you any way, for you shall leave the care both of yourself and them to me who have a purpose carefully to provide for you'—which gracious speeches made such an impression on me that when I came to kiss his Highness's hand I could not forbear shedding some tears, though I little thought (God knows) that had been the last words he would ever speak to me."

On October 25 the Prince sickened of some mysterious malady which none of the physicians could diagnose, and which gave rise to the sinister rumours we have referred to, though it is only right to note that there is no reference whatever to these in the diary. On November 6 "the Hope of Christendom" died.

Deep as was the grief of the whole nation at the Prince's untimely fate, it may truly be said that none wept more bitter tears

of sorrow on that fatal day than his devoted, faithful servant, Phineas Pett.

He says : "On 6th November I came up to London and came to St. James' about 4 o'clock, where I found a house turned to a mapp of true sorrow, every man with grief written on his countenance, all places flowing with tears and bitter lamentations, and about 8 o'clock at night the most renowned Prince of the world, our royal and most loving master departed this life, not only to the loss and utter undoing of his poor servants, but to the general loss of all the Protestant religion."

The funeral did not take place till early in December, when Pett records that he had warning to attend at St. James's upon the preparation of the obsequies, and "had black cloth delivered to me according to the place I was ranked in above stairs, which was of Gentleman of the Privy Chamber Extraordinary. . . . The next day (7th December) we did attend his Highness' corpse to funeral in the Abbey of Westminster, which was the most lamentable march that ever I went."

In January, 1613, Pett made ready the fleet to convoy the Lady Elizabeth to Grave after her marriage to the Prince Palatine. The Lord High Admiral in the great ship the *Prince Royal*, on the building of which James had held his famous inquisition, went in command of the fleet, and Pett went with him, being held in such high honour that he was given a special place at his lordship's table during the voyage. The start was unpropitious, for the great ship ran aground, and Lord Northampton was at hand to suggest that the Princess should quit so unlucky a vessel and take passage in his own, which she politely declined to do.

On September 27, 1614, Pett notes the return of Captain Button from his search for the North-West Passage, "where he wintered." What else he did or how he fared in his search we are not told, though our author must have known all about it, for he had purchased and fitted out Button's ship for him and sent with him, on his adventurous quest, Captain William Gibbon, the commander of his own trading vessel, the *Resistance*, eighteen months before.

Under date of June 14, 1615, he tells us that his "honble. and implacable enemy, Lord Northampton, died at his house at Charing Cross." This must have been a great relief to the much-persecuted man, for, though he had many other enemies to vex his righteous soul with their "malicious practices," none were so persistent or so powerful as his lordship.

The Lord High Admiral had given Pett leave to execute private

orders in the public dockyards, and in March, 1616, he received an order from Sir Walter Raleigh for a ship of 500 tons, which on completion was called the *Destiny*. Sir Walter treated him but scurvily, for he sailed away in his ship leaving a debt of £700, which the builder could never recover. By a pinnace which he built in the same year for Lord Zouch, Warden of the Cinque Ports, he lost another £100, having been, as he says, cozened out of that sum by Sir Henry Mainwaring, the friend through whom he got the order.

Lord Northampton having ceased from troubling by reason of his death, Pett was only called in question over his store accounts twice more during his career, viz., in 1618 and 1633. In the former year one of the usual commissions was granted by the King to inquire into the many abuses of the Navy, on which sat one of his "malicious enemies," one Mr. Burrell. Not without just cause, it is to be feared, it went very hard with him on this occasion, for he says: "I was sequestered from business and all employments, and all privileges taken from me, Captain Norris being brought over me, under whom I lived as a slave, suffering much disgrace and affronts." Not for long though, for he was too efficient a man to be permanently shelved, and he was soon back in his former position under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, who had succeeded Lord Nottingham as Lord High Admiral.

In the latter year, being then Principal Officer and Commissioner of the Navy, he and his brother Commissioner, Sir Henry Palmer, were very seriously called in question, "about the selling of brown-paper stutt at Chatham, which we claimed as a perquisite of our offices." There can be little doubt that the charge was well founded, and that they must have sold "the stuff" wholesale, for both were suspended by order of the King, and Pett had sorrowfully to refund £88 as his share of the plunder. What became of Sir Henry Palmer we don't know, but our indispensable shipbuilder was shortly taken into favour again, and in 1634 was as busy as ever building a great ship to surpass anything then in the Navy, at the special request of Charles I.

On June 24, 1619, was born his tenth child, a son, to whom he gave his own name, Phineas. This Phineas the second is twice referred to by Samuel Pepys in his "Diary": first on August 29, 1660, as having been brought under notice of the House of Commons, then, and for some time after, in a red-hot fit of loyalty, as having used disrespectful language concerning the King and Queen Mother, being then Clerk of the Cheque at Chatham.

Nothing seems to have been done to him, however, for we find him in the second reference still holding the same position on December 7, 1662. This reference is so characteristic of the immortal Samuel that it must be given in his own words :

"To Deptford : and so by water with Mr. Pett home again, all the way reading his chest accounts, in which I did see things which did not please me ; as his allowing himself £300 for one year's looking to the chest, and £150 per ann. for the rest of the years. *But I found no fault to him himself, but shall when they come to be read at the Board.*"

On November 10, 1619, Pett waited on the King at Theobalds, his favourite residence in Essex, with a petition for payment of moneys due to him. He got no money, for cash was hard to extract from James, but got instead, "for my supply of my present relief, the making of a Knight Bart., which I afterwards passed under the broad Seal of England for one Francis Ratcliffe of Northumberland, for which I was to have £700, but by reason Sir Archibd. Herbert (who brought him to me) played not fair with me, I lost £50 of my bargain."

Again those never-ceasing "malicious practices" are put in force by some at the Admiralty in 1623, when our author was ordered to proceed to Spain with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Buckingham on board the *Prince Royal* on the abortive Spanish Marriage expedition. As usual, his enemies were foiled, for he went, and made himself so useful that the parsimonious James presented him with a gold chain worth £104 on his return.

The death of James I. and the proclamation of his successor are briefly recorded under date of March 28, 1625, and in May of the same year Pett had orders to make ready the fleet to convoy the young Queen from France. It sailed on June 1, and it was not till the 10th that the storm-tossed fleet anchored in Boulogne roads ("Bullen," Pett calls it).

Now to the victim of many commissions and inquiries came a quite novel experience, for in this same year a commission was appointed to examine into sundry doings at the Admiralty, and Pett, instead of appearing in the dock, sat as one of the judges along with many lords and experienced sea captains. The commission came to naught, however, and was soon dissolved, because "it was found to tread so hard on some great personages."

On February 14, 1626, his faithful and much-loved wife, the mother of his ten children, died, leaving behind a disconsolate husband and mourning family. Not for long, though, was he dis-

consolate, for on July 16 following he took to himself as second wife the widow of one Mr. Robert Yardley.

In July, 1628, Charles I., like his father before him in like case, gave Pett in settlement of his claim for cash "a Blank for making a Baronet, which was signed by his own hand." Unfortunately for our author the price of such commodities had fallen considerably in the intervening ten years—possibly the King had overstocked the market—for in June, 1629, he says, "By Captain Pennington's procurement I passed the Baronet's patent . . . for £200, which he sent me to Woolwich in gold."

In the following month he went to Portsmouth to hasten the preparation of the fleet for the Rochelle expedition, under the Duke of Buckingham, and was there when Felton murdered that spoiled child of Fortune.

The success so diligently striven for by our ingenious and ingenuous shipwright had at length arrived. Even "malicious practices," except for the notable example before referred to, ceased from troubling, and in 1629 he was appointed Assistant to the Principal Officers of the Navy, and as such took his seat on the Admiralty Board in Mincing Lane.

Further advancement rapidly followed, and at the end of the same year he was promoted to Principal Officer and Commissioner of the Navy.

Here we must leave him with the briefest summary of the next ten years of his life, which were happy and prosperous ones, for he had much employment in his beloved profession, and was high in favour with the King.

It was at Charles I.'s special request that Pett set about the building of his masterpiece of naval architecture, the *Sovereigne of the Seas*, in 1635. Searching the country far and wide for the best oak timber for his great ship, he travelled as far north as Durham on his quest, and on his return journey put up with his old friend, Sir Oliver Cromwell, at Huntingdon once more—a friend worth having in the troublous times to come.

In July, 1637, he briefly records the death of his second wife, but, singularly enough, says nothing about his third marriage. Possibly he was too much engrossed in the building of his great ship to think or write about such a matter of mere detail, but he certainly did marry again, for he tells us that when the King came to inspect the *Sovereigne of the Seas* in July, 1639, "I presented my then wife to his Majesty, who was graciously pleased to permit her to kiss his hand."

This poor lady died on September 8 following, her husband tersely recording that she "sickened of a fever, and, being great with child, died," on that date.

The diary abruptly ends on Thursday, September 27, 1639, and we know nothing further of what befell the great shipbuilder, except that he survived till 1647, and that his mortal remains rest in Greenwich Parish Church.

Pett unfortunately took no interest in politics or social questions, or anything that did not directly affect his profession, so we are told nothing of the great struggle between the Court and the rapidly rising Puritan party, nothing of the great changes passing before his eyes which were to remodel England ; his thoughts were wholly with his ships. No hint do we get as to his political leanings, and when he had, as events developed, eventually to take sides with one party or the other, we know not whether he remained a King's man or went over to the Parliament. So he was allowed to go on building his ships, nothing else would much affect him. Knowing nothing, we can only hope that he weathered the storms of the Great Rebellion, and with the aid of his friends, the Cromwells, ended his days in smooth waters.

E. W. WILLIAMS.

AN ELIZABETHAN AND TWO MODERN DRAMATISTS.

THOUGH James Shirley is really a Jacobean, not an Elizabethan, in point of time, it is excusable in a literary criticism to call him an Elizabethan. He is always known as the last of those giants who gave our dramatic literature its form and vitality ; he preferred in later life to be a martyr to the cause, and returned to his early career as a schoolmaster rather than degrade and lower the standard of Elizabethan dramatic tradition. Of the two modern dramatists here selected, Thomas Noon Talfourd and Alexander Smith, it may seem fanciful and arbitrary to consider their work beside that of James Shirley. In reality, however, the selection is reasonable when we consider that both of these writers looked back in sympathy over two centuries and sought much of their inspiration where James Shirley found his, that one successfully adopted (though with singular independence and, as it were, in his own right) the profound thought and earnest feeling, while the other gave us once more the noble speech and grandly imaginative diction, of the earlier period.

James Shirley is, in very deed, a most difficult writer for the critic to estimate justly and adequately. He has been shamefully libelled and degraded by Dryden, so that his reputation was long in recovering its first dignity. After a century of neglect, in consequence of this authoritative and unjust censure, his fame has been rehabilitated, and he has now taken his right place with the greatest dramatists of our country. And yet, though any one who opens the modern edition of his plays may judge for himself and will have no difficulty in deciding on which side the truth lies—will see at once that his language and ideas are of a higher order than anything reveals which Dryden has left us—it will be found by no means easy to say wherein his merit and importance lie. We may say generally that he is a picturesque and romantic writer to whom the invention of adventurous incident came easily—that his strength lay in comedy, and in the skilful weaving of its circumstance and plot,

rather than in tragedy and in character-drawing. If we supplement this notion of his inventiveness and skill by adding that his command of expression was extraordinary—that he had a wealth of beautiful words and images to draw upon—we shall not be surprised to hear of his fertility of production, which has given to the stage or to English literature thirty-two plays and three masques.

The high merits here indicated, and the great performance, might now be acknowledged without further discussion. This is how Professor Ward leaves the subject; nor has the present writer met with any criticism where further analysis and discussion of James Shirley's work as a dramatist have been given to the public. But it must be felt by every earnest student of that great period of our literature that to close the subject at this stage is very unsatisfactory. Indeed, the most casual reader of Shirley's plays must find amid much to admire and delight in much also that raises questions and doubts; he is an author of great power and great weakness, and Dryden's censures, though extreme and violently unjust, were not unfounded. Such being the case, it seems right and also necessary for a just appreciation of his excellence to consider, as far as the limited space given to him in this article will allow, what more particularly James Shirley's merits and demerits as a dramatist are. It has been already stated what romantic incident and beauty of expression abound in his writing. This combination of itself is enough to make a play successful and every scene attractive. But no reader or no spectator either, one would think, except in childhood's fairyland, can be long content with good speeches and gracefully varied action; character and individuality must emphasise the action and point the language, or the whole conception will be too vague and fluid. This is the great deficiency and weakness we find in James Shirley's plays. It would be wrong to say he does not individualise, that no character is revealed by his dialogues; had this been the case, he could scarcely have been a dramatist at all. But that the interest and value of his adventurous incident and of his beautiful language are far in advance of the interest and value of his men and women few would be found to deny. The test of character in a play is the strength and interest of the dialogues; and the dialogues in Shirley's plays, with all the advantages of the vigorous diction and fine imagery, do not rivet the attention and reveal human nature. It would be little exaggeration to say that no single character in all his plays stands out as a natural and striking personality; in this respect of delineation of character he is not only far inferior to Shakespeare—with whom, in such a connection,

he does not deserve to be named—but inferior to Beaumont and Fletcher, to Massinger, to Webster, and several others of the Elizabethan dramatists. This want of grip and central idea it is which makes the continuous reading of a play of Shirley's tedious, although such a consequence would certainly not follow when good acting and elocution contributed their aid. As it is, the telling novelty and animation of the incidents and situations, the eloquence and imaginative charm of converse and soliloquy, flow on and on under the reader's eyes ; the achievement is so considerable, and the combination of gifts Shirley displays is so rare, that probably most of his contemporaries and many a reader now rest satisfied with the result, suppressing any objection if it arise as captious or ungenerous. Yet it is the duty of the honest critic or the earnest student to show all sides and weigh all opinions that arise in or are suggested to his mind : he may not suppress a judgment which he is convinced of because it is less agreeable or may possibly offend. Since, therefore, these dicta cannot be denied, it is perfectly warrantable and fair to assert of James Shirley's dramatic work (let those refute it who can) that the very richness of his invention and beauty of his expression, harmonised and combined with rare art, make the absence of strong and consistent characterisation all the more serious and disappointing. This want and deficiency cannot but vex any earnest student or critic of our great dramatic literature ; for, without a deep insight into character and a vivid, faithful delineation of it, the grandeur of conception, the greatness of emotion, the resourceful, wide-ranging ideas with which Shirley's great predecessors enriched our human experience could never have been given to the world and could never be continuously revealed to us ; so that other gifts and accomplishments in a dramatist, without this central and cardinal one, will sooner or later be wearied of, if not rejected as a delusion and a mockery.

Should these conclusions with regard to James Shirley's dramatic work seem harsh and ungracious, it will be a relief and, perhaps, a compensation to give quotations from some of his plays which will hint nothing of his deficiencies, but will show his abundant gifts in beauty and variety of ideas and language.

These are from "The Coronation" :

Do not make me dream of heaven
And wake me into misery. . . .

How looks the queen
This golden morning ?
Like a bride ; her soul
Is all on mirth ; her eyes have quickening fires

Able to strike a spring into the earth
 In winter.
 . . . Then Lisimachus can have
 No frost in 's blood that lives so near her beams.

I am circled with confusions.

It were pity 'hey
 Should run upon so black a destiny.
 We are both old, and may be spared, a pair
 Of fruitless trees, mossy, withered trunks
 That fill up too much room.

. . . this crown sits heavy
 Upon my brow already, and we know
 There's something more than metal in this wreath
 Of shining glory ; but your faith and counsel,
 That are familiar with the mysteries
 And depths of state, have power to make us fit
 For such a bearing. . . .

. . . Ha ! that string
 Doth promise music.

. . . two
 Such glories courting his acceptance were
 Able to make disloyalty no sin ;
 At least not seem a fault ; a lady first
 Whose very looks would thaw a man more frozen
 Than the Alps, quicken a soul more dead than winter,
 Add to her beauty and perfection,
 That she's a queen and brings with her a kingdom
 Able to make a great mind forfeit heaven. . . .

. . . take a time when his joy swells him most
 When his delights are high and ravishing,
 When you perceive his soul dance in his eyes,
 When she that must be his hath dressed her beauty
 With all her pride, and sends a thousand Cupids
 To call him to the tasting of her lip. . . .

Search the stories, and the name of queen
 Shines bright with glory and some precedents
 Above man's imitation.

He was the glory of my thoughts. . . .

. . . He hath both spring to please
 Her eye and summer to return a harvest.

The next extracts are from "The Example" :

Night was not made to snore in, but so calm
 For our imaginations to be stirring
 About the world . . .

. . . who all this time
Treads the uneven path of war and danger ;
This very minute, for aught I can tell,
Wounded upon some service, or engaged
To stand the murdering cannon : oh, my blood
Grows pale within me to imagine what
Horror attends the soldier. . . .

Have I thought life not tedious for thy sake,
And in my poverty summed up wealth enough,
But in my hopes to see thee ? were my winters
Not cold when I but thought I had Bellamia ?
. . . I'll to prison
And welcome all the stings that want of liberty,
Disease, and famine can let fall upon me,
And call thee yet more killing than all they.
Wives shall accuse thy perjury whose act
Is able to make all the truth suspected,
And virgins frightened at thy name resolve
Never to marry.

The next extracts are from "The Young Admiral":

When I am dead, the world shall doat on thee
And pay thy beauty tribute. . . .
I die my country's martyr and ascend
Rich in my scarlet robe of blood, my name
Shall stain no chronicle, and my tomb be blest
With such a garland time shall never wither.
Thou with a troop of wives, as chaste as thee,
Shall visit my cold sepulchre, and glory
To say : This doth enclose Vittori's dust
That died true to his honour and his country.
Methinks, I'm taking of my leave already,
And kissing the wet sorrow from thy cheek. . . .

. . . With what eyes could he look
Upon this beauty and not love it ?
This beauty is her least perfection.
It speaks her woman, but her soul an angel.

What we cannot reach in honouring thee
Ages to come shall pay thy memory. . . .

What streams of joy run through me !

These extracts are perhaps sufficient to show Shirley's easy command of the large freely soaring ideas, the imaginative pomp, and the perfect poetic diction which constituted the Elizabethan dramatic language. He belongs to that company of our greatest dramatists because, if slenderly endowed with their highest and most

fundamental gift, he after all shares with them in no unstinted measure those other transcendent gifts and endowments which seem to have perished with them and him.

When we close the volumes of the last Elizabethan dramatist and open the pages of Alexander Smith's works, it is almost like passing from honest sunshine into glittering and flashing electric light ; there is more light, but it does not illuminate so well, for want of gradation and harmony ; things are more radiant, are all radiant, but less distinct. With the Elizabethan writers, almost without exception, language was always a medium, never a veil ; always a dress of thought, never a disguise. It is true they had their conceits, their euphuisms, their pedantries, and their affectations ; but these are rather their experiments and studies in a language not yet fixed and uniform than a deliberately chosen vehicle of expression. Such obscurities never predominated in their works, and it was always in their power to rise out of them into the conciseness, vigour, and dignity of phrase which form the leading characteristic of their style. Perhaps Lilly and George Chapman are exceptions to this general rule ; but no one would deny that even they showed so much respect for thought and meaning that a passage is always found for these through the thick underwood of their words—the rocky masses of truth and beautiful flowers of passion and poetry are scattered everywhere in their writings. With all the Elizabethan dramatists, then, whether their speech is ordered or disordered, we are, while listening to them, in real life and on the solid earth ; undivided human nature was their province—the thoughts of man, the language of man, the emotions and passions of man, the moral convictions and energies of man.

With Alexander Smith it is altogether different. Instead of being in real life and on solid earth, we are, while listening to him, as in a dreaming sleep under the control of the most varied, vagrant fancies and feelings ; we are floating on a stream in some light barque, ever gazing at reflected scenes in the water which are brighter and lovelier than the real things of this earth. His poetry is fluent and bejewelled to a degree, so that the power of expression seems far in advance of power of thought and feeling. It follows, perhaps, from this want of balance that whatever is said is said hyperbolically, or with excess of emphasis, and yet little or nothing in the thought or feeling is even occasionally profound and sincerely true, which would warrant such passion. It is as if the poet delighted in mere language and expression as such, and troubled himself very little as to what he thought or what he felt. Nor is this

a question of youthful exuberance (as the earlier juvenilities of Keats were) in which the senses and receptive powers are much in advance of experience and self-realisation ; for all youthful work, where any ability exists, has its occasional or apparently accidental sincerities—its promise of earnestness and foreshadowing of depth. On the other hand, Alexander Smith's performance is all conscious and determined subordination of thought and feeling to the brilliancies of fancy and language. Thus he offers a very striking contrast to the Elizabethan dramatists' method and practice. While they painfully laboured in the quarries of language, but at once fired and transmuted the gold they found by the energy of their thought and feeling, Alexander Smith has the gold at hand and many jewels besides, wrought into shape and polished by the craftsmen of two centuries, but finds himself without the power to glorify and relieve the richness by the resources of the mind and spirit. His longest and most ambitious poem is called "A Life Drama," but it is almost unnecessary to say that, though divided into scenes and filled with dialogue or soliloquy, there is nothing essentially dramatic in it. Fervour, ecstasy, and passion are continuous ; there is no attempt to localise the speakers, to realise them as distinct human beings, or to distinguish them by strong and opposing characteristics. Thus the whole poem is virtually monologue arbitrarily interrupted by unreal persons who unmeaningly reply or interfere. Evidently human nature is with him divided and dismembered, as it never was with James Shirley. The Elizabethan dramatist made at least an attempt at presenting the moral bases of character in union with the emotional and the imaginative faculties ; nor was he ever quite unsuccessful. Alexander Smith makes no attempt to secure this true unity, and the obvious consequence of rejecting the deepest connecting and strongest controlling energies of man and man's active experience is that all which concerns character and individuality is left untrue and indefinite. The poet who ignores or neglects such vital principles of humanity, and surrenders himself to impulse and imagination exclusively, may shine and excel, as Alexander Smith did, in the superficial graces of poetry—in eloquent and choice expression—in an astonishing command of tropes and metaphors ; but will unwittingly and involuntarily, perhaps, turn all this pomp and parade into tinsel and insincerity, because of the inherent and inevitable falsity and eventual absurdity of such achievement.

Here is a short extract which is as superficially charming, as choice in figurative language, and as perfervid as every other part of the drama :

I love thee much,
But thou art all unlike the glorious guide
Of my proud boyhood. Oh, he led me up
As Hesper, large and brilliant, leads the night !
Our pulses beat together, and our beings
Mixed like two voices in one perfect tune
And his the richest voice. He loved all things
From God to foam-bells dancing down a stream,
With a most equal love. Thou mock'st at much ;
And he who sneers at any living hope
Or aspiration of a human heart
Is just as many stages less than God,
That universal and all-sided Love.
I'm wretched, Edward, to the very heart ;
I see an unreach'd heaven of young desire
Shine through my hopeless tears. My drooping sails
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
I rot upon the waters when my prow
Should grate the golden isles.

The fine concluding image of the last three lines and a half has been quoted before with approbation, and it is quite worthy of being called Shakespearean. But Shakespeare would certainly have put such graphic and beautiful speech into the mouth of a more representative human being than Walter, a poet, and he would have linked its eloquent force with thought and idea more profoundly human than the vaguely ideal hope which is unravelled a few lines further on. Nor need we go beyond the internal evidence of this single passage to prove Alexander Smith's dramatic incapacity. The transitions in the course of one speech from praise of his early guide to rebuke of the mocking friend, then to his own wretchedness, are too great, and each one too evenly rounded into emphasis and poetry, for that consistent attitude or pose of mind to result by which every truly dramatic speech reveals definite character and humanity. Moreover, such expressions as "Our pulses beat together," "He loved all things from God to foam-bells dancing down a stream," "I'm wretched, Edward, to the very heart ; I see an unreach'd heaven of young desire shine through my hopeless tears," though their fervour serves to harmonise the rich metaphorical language and reconciles a careless reader to much emphasis, is too insincere and unsupported by the realities of mind and experience to have any validity in a dramatic composition.

Thomas Noon Talfourd's dramatic poetry offers a more complete contrast to Alexander Smith's than James Shirley's did. In expression and language he is as plain and reserved as the other two were lavish and ornate. Perhaps the solemn legal profession he followed is

responsible for this austerity of style ; for it is singular that so earnest a student as he shows himself in his autobiographical preface and in his actual achievement should have caught little or nothing of the grand dramatic style of the sixteenth century. The radical difference between his work and Alexander Smith's is that the latter caught all of the force and beauty and magic of that earlier style which a modern writer possibly could catch, and, having a great genius for style, adapted it, modernised it, and added to its vocabulary ; its spirit, thought, and earnestness he could not catch. But Thomas Noon Talfourd, if he did study the Elizabethan dramatists—it is certain he could not but have read and delighted in them—passed by, or wrote as if he had passed by, without apparent recognition or an attempt at imitation their equally effective and magnificent poetic diction and vocabulary. Their spirit, thought, and earnestness he may have caught—for, unlike Alexander Smith, he certainly possessed these qualities ; but it seems just as probable that these moral forces were entirely his own, and that he would have written as he did had the Elizabethan dramatists never existed. On the other hand, his appreciation of Greek dramatists and the inspiration he derived from classical sources are very marked. The Greek dramatists and the dramatists of his own century received his chief attention ; his two principal plays, “*Ion*” and “*The Athenian Captive*,” are very spirited compositions in which classical subjects and characters are blended with modern dramatic forms and the classical spirit with the modern spirit. He is rich in thought and profound in feeling, as the ancient Greek dramatists never were ; but this thought and feeling are conveyed often without imagery and without fluency. Therefore we find the relief of simplicity in his presentation and expression very much akin to what is to be found in the classical compositions : the language is never hyperbolic, never unduly emphasised. And this control of language and expression passes on with him to self-repression and dramatic power ; where such self-rule and reserve of expression are maintained the most varied characters are demonstrable—a result which the voluble and abandoned lover of verbal and figurative forms is incapable of. This union of the classical spirit with modern ideas is, then, the chief merit of Talfourd's dramas ; but, as might have been anticipated, it is, so far as dramatic poetry is concerned, not altogether successful. For dramatic poetry, as the Elizabethan dramatists have taught us, cannot remain within the limits of the ideal and beautiful in thought expressed in reflective or meditative formulas. Talfourd paid a heavy price for ignoring the example and teaching of the sixteenth-century dramatists. The

modern thought and feeling he so earnestly and sincerely shared and sympathised with proved too strong and too weighty for a complete and effective union with the simple and ideal Greek forms and imaginings ; but they might have gained light and wings to irradiate them with beauty and lift them heavenwards had he allied himself in spirit with the greatest dramatists of his own country.

As it is, though he is a master of varied mood and character well defined and expressed, his presentation is too intellectual and he is too reflective for that range and freedom of spirit to assert itself which truly dramatic characters always require ; indeed, passion and energy will invariably be found wanting in his conceptions, his preference being always for meditative, thoughtful expression ; and this very much limits the scope of his representation of human nature, to the full greatness of which he could never attain.

But with the grand and heroic in character of a primitive age he succeeded better. His heroes are Greek in their meditative repose ; there is much dignity and even grandeur in their speeches and attitudes ; there is also attributed energy of action, but it is described and generalised, not vividly presented and individualised. To such classical heroes, with their attributed, narrated action, and uttering elevated thoughts and feelings distinctly modern in their depth and sentiment, Talfourd could do justice admirably ; the combination is extremely harmonious and artistic, if it is not dramatic.

Instead of quoting any passage from Thomas Noon Talfourd's dramas, we may set before the reader the hero of his best drama, "Ion." Ion is a hero after Talfourd's own heart : he is simple, open-minded, self-controlled as an ancient Greek hero ; he is also cultivated and disciplined by moral and religious teaching, having dwelt from childhood in the home of an old priest and in constant attendance at the temple. The priest has a daughter, between whom and Ion exists a great warmth of affection ; but, characteristically enough, the dramatist nips this affection in the bud, and excludes all real passion from his scenes by chilling his hero's heart with the presentiment of his approaching fate. Thus this profound human interest is taken out of the action of his play ; yet so much of its sentiment remains as to enhance the pathos of the story, which is probably all that its austere inventor desired. For it was the crushing fate that Talfourd wished to emphasise, coming though it did on a character already too intellectual, self-repressed, and reserved to be the hero of a drama. And the pathos of this undeserved fate coming upon this innocent, cultured, high-minded young man is very beautifully and naturally presented. Surely, however, the interest here is epic rather

than dramatic, and in making it the leading subject of a dramatic poem Talfourd was misled by his classical proclivities. In epic poetry individual freedom and passion count for comparatively little, because there the individual is either identified with or subordinated to national and historical event, which is often of overpowering influence. Several of such noble and princely victims of fate as Ion—perishing helplessly without a shadow of personal freedom in thought or action—are to be found in Homer and Virgil. But, however worthy of his commemorative praise and pity a dramatist might think these scions of a kingly stock were, thus falling in their pride of courage and youthful beauty, he would be courting failure to make such characters the heroes of dramatic poetry; for, in doing this, he would commemorate and emphasise the blind, ruthless events as much, or more, than he commemorated the noble and unhappy victim of these events, and his presentation would necessarily lack that freedom of spirit and truth to human nature which the drama requires.

Accordingly, Ion is, as the hero of a modern dramatic poem, a complete failure. This result is not due simply to a want of mental initiative and active qualities in the hero, as Talfourd suggests, with rare candour and humility, in his preface; it is due to the dramatist's own limited idea of human nature and over-intellectualism, which make his hero a false representative of free humanity, and therefore an impossible one for the drama. The mistaken choice of a subject, epic rather than dramatic, was dependent on this limitation of view, and was not an accidental and independent cause of failure. With all his powers of language, of thought, of feeling, trained, disciplined, and wisely, sincerely controlled, Thomas Noon Talfourd could not rightly conceive man's angel-faculties and god-like apprehensions.

J. KINDON.

ON YALDING LEA.

I COME again, but not with thee—
Thou hast become a name ;
I tread the sward on Yalding *Lea*,
And all things seem the same.

The gabled homes of Yalding town,
The swallows at their eaves,
The weir, the water shimmering down,
The farm, the garnered sheaves,

The moorhens at the river's side,
The shallop that doth rest
Lightly upon the gentle tide—
A petal on its breast,

The old horse-chestnuts in their pride
Of waxen-white array—
Not these, nor aught that's here beside,
Could memory fend away !

Again, in greeting as I pass,
The kindly rustic speech ;
Again the fragrance of the grass
And wood scents, each on each ;

Again across an English sky,
Flecked with its snowy fleece,
I mark the wood-doves nestward fly—
I know this ancient peace.

This cool and quiet evening hour,
Told by the tongue of Time
Within yon low, grey, hoary tower,
Breathes of our youth sublime !

(Say, do I walk in Faery,
Where that each sense is held
By sights and sounds of gramarye
Out of a book of Eld?)

From out green depths of ashen shaws
Comes yet the cuckoo's call ;
And faint alternate shout and pause
And click of bat on ball

Tell, hidden by yon low-branched tree,
They play the English game.
Then falls the stillness on the lea—
The same—yet not the same—

For see ! Athwart yon western ridge
Of light above the shade,
Alien upon old Twyford bridge,
An unknown youth and maid.

Oh ! say not, now, my heart-beats tell
’Tis with forsworn delight
I long to hear sweet Philomel
Hymn to the summer night.

Sweetheart ! Dear Loyalty ! say not
That all doth count for loss
Since I a winsome bride me got
Under the Southern Cross.

Deem not that thy fair maidenhood
Nor bud, nor fruit, nor flower
Hath given to universal good
Forth from that evening hour

When we out o’er that old bridge wall
Hark’d to the nightingale,
And watched the silvery water fall
Down, like a bridal veil,

And stood a moment—equally
Exalted, unafraid—
Facing life’s ancient mystery,
The way of man with maid.

Think not the then unspoken word
Now spoken were a lie,
That Nature's promise, unaverred,
Could since, or ever, die.

Believe if e'er I did decline
From sin, and lean to good,
Somewhat from thy young soul benign
Succoured my hardihood.

That aid I own. So may it be
By heart and hand and mind
I serve, for that I hold in fee
Thyself in all thy kind.

Dear Saint ! now send thy benisons
Over the world of foam,
On wife, and babe, and ruddy sons,
There in their Austral home,

That when by scrub and wattle tree
They play the English game,
Sweetheart, sweet eve, and Yalding lea
For me abide the same.

TABLE TALK.

MR. MORLEY AND THE ACTON LIBRARY.

I WAS writing last month my apology for book-collecting, when the intelligence reached me of Mr. Carnegie's gift, to Mr. John Morley, of the Acton Library—an action honourable alike to donor and recipient. Instances of similar generosity and consideration are infrequent and all but unknown. They will probably, now that enormous wealth settles into individual hands, not all of them necessarily unworthy or unclean, become more frequent. Almost the only case I recall of a donation of the kind was the gift to William Roscoe, the once celebrated author of the "Life of Lorenzo di Medici, called the Magnificent," and the "Life and Pontificate of Leo X." After the failure of Roscoe's bank in Liverpool, in 1816, Roscoe's books were sold, some two thousand volumes realising over £5,000. A selection of books, principally Italian, employed by him in his Italian studies, was bought in by his friends at the cost of £600, and was offered to Roscoe, who for some reason declined the gift. These a year later were presented to the Liverpool Athenæum, to form the basis of a Roscoe Collection.

RESPONSIBILITY OF A LARGE LIBRARY.

THE conditions under which a gift such as that of Mr. Carnegie can be accepted are few. Mr. Morley's own library, with which I was once familiar, is considerable, and the addition to it of a second library of some ninety to one hundred thousand volumes renders it practically unmanageable. My own collection amounts to less than a third of the number, and the impossibility of housing it adequately, and the difficulty of housing it at all, weigh constantly upon me. A library palatial in size would be necessary to hold the Acton-Morley collection, and a building of the kind would be most costly to erect and most expensive to keep up. Books, as Mr. Blades has pointed out, have many enemies. It is all-important that they should be kept at something like an even temperature. If near a damp wall, the bindings are apt to rot and the labels to drop off; if the temperature is too hot, the bindings will crack. It is merciless treatment to have occupied shelves up to the ceiling of a library. Only books in paper covers can be kept on the top shelves of rooms in ordinary residential use. It is all but

impossible to prevent the ravages of moths and other insect pests, the only possible course being to draw all books gently and frequently from the shelves, open them tenderly, and remove lightly with a silk handkerchief the dust that may have accumulated. A possessor of many books is bound either to love them himself, or to have one or more librarians who will love them for him.

THE JOY OF BOOK-COLLECTING.

FROM the point of view of a collector the acceptance of a present such as that of the Acton Library is not to be conceived. A collector myself almost from infancy, I have had the idea of some gift of the kind present itself as a species of nightmare. To enter at once into possession of a noble library without acquiring it book by book is enough to disenchant the genuine enthusiast. I am wild enough to maintain that the collector should not be too rich—in fact, should not be rich at all. To send agents round Europe to purchase the finest obtainable copy of every book worth having may be, and doubtless is, a princely method. To me it makes no appeal. It is a pleasure of its kind to be compared to the purchase of a steam yacht, or even, since such things are now in fashion, a motor-car of fifty horse-power. A fine library was once as much a portion of the state of a great nobleman as a picture-gallery. To the genuine book-lover, however, such a thing would be a perplexity, almost a terror. Where is the occupation of the philatelist if some one presents him with a collection comprising every known stamp? This is an extreme case, but things are sometimes best illustrated in extremes. I maintain that, for the possession of a book to mean all it may, the volume should be long and eagerly coveted, and its acquisition should involve some previous sacrifice. I will not say that the purchaser should carry home under his arm, like a Charles Lamb, the treasure he has acquired. He should, however, take a cab; or, if he trusts it to the bookseller to despatch, he should sit at home and fume until it arrives. I am not likely to be tried like Mr. Morley, and am far too poor a man to accept and guard such a gift. I am afraid, if I came by inheritance or in any fashion into possession of a really priceless collection, I should, in sporting phrase, “throw up the sponge” and quit the ring.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1902.

THREE FELS SKETCHES.

BY WILLIAM T. PALMER.

I.—THE FIGHTING SCHOOLMASTER.

THE schoolhouse is situate some five miles from the rock-fringed bay into which the tiny stream descending the valley empties its waters. It is a grey-walled, mouldy, low building ; from the plenteous smoke-marks, from the stones into which the tethering rings are still fastened, it may possibly at some time have been the blacksmith's shop of the dale. This is a grand, primitive, peat-burning, superstition-reeking countryside. High, rocky mountains gather round its head, coppices hang among the scaurs and slacks, and deep beds of bracken and heather occupy the hillsides.

I had been told that the place was worthy a visit, and after a long, rough tramp over scree and rocks, and by storm-rent ghylls, on an almost imperceptible path, I reached the valley-head. From the upper hillsides hardly a dwelling was visible, and for a time I wondered whether, in that sea of mountains, my route had brought me correctly. Then a farmhouse appeared amid a cluster of sycamores, and, as I came near, my inquiry was answered in the affirmative. "Yes, this was Mirdale." Among the trees, as I passed down the dale, appeared the tiny belfry of an ancient church, and close to it was the school. The buildings were bounded on three sides by a bend in the river, though they stood thirty feet above the water, commanding a grand view to seaward.

"Where will I find Schoolmaster John?" I demand from my host (for I had been advised to seek this man out to hear a strange story).

"Oh, he'll be up at t' skuil-hoos noo; he's lowsing t' bairns" (dismissing the children from their afternoon's lessons). To the school I therefore repaired.

"The schoolmaster, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, at your service!"

For awhile we talked of olden, golden days in the dales, when the mines were wealthy, and the sheep-grazing on the fells profitable. The old man—he must have been over sixty—talked intelligently on these and other matters, while I took stock of him, his school, and, through the open doorway, the surrounding country. War maps of various campaigns hung on the walls side by side with the charts requisite to school work; on a black board stuck on the mantelpiece was inscribed in fine handwriting the full text of "Rule Britannia."

The old man noted my look at this, and said quietly, "Yes, I like to have it there. The children all know the song by heart, but I hope by placing it there before their eyes to familiarise them with the spirit of the grand old war-song."

The spirit with which he repeated half sadly to himself the refrain, "Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!" caused me to glance up in surprise. No! it was surely no longer the grey-haired man of sixty, with bent shoulders and threatening rheumatism; he had become alert-looking, and the frayed black coat seemed for the moment to cling like a military tunic to a stalwart young figure.

"Yes," he said, "we trust too much to our supremacy at sea, which a single storm might wreck. I know you are aware of my views on this matter. They are laughed at to-day; but to-night, to-morrow, the French may land their troops at Bonton, and Mirdale, like the rest of England, is not ready to resist."

I had been told that the ancient prophecy of Paul Jones the pirate, when his privateering fleet was driven from the adjacent coast, that he would return with the French and put the whole countryside to the sword, had still one believer in Mirdale—and he the schoolmaster, the last of his family.

"Would you care to see my guns?"

He opened what appeared to be the door of a slate cupboard, and from the recess produced, each carefully wrapped in oiled cloth, firearms of every recent military period, beginning with the obsolete flint-lock and ranging up to the newest Lee-Enfield. Of most patterns he had three or four specimens—"I had three brothers here once"—and these spare weapons he was particularly careful of. Then he called me into the recess, where he had made a loophole com-

manding a good piece of the dales road. The school wall here must have been six feet thick, and the old man's fort would be impenetrable to ordinary rifle fire. Ammunition boxes of all descriptions were piled high in the little magazine.

Next the old man asked me to stroll with him to his rifle range, in a gully about a mile distant.

"I practise early in the mornings ; the people round here are accustomed to it, and strangers, as you see, are not likely to ramble at so early an hour."

After bidding the old man farewell, I wandered slowly back to my lodging ; the elaborate preparedness I had seen, and the determination of the schoolmaster to resist to the death within the precincts of his old schoolhouse, made me inclined to ponder awhile. As I sat watching the evening shadows deepen over rugged crags and pastoral coves, I mused upon what might happen if the old man's fears were realised.

.

The school was being carried on as usual ; one class was droning over a reading-book, the master's voice came distinctly above all others in his dictation to the remainder. The sound of a galloping horse is heard on the road, and Schoolmaster John hurries to the door to see who and what it is.

"The French—the French have landed at Bonton."

I can see in my mind's eye old John, with unusual activity, step across the small room, open the American organ, and play, with the children's voices joining in, his favourite war-song. This over, the children are called out of their classes to make two short rows down the room. Then—

"You must hasten away home, children. Good-morning."

John the fighting man is now aroused ; parcels of cartridges, and what other weapons there are, are handed to fleeing neighbours as they call to urge him make a temporary retreat. But John is to defend Mirdale, not by firing at random from unseen nooks among the rocks, but by holding the schoolhouse against the whole invading army.

.

A short half-hour has passed ; the enemy's scouts meet with no resistance. Inside the old school John's eye runs along the rifle barrel time after time ; yes, his aim is certain, and the first foe in sight will die. A half company of infantry round the corner, and instantly the rifle speaks ; down goes the leading man. Shot after shot is delivered with deadly precision ; as yet the soldiery cannot

see the direction of the leaden hail, and in a few seconds they seek cover. For two hours the old man within that grey-walled structure forbids advance. Then, after an officer, while incautiously exposing himself to reconnoitre, has been killed, a field gun is ordered to open fire and drive the enemy from his hold. Two shells crash into the old building—its thick grey walls are pierced easily as paper—and after each there is an appalling explosion. Then the rifle fire ceases.

The fighting schoolmaster is dead.

II.—THE STORY OF A CLIMB.

THOUGH it was not yet sunrise, Joe Graves was discussing his simple breakfast. He was alone, for his sister had long since married and gone to a distant home of her own, but he never seriously thought of engaging a substitute. "I can fend best for mesel'," was his invariable reply to all who suggested the matter to him. Jem Bate opened the door and walked in.

"Will you go to Blea Tarn Crag to-day, Joe?" he asked, without even a prefatory greeting; "the ground is in rare fettle for cragging."

"Too dry," was the reply, "but I'll go. It's ower bonnie a day to stop in the boddem. We mustn't take too much rope, or we may have a smash. Half a dozen yards should be about enough. There's no pitch on Blea Tarn Crag as'll want more."

After this they talked awhile of the different routes by which this crag is scaled, and determined to try one which was as yet unclimbed. His meal finished, Graves produced an assortment of ropes, out of which the most suitable was selected; then, without further delay, they started. Once clear of the semi-wild garden, the pair put on pace, for the time at their disposal was limited, considering the object in view. The sun rose as they followed up the bent-grown slack which forms the quickest approach to the mountain of High Street, and by five o'clock they were walking across the summit. The panorama extended for miles over mountains, dales, lakes, and plains, in unequalled grandeur. Far away, with splashes of purple and grey swirling over its slopes, was the great mass of Lakeland mountains; to the west Windermere wound away among the quiet, wooded hills, and beyond this shimmered the sea. This clearness was a sure sign of an impending thunderstorm. Their practised strides rapidly bore the pair to the corner where Long Stile extends from the parent range, and beneath which slumbers the ink-like Blea Water. Down the rough rocks they threaded their

way to the narrow belt of grass by the tarn's outlet. The crag was now close at hand, and they eagerly scanned its fifteen-hundred-foot sheer face. A fault in the rock, cleaving it from base well-nigh to summit, was the point of attack they had selected, and they climbed up the scree to its lowest point. At the foot of the crag the rope was adjusted, and Bate led up a narrow gully, which a few yards above seemed to lose itself in the wall of rock.

The toilers gradually climbed up till the ravine narrowed, and the gully was blocked above by a huge cornice. Here foothold must continue either to right or left—it might mean a perilous hand-traverse across the face of the cliff, but having warmed to their work this peril could not daunt them. The rock above was virgin, human foot had not yet been placed on it; hence its conquest, after so many failures, would be a feat.

Hour after hour the pair laboured on, trying a new grip here, or a tiny foothold there, till one with less patience might have judged the attempt a failure. Meanwhile the whole aspect was changing. In the west the misty blue had deepened to blackness, the light of the sun was sensibly diminished as the veil of mist extended, the glinting of the ripples on the tarn beneath ceased, and the bleak slopes around looked still more depressing. The minutes passed, and the storm-hiss on the moor above was succeeded by a distant mutter of thunder. Though this change was perfectly well known to them, they did not speak of it to each other.

“Stop?” queried Bate, “dinner-time.”

Graves spragged a leg crossway the gully and looked up.

“Ay! Is there a ledge handy?”

“No, two good toe-grips here, and another pair higher up. Shall I get to 'em?”

Very cautiously Jem Bate continued his scramble; his knees outspread could now touch both sides of the crack; arm pressure had to be the lifting power. At last he succeeded in reaching the point he had spoken of, and prepared to give a helping haul to his companion. The position which he was forced to stand in was very uncomfortable, his shoulders were bent by the hanging mass above; so he looked around for an easier position. A narrow gap close above promised a little, and into it he crawled; it was a drain-like crack scoring the base of the pinnacle. Crag-instinct pointed to the possibility of this traverse continuing into a higher gully, and this hope was strengthened by the tiny stream trickling down. In a few words Jem conveyed the discovery to Graves, who was eating his lunch twenty feet below.

With their backs against the wall of rock, the climbers were looking at a distant patch of sunlit cloud over Kidsty Pike when from the west, black as the smoke from a manufacturing city, dropped the cloud of rain. Thunder in magnificent melody roared, boomed, sang, and rattled; lightning clove the semi-darkness with fitful gleams; the rills and gullies continued and intensified the blast till fell and dale, tarn and sky seemed in the very climax of an exterminating war.

There was now no time to be lost if the climbers were to reach safety at all; for the heavy rain descending would soon fill the tiny channel up which they must escape. Six hundred feet of sheer cliff below, thousands of tons of rock above, each threatened in vain direst vengeance upon the pair crawling between. The rock shelved outward and upward, and this characteristic saved them. It was a wearying climb; the water, in ever-increasing volume, oozed through their clothes and lapped their faces when at particularly narrow corners their bodies dammed it back, but at length Bate reached the head of the semi-tunnel and found himself in a very steep and rough gorge. Graves had not followed him closely, for if the track had proved useless such action would have created a nasty position. The summit could hardly be more than two hundred feet above, and the edge of a cliff is usually so weather-worn that its ascent is not difficult, though the crumbling nature of the rock makes it extremely dangerous. Bate gave a whistle for his companion to finish climbing the hollow way, and by a judicious strain on the rope helped him to do so. A stream of blue fire flickered from a low-lying cloud and struck the rugged crag above their heads. Ten thousand tons of shale, felspar, and slate crumbled away, and parted with a terrible crash from its base. The ghyll in which Bate was standing was swept by an avalanche of scree, and when it cleared a bleeding, crushed body jammed in a crack showed that some fragment had struck home a fearful blow. Graves was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps he was crushed under the mighty weight, perhaps hurled along among the falling rock into the tarn.

.

High up beyond the range of human sight the battered form still breathed. No one came to succour as evening died among the crags and slopes—in these localities a rock-fall is not so extraordinary as to invite minute exploration. The quietude of night passed, daybreak and broad day came. The body still breathed, though it did not move. Would another be added to the ghastly tale of skeletons lying on the moors and cliffs? Day blazed to its

close, and the body slowly recovered consciousness and seemingly appreciation of its position. Tortured by thirst and hunger, with crushed shoulder and side, Jem Bate rose to survey, with all his old defiance, the shattered cliff above. As he began to drag himself up the rough passage, his nerve steadied, but just as he seemed to reach safety, a few loose fragments hurtled down, and struck him to the ground. The shock was fearful, but the hardihood of a thousand scrambles enabled him to survive it. For an hour he lay on the shelving broken rock, while a wanderer who had seen the man in the ascent climbed the rugged gable of High Street and walked along the summit to the top of the gully. This man had a keen interest in scrambling among unconventional climbs, and therefore essayed a descent to meet the other. But fifty—one hundred feet down he carefully climbed, at every moment his position becoming more dangerous, signalling again and again without hearing any response. Then, as he traversed a rough, projecting rock, he came upon the still breathing body of Jem Bate. Tenderly, yet with consummate skill and strength, he lifted it and bore it up the terrible steep. How he managed it in safety none can tell, but the shepherd who hastened from Lingmell at the sound of the danger-cry of his kind found the two lying together so still that he thought both were dead. In an hour assistance was at hand, and the cragsman and his rescuer were being carried towards Mardale.

III.—A LEGEND OF THE FELLS.

IN the days of King Stephen, Church, Crown, and Barons were struggling in a quagmire of petty strife and intrigue, but the attendant horrors were only noted in the vale of Kent by the extraordinary number of guests of high rank—barons whose little armies had been destroyed, whose castles had been sacked, and who could not return to their estates for fear of their lives—who came and went at Kendal Castle. The Baron had too many troubles in his own domain to think of engaging in the struggles raging throughout the country. Westmorland was not yet fully subjugated by the Normans, and bands of outlawed Saxons—men whose fathers had fallen on the ridge at Senlac or by the Isle of Ely, bequeathing deathless hatred of the foe to their sons, or men whose worst passions had been excited by the treatment received from their conquerors—hid by day in caves or rude huts far away among the mountains where the Norman infantry could not reach, and at

night sallied into the half-settled vale, burning the hovels of the peasantry, driving off the cattle, and ruthlessly putting to the sword every man they met. According to the outlaws' fierce tenets, a man of Saxon lineage who would bow to the Norman forfeited all rights to be considered a Saxon, and to such they meted accordingly. But ere daylight brought the possibility of being attacked by a concentrated force the outlaws had retired. Nor were the occasional keeps scattered here and there among the dales any great safeguard, for at dead of night a shower of arrows would often rattle against the walls, killing anyone who was abroad, and picking a way to loopholes and casements.

One night in June, under cover of a fierce thunderstorm, a Saxon band stole down the valleys and set ablaze the woods clothing Harter Fell—to this day the ground remains barren, for the spell of the Saxon witch-familiar has never been broken. At Kendal the blaze was seen, and a small force hastened out to punish the offenders. Along the road, an old one even then, they marched to the foot of the dale, and here they met a group of peaceful villagers fleeing from the outlaws. Brutally the soldiers ill-treated them—to the Norman the Saxon was a slave of little value, a burden carried with the land—till a Saxon youth, his blood aflame with the coarseness around him, struck one man to the ground with his bare fist.

"A fight-rally," shouted the captain in irony, as with the point of his sword he touched the boy's thigh, and laughed at the pain he caused. The rough warriors followed his example, till, maddened, the youngster turned on them, and calling on prodigious strength, with a stone killed the nearest of his tormentors. Instantly the joke dropped, and in a second, from a steel-torn body, the Saxon's soul went to commune with his God.

"You have wronged!" said a hollow voice, and the superstitious soldiers fell back from their hacking of the dead. No one save the trembling villagers was to be seen, but this awful voice seemed to proceed from the bleeding corpse.

"You have wronged!" came the words again, in a voice now triumphant, and over the dead man appeared a woman of middle age. Her face was smirched with ashes and soot, as though her brewing of hell-kail were blackening her skin as foully as her soul; her dress was a shapeless cloak of homespun, but so ancient and dirt-stained that its original hue had vanished.

A jeering laugh now arose from the group of armed men.

"And who gave thee to be our judge?" asked the captain. "I am responsible to the Baron of Kendal alone."

"And to me," answered the witch calmly ; "thou wilt not return to Kendal till thou hast taken each Saxon of the fourscore who set the woods on fire."

"Ah, marry," laughed the captain, "then I return not empty-handed. The omen is a good one, gentle witch, for I have vowed to clear out, root and branch, the dog Saxons of the fells. I am going to burn every house in Kentmere, in Longsleddale, and in the valley beyond, ere I return to my lord. Fair witch, wilt thou go with us and see our triumph ? The smell of reeking blood will be homely breath to thy hell-filled nostrils. Come with us, and cast a charm over the Saxon fools, that they escape not the wrath of my lord the Baron."

"The charm is cast these three hours—before you left the courtyard of your Norman keep. Look for the Saxon between the mist and the dale, for till you force him of his lair, you cannot return to your home."

"Ha, ha, fair augur, gentle dame. We are provided with horses and provisions, and ere long the life of the robber band will be past."

"The mist hangs low, the dale in sunset purple lies, the crags are riven, but not by storm. The robber band is at peace long since, but the Norman warrior walks the hills for evermore."

Uttering these prophetic words, the witch seemed to melt into thin air ; the dalefolk trembled, but the Captain turned to his men and said in jest :—

"My men, the witch is gone, but her spell is good. See yonder !" and he pointed toward Harter Fell, where rainclouds hung dense and black. "Yonder we find our prey, 'twixt mist and dale. Forward to conquer. The churlish Saxon is already undone."

The little company marched rapidly up the vale, plundering and burning the few homesteads they met. The inhabitants had fled, some across the fells to the monastery at Shap, some to seek comfort at a famous witch's cave in Loughrigg, some by devious ways, by which they did not meet the feared expedition, to Kendal.

After sacking the hovels without mercy, the Normans made for the open fell, where clung the dense mist, and as they approached the veil of white, the zip of an arrow falling among the ranks warned them of danger. The soldiers did not hesitate to grumble at the hard climb, and to curse the Saxons who thus showed their ability to strike home without being seen. The Captain ordered a retreat, but now dense and white the pall had fallen below, and neither backward for fear of the cliffs, nor forward for fear of the advantage held by the enemy, dare they move.

"You have wronged," came a voice as of a syren gloating over its prey. The hardy men shivered, and turned to discern, if possible, whence the voice came.

Not fifty yards away, a sheer spur of rock towered up, and here in majestic state stood the witch, with the scurrying wreaths of mist around her head. The Captain sprang to the foot of the cliff and addressed her:—

"Friend witch, a plague to these stone-covered slopes and craggy cliffs. Show us the way to the valley again, if thy magic avail aught, and thou shalt have treasure to satisfy thee."

"Canst thou bribe the devil, whose is all gold and silver? Thou and thy band are condemned to find the fourscore Saxons who fought for their rights at Ely and at Northallerton,¹ and till Norman eyes can see the fox among the bent, and Norman feet can outclimb all upon the scree and crag, you cannot reach them. From this to that," the witch held out her hands towards the heavens above and towards the moving mist-wreaths below, "you cannot find solace or rest. The curse of the fells is upon you. In the coming time I see you riding betwixt mist and dale, restless, silent, capturing none."

"A Saxon pig, by God! and a heathen. Upon her, and hew her to pieces."

Obediently his men sprang forward, but, with a roar and a rattle, the cliff in front crumbled to pieces, and they had to retreat for their lives. The Captain, sword in hand, stood nearest the flying fragments, and in silence waited for the witch to speak again.

But she had gone; the rock on which she had stood when last seen slowly crumbled and, in a succession of mighty avalanches, rolled down the mountain side.

"You have wronged," came a thunder of defiance from the surging clouds above, "and be ye punished."

Days passed on; the expedition did not return, so the Baron of Kendal sent forth another force. Not a trace, not a sign, of the lost men could be found. The mist still hung close on the hills, and the Saxon rebels, more accustomed to the conditions of ground and air than the Normans, were unremitting in their attacks. The bowmen of the invaders could not shoot without a mark, and the arrows cleaving the mists were the only signs of life. Now came the breaking up of the Saxon terror. An army was sent in succour, and the last bitter struggle began. Round Buckbarrow and Grey Crag, round

¹ Men of the northern marches fought for the Scots at the battle of the Standard.

Branstree and Harter Fell the Normans swarmed, and among the precipices on Goat Scar came the final tragedy. Forcing their way up a grassy slack, the invading host reached the top of Harter Fell and the battle was won. The Saxons had no other resource but fight, and against the iron-disciplined troops their valour was of little use. It was a fight to destruction, with no mercy, and the Normans won at awful cost. The lost expedition was never found ; no trace of horse or steel of foreign make was to be discovered in the Saxon caves, and the Baron of Kendal, who personally conducted the final siege, had to leave the mystery unsolved.

Yet on fine summer evenings, when the purple shades are on the mountain sides, and the glittering mists hang on the summits, the dalesman has often been surprised to see, marching between the mist and the dale, sometimes high, sometimes low, a body of armed horsemen. With scouts in front, behind, below, above, they sweep along in disciplined order. They are the Norman band, condemned to walk the fells till they capture eighty Saxons slain some eight hundred years ago.

THE DUCHY OF NAXOS.

OF all the strange and romantic creations of the Middle Ages none is so curious as the capture of the poetic "Isles of Greece" by a handful of Venetian adventurers, and their organisation as a Latin Duchy for upwards of three centuries. Even to-day the traces of the ducal times may be found in many of the Cyclades, where Latin families, descendants of the conquerors, still preserve the high-sounding names and the Catholic religion of their Italian ancestors, in the midst of ruined palaces and castles, built by the mediæval lords of the Archipelago out of ancient Hellenic temples. But of the Duchy of Naxos little is generally known. Its picturesque history, upon which Finlay touched rather slightly in his great work, has since then been thoroughly explored by a laborious German, the late Dr. Hopf; but that lynx-eyed student of archives had no literary gifts; he could not write, he could only read, and his researches lie buried in a ponderous encyclopædia. So this delightful Duchy, whose whole story is one long romance, still awaits the hand of a novelist to make it live again.

The origin of this fantastic State of the blue Ægean is to be found in the overthrow of the Greek Empire at the time of the Fourth Crusade. By the partition treaty made between the Latin conquerors of Constantinople, Venice received the Cyclades among other acquisitions. But the Venetian Government, with its usual commercial astuteness, soon came to the conclusion that the conquest of those islands would too severely tax the resources of the State. It was therefore decided to leave the task of occupying them to private citizens, who would plant Venetian colonies in the Ægean, and live on friendly terms with the Republic. There was no lack of enterprise among the Venetians of that generation, and it so happened that at that very moment the Venetian colony at Constantinople contained the very man for such an undertaking. The old Doge, Dandolo, had taken with him on the crusade his nephew, Marco Sanudo, a bold warrior and a skilful diplomatist, who had signalised himself by negotiating the sale of Crete to the Republic, and was then filling the post of judge in what we should now call the

Consular Court at Constantinople. On hearing the decision of his Government, Sanudo quitted the bench, gathered round him a band of adventurous spirits, to whom he promised rich fiefs in the El Dorado of the Ægean, equipped eight galleys at his own cost, and sailed with them to carve out a Duchy for himself in the islands of the Archipelago. Seventeen islands speedily submitted, and at one spot alone did he meet with any real resistance. Naxos has always been the pearl of the Ægean: poets have placed there the beautiful myth of Ariadne and Dionysos; Herodotos describes it as "excelling the other islands in prosperity";¹ even to-day, when so many of the Cyclades are barren rocks, the orange and lemon groves of Naxos entitle it, far more than Zante, to the proud name of "flower of the Levant." This was the island which now opposed the Venetian filibuster, as centuries before it had opposed the Persians. A body of Genoese pirates had occupied the Byzantine castle before Sanudo's arrival; but that shrewd leader, who knew the value of rashness in an emergency, burnt his galleys, and then bade his companions conquer or die. The castle surrendered after a five weeks' siege, so that by 1207 Sanudo had conquered a duchy which existed for 359 years. His duchy included, besides Naxos, where he fixed his capital, the famous marble island of Paros; Kimolos, celebrated for its fuller's earth; Melos, whose sad fortunes furnished Thucydides with one of the most curious passages in his history; and Syra, destined at a much later date to be the most important of all the Cyclades. True to his promise, Sanudo divided some of his conquests among his companions; thus, Andros and the volcanic island of Santorin became sub-fiefs of the Duchy.² Sanudo himself did homage, not to Venice, but to the Emperor Henry of Romania, who formally bestowed upon him "the Duchy of the Dodekanesos," or Archipelago, on the freest possible tenure. Having thus arranged the constitution of his little State, he proceeded to restore the ancient city; to build himself a castle, which commanded his capital and which is now in ruins; to erect a Catholic cathedral, on which, in spite of its restoration in the seventeenth century, his arms may still be seen; to improve the harbour by the construction of a mole; and to fortify the town with solid masonry, of which one fragment stands to-day, a monument, like the Santameri tower at Thebes, of Frank rule in Greece.

As we might expect from so shrewd a statesman, the founder of

¹ V. 28.

² Hopf, in Ersch und Gruber's *Allgemeine Encyclopädie*, vol 85, p. 223. Παπαρηγόπουλος, *Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ Ἔθνους* v. 31.

this island-duchy was fully sensible of the advantages to be derived from having the Greeks on his side. Instead of treating them as serfs and schismatics, he allowed all those who did not intrigue against him with the Greek potentates at Trebizond, Nice, or Arta, to retain their property. He guaranteed the free exercise of their religion, nor did he allow the Catholic bishop, sent him by the Pope, to persecute the Orthodox clergy or their flocks. The former imperial domains were confiscated, in order to provide and maintain a new fleet, so necessary to the existence of islands menaced by pirates. That Marco I. was a powerful and wealthy ruler is proved not only by his buildings, but also by the value set upon his aid. When the Cretans had risen, as they so often did, against the Venetians, the Governor sent in hot haste to Naxos for Marco's assistance. The Duke was still a citizen of the Republic; but the Governor knew his man, and stimulated his patriotism by the offer of lands in Crete. Marco lost no time in appearing upon the scene, defeated the insurgents, and claimed his reward. The Governor was also a Venetian, and not over-desirous of parting with his lands now that the danger seemed to be over. But Marco knew his Greeks by this time, and readily entered into a plot with a Cretan chief for the conquest of the island. Candia was speedily his, while the Governor had to escape in woman's clothes to the fortress of Temenos. But, just as he seemed likely to annex Crete to his Duchy, Venetian reinforcements arrived. Unable to carry out his design, he yet succeeded by his diplomacy in securing an amnesty and pecuniary compensation, with which he retired to his island domain. But the failure of his Cretan adventure did not in the least damp his ardour. With only eight ships he boldly attacked the squadron of the Emperor of Nice, nearly four times as numerous. Captured and carried as a prisoner to the Nicene Court, he so greatly impressed the Emperor by his courage and manly beauty that the latter ordered his release, and gave him one of the princesses of the imperial house in marriage. In short, his career was that of a typical Venetian adventurer, brave, hard-headed, selfish, and unscrupulous; in fact, just the sort of man to found a dynasty in a part of the world where cleverness counts for more than heroic simplicity of character.

During the long and peaceful reign of his son Angelo, little occurred to disturb the progress of the Duchy. But its external relations underwent a change at this time, in consequence of the transference of the suzerainty over it from the weak Emperor of Romania to the powerful Prince of Achaia, Geoffroy II., as a reward for Geoffroy's assistance in defending the Latin Empire against the

Greeks. Angelo, too, equipped three galleys for the defence of Constantinople, and, after its fall, sent a handsome present to the exiled Emperor. Like his father, he was summoned to aid the Venetian Governor of Crete against the native insurgents, but on the approach of the Nicene fleet he cautiously withdrew.¹ His son, Marco II., who succeeded him in 1262, found himself face to face with a more difficult situation than that which had prevailed in the times of his father and grandfather. The Greeks had recovered ground not only at Constantinople, but in the south-east of the Morea, and their successes were repeated on a smaller scale in the Archipelago. Licario, the Byzantine admiral, captured many of the Ægean islands, some of which remained thenceforth part of the imperial dominions. Besides the Sanudi, the dynasty of the Ghisi, lords of Tenos and Mykonos, alone managed to hold its own against the Greek invasion; yet even the Ghisi suffered considerably from the attacks of the redoubtable admiral. One member of that family was fond of applying to himself the Ovidian line, "I am too big a man to be harmed by fortune," and his subjects on the island of Skopelos used to boast that, even if the whole realm of Romania fell, they would escape destruction. But Licario, who knew that Skopelos lacked water, invested it during a hot summer, forced it to capitulate, and sent the haughty Ghisi in chains to Constantinople. Marco II. had to quell an insurrection of the Greeks at Melos, who thought that the time had come for shaking off the Latin yoke. Educated at the court of Guillaume de Villehardouin, Marco had imbibed the resolute methods of that energetic prince, and he soon showed that he did not intend to relax his hold on what his grandfather had seized. Aided by a body of Frank fugitives from Constantinople, he reduced the rebels to submission, and pardoned all of them with the exception of a Greek priest whom he suspected of being the cause of the revolt. This man he is said to have ordered to be bound hand and foot, and then thrown into the harbour of Melos.

Towards the Orthodox clergy Marco II. was, if we may believe the Jesuit historian of the Duchy, by no means so tolerant as his two predecessors.² There was, it seems, in the island of Naxos an altar dedicated to St. Pachys, a portly man of God, who was believed by the devout Naxiots to have the power of making their children fat. In the East fatness is still regarded as a mark of comeliness, and in the thirteenth century St. Pachys was a very popular personage, whose altar was visited by loving mothers, and whose hierophants

¹ Hopf, in *op. cit.* vol. 85, pp. 242, 272, 308, 313.

² Sauger, *Histoire nouvelle des anciens Ducs*, p. 65.

lived upon the credulity of the faithful. Marco II. regarded this institution as a gross superstition. Had he been a wise statesman, he would have tolerated it all the same, and allowed the matrons of Naxos to shove their offspring through the hollow altar of the fat saint, so long as no harm ensued to his State. But Marco II. was not wise ; he smashed the altar, and thereby so irritated his orthodox subjects that he had to build a fortress to keep them in order. But the Greeks were not the only foes who menaced the Duchy at this period. The Archipelago had again become the happy hunting-ground of pirates of all nationalities—Greek corsairs from the impregnable rock of Monemvasia or from the islands of Santorin and Keos, Latins like Roger de Loria, the famous Sicilian admiral, who preyed on their fellow-religionists, mongrels who combined the vices of both their parents. The first place among the pirates of the time belonged to the Genoese, the natural rivals of the Venetians in the Levant, and on that account popular with the Greek islanders. No sooner was a Genoese galley spied in the offing than the peasants would hurry down with provisions to the beach, just as the Calabrian peasants have been known to give food to notorious brigands. The result of these visitations on the smaller islands may be easily imagined : thus the inhabitants of Amorgos emigrated in a body to Naxos from fear of the corsairs ; yet, in spite of the harm inflicted by Licario and the pirates, we are told that the fertile plain of Drymalia, in the interior of Naxos, “then contained twelve large villages, a number of farm buildings, country houses and towers, with about 10,000 inhabitants.”¹ Sometimes the remote consequences of the pirates’ raids were worse than the raids themselves. Thus, on one of these expeditions, some corsairs carried off a valuable ass belonging to one of the Ghisi. The ass, marked with its master’s initials, was bought by Marco II.’s son, Guglielmo, who lived at Syra. The purchaser was under no illusions as to the ownership of the ass, but was perfectly aware that he was buying stolen goods. Seeing this, Ghisi invaded Syra, laid the island waste, and besieged Sanudo in his castle. But the fate of the ass had aroused wide sympathies. Marco II. had taken the oath of fealty to Charles of Anjou, as suzerain of Achaia, after the death of his liege lord, Guillaume de Villehardouin, and it chanced that the Angevin admiral was cruising in the Archipelago at the time of the rape of the ass. Feudal law compelled him to assist the son of his master’s vassal ; a lady’s prayers conquered any hesitation that he might have felt ; so he set sail for Syra, where he soon forced Ghisi

¹ Finlay, iv. 281.

to raise the siege. The great ass case was then submitted to the decision of the Venetian bailly in Eubœa, who restored the peace of the Levant, but only after "30,000 heavy soldi" had been expended for the sake of the ass !

After the recapture of Constantinople by the Greeks, the policy of Venice towards the dukes underwent a change. As we have seen, neither the founder of the Duchy nor his son and grandson were vassals of the Republic, though they were all three Venetian citizens. But the Venetian Government, alarmed at the commercial privileges accorded to its great rivals, the Genoese, by the Byzantine Emperor, now sought to obtain a stronger military and commercial position in the Archipelago, and, if possible, to acquire direct authority over the Duchy. An excuse for the attempt was offered by the affairs of Andros. That island had been bestowed by Marco I. as a sub-fief of Naxos upon Marino Dandolo. Marco II. resumed immediate possession of it after the death of Dandolo's widow, and refused to grant her half of the island to her son by a second marriage, Nicolò Quirini, on the plausible plea that he arrived to do homage after the term allowed by the feudal law had expired. But Quirini was a Venetian bailly, and accordingly appealed to Venice for justice. The Doge summoned Marco II. to make defence before the Senate ; but Marco replied that Venice was not his suzerain, that the ducal Court at Naxos, and not the Senate at Venice, was the proper tribunal to try the case, and that he would be happy to afford the claimant all proper facilities for pleading his cause if he would appear there. The question then dropped ; Marco remained in possession of Andros, while the Republic waited for a more favourable opportunity of advancing its political interests in the Archipelago.

This opportunity was not long in coming. Towards the end of the thirteenth century a violent war broke out between Venice and her Genoese rivals, supported by the Byzantine Emperor. While the Genoese tried to undermine Venetian power in Crete, Venice let loose a new swarm of privateers on the islands of the Ægean, which Licario had recovered for the Byzantines. Then for the first time we meet with the word *armatoloi*, so famous in the later history of Greece, applied originally to the outfitters, or *armatores*, of privateers. The dispossessed Venetian lords were thus enabled to reconquer many of the possessions which they had then lost ; Amorgos, the birthplace of Simonides, was restored to the Ghisi, Santorin and Therasia to the Barozzi, but only on condition that they recognised the suzerainty of the Republic. This arrangement was contested by

the Duke of the Archipelago, on the ground that those islands had originally been sub-fiefs of his ancestors' dominions. Guglielmo Sanudo, the purchaser of the ass, had now succeeded to the Duchy, and, as might have been inferred from that story, was not likely to be over-scrupulous in his methods. As one of the Barozzi declined to do him homage, he had him arrested by corsairs on the high seas, and threw him into the ducal dungeon at Naxos. This was more than Venice could stand, for this scion of the Barozzi had been Venetian governor of Candia. An ultimatum was therefore despatched to the Duke, bidding him send his captive to Eubœa within eight days, under pain of being treated as a pirate. This message had the desired effect. Guglielmo let his prisoner go, and it was seen that the name of Venice was more powerful than before in the Archipelago. But neither Venice nor the Duke could prevent the increasing desolation of the islands. The Catalans had now appeared in the Levant; in 1303 they ravaged Keos; after their establishment in the Duchy of Athens they organised a raid on Melos, from which, like the Athenians of old, they carried off numbers of the inhabitants as slaves. A Spaniard from Coruña, Januli de Corogna, occupied Siphnos, and two of the leading families in Santorin to-day are of Catalan origin.¹ Turkish squadrons completed the work of destruction; we hear of a new exodus from Amorgos in consequence of their depredations, but this time the frightened islanders preferred to seek refuge under the Venetian banner in Crete rather than in Naxos. The latter island was, indeed, no longer so secure as it had been. True, Duke Guglielmo had welcomed the establishment of the warlike knights of St. John at Rhodes, and had helped them to conquer that stronghold, in the hope that they would be able to ward off the Turks from his dominions. Venice, too, had come to see that her wisest policy was to strengthen the Naxiot Duchy, and furnished both the next Dukes, Nicolò I. and Giovanni I., with arms for its protection. But, all the same, in 1344 the dreaded Turks effected a landing on Naxos, occupied the capital, and dragged away 6,000 of the islanders to captivity. This misfortune increased the panic of the peasants throughout the Archipelago. They fled in greater numbers than ever to Crete, so that Giovanni complained at Venice of the depopulation of his islands, and asked for leave to bring back the emigrants. Even the fine island of Andros, which had formerly produced more wheat and barley than it could consume, was now

¹ A member of one of them, Dr. De Cigalla, or Dekigallas, as he is called in Greek, is a voluminous author, and a great authority on the eruptions of that volcanic island.

forced to import grain from Eubœa, while many of the proprietors in other parts of the Ægean had to procure labour from the Morea. In fact, towards the middle of the fourteenth century, such security as existed in the Levant was due solely to the presence of the Venetian fleet in Cretan and Eubœan waters, and to a policy such as that which conferred upon the historian, Andrea Dandolo, the islet of Gaidaronisi, to the south of Crete, on condition that he should fortify its harbour against the assaults of pirates. Naturally, at such a time, it was the manifest advantage of the Naxiot Dukes to tighten the alliance with Venice. Accordingly we find Giovanni I. preparing to assist the Venetians in their war with the Genoese, when the latter suddenly swooped down upon his capital and carried him off as a prisoner to Genoa.¹

In 1362, a few years after his release, Giovanni I. died, leaving an only daughter, Fiorenza, as Duchess of the Archipelago. It was the first time that this romantic State had been governed by a woman, and, needless to say, there was no lack of competitors for the hand of the rich and beautiful young widow. During her father's lifetime Fiorenza had married one of the Eubœan family of Dalle Carceri, which is often mentioned in mediæval Greek history, and she had a son by this union, who afterwards succeeded her in the Duchy. Over her second marriage there now raged a diplomatic battle, which was waged by Venice with all the unscrupulousness shown by that astute Republic whenever its supremacy was at stake. The first of this mediæval Penelope's suitors was a Genoese, one of the merchant adventurers, or *maonesi*, who held the rich island of Chios much as a modern chartered company holds parts of Africa under the suzerainty of the home Government. To his candidature Venice was, of course, strongly opposed, as it would have been fatal to Venetian interests to have this citizen of Genoa installed at Naxos. Fiorenza was therefore warned not to bestow her hand upon an enemy of the Republic, when so many eligible husbands could be found at Venice or in the Venetian colonies of Eubœa and Crete. At the same time, the Venetian bailly of Eubœa was instructed to hinder by fair means or foul the Genoese marriage. Fiorenza meekly expressed her willingness to marry a person approved by Venice, but soon afterwards showed a desire to accept the suit of Nerio Acciajuoli, the subsequent Duke of Athens. This alliance the Republic vetoed with the same emphasis as the former one; but Nerio was an influential man, who had powerful connections in the kingdom of Naples, and was therefore able to obtain the consent of Robert of Taranto,

¹ Hopf, in *op. cit.* vol. 85, p. 462.

at that time suzerain of the Duchy. That Robert was Fiorenza's suzerain could not be denied ; but Venice replied that she was also a daughter of the Republic, that her ancestors had won the Duchy under its auspices, had been protected by its fleets, and owed their existence to its resources. What, it was added, have the Angevins of Naples done, or what can they do, for Naxos? Simultaneous orders were sent to the commander of the Venetian fleet in Greek waters to oppose, by force if necessary, the landing of Nerio in that island. The Venetian agents in the Levant had, however, no need of further instructions. They knew what was expected of them, and were confident that their action, if successful, would not be disowned. Fiorenza was kidnapped, placed on board a Venetian galley, and quietly conveyed to Crete. There she was treated with every mark of respect, but was at the same time plainly informed that if she wished ever to see her beloved Naxos again she must marry her cousin Nicolò Spezzabanda, the candidate of the Republic and son of a large proprietor in Eubœa. The daring of this young man, to which he owed his nickname of Spezzabanda, "the disperser of a host," may have impressed the susceptible Duchess no less than the difficulties of her position. At any rate she consented to marry him, the wedding was solemnised at Venice, the Republic pledged itself to protect the Duchy against all its enemies, and granted to Santorin, which had been reconquered by Duke Nicolò I., the privilege of exporting cotton and corn to the Venetian lagoons. Venice had won all along the line, and when the much-wooed Duchess died, Spezzabanda acted as regent for his stepson, Nicolò II. dalle Carceri. He showed his gratitude to his Venetian patrons by assisting in suppressing the great Cretan insurrection of this period. He also defended Eubœa against the Catalans of Athens, showing himself ready to fight for the rights of young Nicolò whenever occasion offered.

Nicolò II. was the last and worst of the Sanudi Dukes. From his father he had inherited two-thirds of Eubœa, which interested him more than his own Duchy, but at the same time involved him in disputes with Venice. Chafing at the tutelage of the Republic, he selected the moment when Venice was once more engaged in war with Genoa, to negotiate with the Navarrese company of mercenaries then in Central Greece for its aid in the conquest of the whole island of Eubœa. This attempt failed, and, so far from increasing his dominions, Nicolò diminished them in other directions. We have seen how Andros had been reunited with Naxos by Marco II. The new Duke now bestowed it as a sub-fief upon his half-sister, Maria Sanudo, thus severing its direct connection with

his Duchy. Nor was he more cautious in his internal policy. He aroused the strongest resentment among his subjects, Greeks and Franks alike, by his extortion, and they found a ready leader in a young Italian who had lately become connected by marriage with the Sanudo family. This man, Francesco Crispo—a name which suggested to biographers of the late Italian Prime Minister a possible relationship—was a Lombard who had emigrated to Eubœa and had then obtained the lordship of Melos by his union with the daughter of Giovanni I.'s brother Marco, who had received that island as a sub-fief of Naxos, and under whom it had greatly prospered. Crispo chanced to be in Naxos at the time when the complaints of the people were loudest, and he aspired to the fame, or at any rate the profits, of a tyrannicide. During one of the ducal hunting parties he slew the Duke, and was at once accepted by the populace as his successor. Thus, in 1383, fell the dynasty of the Sanudi, by the hand of a Lombard adventurer, after 176 years of power.

Times had greatly changed since the conquest of the Archipelago, nor was a usurper like Crispo in a position to dispense with the protection of Venice. He therefore begged the Republic to recognise him as the rightful Duke, which the astute Venetians saw no difficulty in doing. He further strengthened the bond of union by bestowing the hand of his daughter upon the rich Venetian, Pietro Zeno, who played a considerable part in the tortuous diplomacy of the age. Crispo did not hesitate to rob Maria Sanudo of Andros in order to confer it upon his son-in-law, and it was not for many years, and then only after wearisome litigation, that it reverted to her son. She was obliged to content herself with the islands of Paros and Antiparos, and to marry one of the Veronese family of Sommaripa, which now appears for the first time in Greek history, but which came into the possession of Andros towards the middle of the fifteenth century, and still flourishes at Naxos. Sure of Venetian support, Crispo indulged in piratical expeditions as far as the Syrian coast, while he swept other and less distinguished pirates from the sea. His son-in-law seconded his efforts against the Turks; yet, in spite of their united attempts, they left their possessions in a deplorable state. Andros had been so severely visited by the Turkish corsairs that it contained only 2,000 inhabitants, and had to be repopulated by Albanian immigrants, who are still very numerous there; Ios, almost denuded of its population, was replenished by a number of families from the Morea. Although the next Duke, Jacopo I., was known as "The Pacific," and paid tribute to the Sultan on condition that no Turkish ships should

visit his islands, he was constantly menaced by Bayezid I. In his distress, like the Emperor Manuel, he turned to Henry IV. of England, whom he visited in London in 1404. Henry was not able to assist him, though he had at one time intended to lead an army "as far as to the sepulchre of Christ"; but, when Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, made a pilgrimage to Palestine in 1418, he was conveyed back to Venice on one of Pietro Zeno's galleys. This was, so far as we have been able to discover, the only connection between England and the Duchy. In the same year Jacopo died at Ferrara, on his way to see the Pope, the natural protector of the Latins in the Levant.

During the greater part of the fifteenth century the history of the Archipelago presents a monotonous series of family feuds and Turkish aggression. The subdivision of the islands, in order to provide appanages for the younger members of some petty reigning dynasty, was a source of weakness, which recalls the mediæval annals of Germany, nor did there arise among the Dukes of this period a strong man like the founder of the Duchy. One of them was advised by Venice to make the best terms that he could with the Sultan, though complaints were made that he had failed to warn the Venetian bailly of Eubœa of the approaching Turkish fleet, by means of beacon-fires—an incident which takes us back to the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus. The fall of Constantinople, followed by the capture of Lesbos and Eubœa by the Turks, greatly alarmed the Dukes, who drew closer than ever to the Venetian Republic, and were usually included in all the Venetian treaties. Other misfortunes greatly injured the islands. The Genoese plundered Naxos and Andros, and the volcanic island of Santorin was the scene of a great eruption in 1457, which threw up a new islet in the port. A few years later, Santorin had suffered so much from one cause or another that it contained no more than 300 inhabitants. An earthquake followed this eruption, further increasing the misery of the Archipelago. But this was the age of numerous religious foundations, some of them still in existence, such as the church of Sant' Antonio at Naxos, which was bestowed upon the Knights of St. John, as their arms on its walls remind the traveller. It was about this time too that Cyriacus of Ancona, after copying inscriptions at Athens, visited Andros and other islands of the Ægean. The island rulers not only received him courteously, but ordered excavations to be made for his benefit—a proof of culture which should be set against their wanton destruction of ancient buildings, in order to provide materials for their own palaces—a practice of which the

tower at Paros is so striking an example. When we remember that each petty lord considered it necessary to be well lodged, the extent of these ravages may be easily imagined.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century the condition of the islanders had become intolerable, and matters came to a climax under the rule of Giovanni III. That despotic Duke incurred the displeasure not only of the Sultan, but also of his own subjects. The former complained that he had fallen into arrears with his tribute—for the Dukes had long had to purchase independence by the payment of *bakshish*—and that he harboured corsairs, who plundered the Asian coast. The latter grumbled at the heavy taxes which the Duke pocketed without doing anything for the protection of his people. The Archbishop of Naxos made himself the mouthpiece of popular discontent, and wrote to Venice, in the name of the people of Naxos and Paros, offering to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Republic. Venice replied, authorising him to point out to the Duke and to Sommaripa, the lord of Paros, the utter hopelessness of their present position, and to offer them an assured income for the rest of their lives if they would cede their islands to a Venetian commissioner. But the negotiations failed; the Naxiots, driven to despair, took the law into their own hands, and in 1494 murdered their Duke. The Archbishop then proceeded to Venice, and persuaded the Senate to take over the Duchy, at least till the late Duke's son, Francesco, came of age. During the next six years Venetian Commissioners administered the islands, which were, however, loyally handed over to Francesco III. at the end of that time. Under his sway peace continued to prevail, but as a sign of the insecurity of the Ægean we may instance his capture by Turkish pirates while on a hunting party. The long reign of his son, Giovanni IV., witnessed the loss of many of the Ægean islands. That great sovereign, Suleyman the Magnificent, now sat upon the Turkish throne, and his celebrated admiral, Khairreddin Barbarossa, spread fire and sword through many a Christian village. In 1537 the classic island of Ægina, still under Venetian domination, was visited by this terrible scourge, who massacred all the adult male population, and took away 6,000 women and children as slaves. So complete was the destruction of the Æginetans that, when a French admiral touched at the island soon afterwards, he found it devoid of inhabitants. There, as usual, an Albanian immigration replenished, at least to some extent, the devastated sites, but Ægina was long in recovering some small measure of its former prosperity. Thence Barbarossa sailed to Naxos, whence he carried off an immense

booty, compelling the Duke to purchase his further independence—if such it could be called—by a tribute of 5,000 ducats, and submitting him to the ignominy of seeing the furniture of his own palace sent on board the Admiral's flagship under his very eyes. The horrible scenes of those days would seem to have impressed themselves deeply upon the mind of the wretched Duke, who gave vent to his feelings in a bitter letter of complaint to the Pope and other Christian princes. This curious document urged them to “apply their ears and lift up their eyes, and attend with their minds while their own interests were still safe,” and reminded them of the evils caused by discord in the councils of Christendom. The Duke emphasised his admirable truisms, which might have been addressed to the Concert of Europe at any time during the last thirty years, by a well-worn tag from Sallust—Sallustius Crispus, “the author of our race.” But neither his platitudes nor his allusion to his distinguished ancestry, which he might have had some difficulty in proving, availed him. The Turks went on in their career of conquest. Paros was annexed, Andros was forced to pay tribute, the Venetians lost Skiathos and Skopelos, and by the shameful treaty of 1540 forfeited the prestige which they had so long wielded in the Levant.

The Duchy of Naxos had long existed by the grace of the Venetian Republic, and, now that Venice had been crippled, its days were numbered. The capture of Chios in 1566 was the signal for its dissolution. As soon as the news arrived in Naxos and Andros that the Turks had put an end to the rule of the joint-stock company of the Giustiniani in that fertile island, the Greeks of the Duchy complained to the Sultan of the exactions to which they were subjected by their Frank lords. There was some justification for their grievances, for Jacopo IV., the last of the Frank Dukes, was a notorious debauchee; and the conduct of the Catholic clergy, by the admission of a Jesuit historian, had become a public scandal. But the main motive of the petitioners seems to have been that intense hatred of Catholicism which characterised the Orthodox Greeks during the whole period of the Frank rule in the Levant, and which, as we still see in Bosnia, has not yet wholly disappeared. Jacopo was fully aware of the delicacy of his position, and he resolved to convince the Turkish Government, as force was out of the question, by the only other argument which it understands. He collected a large sum of money, and went to Constantinople to reply to his accusers. But he found the ground already undermined by the artifices of the Œcumenical Patriarch, who had warmly espoused the cause of the Orthodox Naxiots, and was in the confidence of the Turkish

authorities. Jacopo had no sooner landed than he was clapped into prison, where he languished for five months, while the renegade, Piali Pasha, quietly occupied Naxos and its dependencies and drove the Sommaripa out of Andros. But the Greeks of the Duchy soon discovered that they had made an indifferent bargain. One of the most important banking houses of the period was that of the Nasi, which had business in France, the Low Countries, and Italy, and lent money to kings and princes. The manager of the Antwerp branch was an astute Portuguese Jew, who at one time called himself João Miguez and posed as a Christian, and then reverted to Judaism and styled himself Joseph Nasi. A marriage with a wealthy cousin made him richer than before ; he migrated to the Turkish dominions, where Jews were very popular with the Sultans, and became a prime favourite of Selîm II. This was the man on whom that sovereign now bestowed the Duchy ; and thus, by a prosaic freak of fortune, the lovely island of classical myth and mediæval romance became the property of a Jewish banker. Nasi, as a Jew, knew that he would be loathed by the Greeks, so he never visited his delectable Duchy, but appointed a Spaniard named Coronello to act as his agent, and to screw as much money as possible out of the inhabitants. In this he was very successful.

As soon as Jacopo IV. was released he set out for the west to procure the aid of the Pope and Venice for the recovery of his dominions, even pledging himself in that event to do homage to the Republic for them. But, in spite of the great victory of Lepanto, the Turks remained in undisturbed possession of the Duchy. On the accession of Murâd III. Jacopo had hopes of obtaining its restoration through the good offices of the new Sultan's mother, a native of Paros, belonging to the distinguished Venetian family of Baffo. But though she promised her aid, and he went to plead his cause in person at Constantinople, the Sultan was inexorable. The last of the Dukes died in the Turkish capital in 1576, and was buried in the Latin church there. Three years later Joseph Nasi died also, whereupon the Duchy was placed under the direct administration of the Porte.

But though Naxos and all the important islands had been annexed by the Turks, there still remained a few fragments of the Latin rule in the Levant. The six islands of Siphnos, Thermia, Kimolos, Polykandros, Gyaros, and Sikinos were retained by the Gozzadini family on payment of a tribute until 1617,¹ while Venice still preserved Mykonos and Tenos as stations in the Levant for a

¹ Hopf, in *op. cit.* vol. 86, p. 172.

whole century more. Everywhere else in the Ægean the crescent floated from the battlements of the castles and palaces where for three and a half centuries the Latin nobles had practised the arts of war.

The occupation of the Greek islands by the Latins was unnatural, and, like most unnatural things, it was destined not to endure. But this strange meeting of two deeply interesting races in the classic seats of Greek lyric poetry can scarcely fail to strike the imagination. And to-day, when Italy is once more showing a desire to play a rôle in the near East, when Italians are officering the Cretan police, and the statesmen of Rome are looking wistfully across the Adriatic, it is curious to go back to the times when Venetian and Lombard families held sway among the islands of the Ægean, and the Latin galleys, flying the pennons of those petty princes, glided in and out of the harbours of that classic sea. Even in her middle age Greece had her romance, and no fitter place could have been chosen for it than 'the wave-beat shore of Naxos.'

WILLIAM MILLER.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

THE gentle art of spreading scandal, though by no means lost among us, was practised more gracefully under the early Georges than it is perhaps at the present date. The town became acquainted with my lord's indiscretion or the latest catastrophe at her grace's house through the medium, not of bald prose only, but of most polished verse. Among a host of industrious ballad-mongers, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, most charming and dangerous of ex-ambassadors, turned the neatest lines reflecting upon the follies of her friends; and the couplets in which Mr. Pope related this or that damaging story have been the wonder of each succeeding generation of readers to our own day.

In an ironical mood Fate decreed that these two brilliant wits, who had wounded many a contemporary by tongue or pen, should at length turn upon each other the weapons they had employed elsewhere with such deadly effect. Each avenged upon an adversary the sufferings of many victims. How the "dunces" of Grub Street rejoiced when the lady of quality sneered at the humble birth of the merchant's son! And the *grandes dames* of Lady Mary's acquaintance, though of course they condemned as scandalous Mr. Pope's insinuations, did they not feel a little malicious joy at the confusion the poet had brought upon their sharp-tongued friend? Mere men and women, alas! do not display on an occasion of this kind the magnanimity of the angelic world. Moreover, he seldom commands the sympathy of the bystanders who is hoist with his own petard.

The cause of this unseemly quarrel remains still a mystery. A difference of opinion in politics—a little raillery on the lady's part at a high-falutin' poem—a pair of sheets lent and returned unwashed—all these have been variously put forth as *fons et origo mali*. On better authority is the story that Lady Mary laughed immoderately at an inopportune declaration, and that the poet was thereafter her implacable foe. But whatever it was that aroused Pope's enmity, his was a connoisseur's revenge. In this case there was no need to draw an elaborately finished portrait of the Atticus or Sporus type.

A single touch, a mere line or two, will suffice to traduce a woman's honour. He wrote the thing ; repeated it in succeeding works ; when questioned denied its application, but was careful that the denial should obtain no credit ; and thus left a stain, not on *her* memory only, but on his own by his shameless prevarications.

The affair continued for some years to interest London, much, we take it, to the chagrin of that irreproachable ex-ambassador, Mr. Wortley Montagu. Suddenly, however, the lady most concerned in the quarrel withdrew from Society, and began a life of restless travel on the Continent. A few years later and her foe went his way to the quiet grave in Twickenham Church.

With Pope dead and Lady Mary in exile, town talk passed to fresher themes. And it is surely not merely as the victim of this little waspish poet's malice that we should remember one of the most original women of the eighteenth century. Her "Letters" have no longer their old vogue, but they will always be read with sympathetic interest by the student of character—and more especially by the student of feminine character. *Plus ça change, plus c'est toujours la même chose* ; the life-like presentment of a personality can never become out of date. Lady Mary's "Letters" belong to a bygone world, but she herself will never cease to be a real woman to us ; in fact, a modern of the moderns.

Critics, while they do abundant justice to the "masculinity" of Lady Mary's good sense, fail sometimes to appreciate the femininity of her temperament. She was that not altogether unheard-of character, an inconsistent woman ; and when Nature wishes to form a finished specimen of that type, it must be admitted that she does her work well. Lady Mary was also eccentric to a marked degree, and the fact should not be overlooked that in the case of her sister, Lady Mar, this family trait took the form of downright madness. Spence, who met Mr. Wortley Montagu's wife in Rome during her exile, gives us the impression that this gifted, restless being made on an observant contemporary : "She is," he says, "one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet ; she is all irregularity, and always wandering ; the most wise, the most imprudent ; loveliest, most disagreeable ; best natured, cruellest woman in the world ; all things by turns, and nothing long."

In this case the old cry of *variabile semper* is not without justification. She was changeable with the changeableness of all those who have no central pivot upon which to turn their life's affections and life's work. Like many members of the adaptable sex, Lady Mary took her cue from her surroundings with marvellous

quickness. In Turkey she was all for Greek antiquities and the customs of the Turks. In London her head ran on nothing but scandal and amours. In her Italian exile she vaunted seclusion and retirement, and adopted the mild hobbies common among many who lead a solitary life. We recognise at least half a dozen Lady Marys under one skin. There was the fighting Lady Mary, who protected her stricken sister from a treacherous and perhaps cruel husband and his infamous brother. There was the zealous reformer, who introduced the practice of inoculation in spite of the obstructions of an unintelligent medical profession. There was the Lady Mary who studied Latin in solitude, who at fifteen desired to enter a convent, who at twenty translated the austere Epictetus, who was valued by Mary Astell and Mr. Wortley; and there was the frivolous Society woman of the "Town Eclogues" and the letters to Lady Mar; the Lady Mary, of whom "gallant" stories were related, who in her letter to her sister declared frankly that "there are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me at this present writing." In short, there was in this great lady something of the intellectual recluse, something of the philanthropist, and something—not to put too fine an edge upon the matter—of the common flirt. Miss Hannah More, according to that admirable and moral work entitled "*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*," held that consistency was the true touchstone of excellence in the female character. But then Miss More appears to have understood the artistic temperament as little as Mr. Wortley Montagu.

Born in the year following the "glorious Revolution" of 1688, Mary, eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, received but little systematic educational training. Lord Kingston was proud enough of her lovely face, proud enough to propose her name as a toast to the Kit-Cat Club before she was eight years old, but for all we know he never valued his daughter's unusual mental powers a jot, even if he suspected their existence. He held, of course, with the average parent of those days, that the whole duty of woman was to marry without question the husband of her father's choice, and he was long in forgiving his daughter because on this particular her views differed from his. Save on those occasions when it suited him to play the family tyrant he was far too fine a gentleman to concern himself particularly with the welfare of his motherless girls. He probably imagined, in common with the rest of the world—if, indeed, he deigned to consider the subject at all—that his daughter was poring over romances in the library, when in truth for five or six hours daily the diligent young scholar was grappling with

dictionary and grammar in her anxiety to master the Latin tongue. For in the long days of girlhood, when sorrow and joy chase one another across our mood as quickly as rain follows sunshine in spring weather, Mary Pierrepont had for companions her books and her dreams. Among the former, in addition to the Latin classics, were French romances, ponderous tomes of Scudéri and Calprenède, "Englished by persons of honour." And among the latter, which naturally all centred round her own small person, was that of founding and entering a convent. "It was," she wrote to her daughter in old age, "a favourite scheme of mine, when I was fifteen; and had I then been mistress of an independent fortune, I would certainly have executed it, and elected myself lady-abbess. There would you and your ten children have been lost for ever."

There can be little doubt that this girlish plan was inspired by the writings of Mary Astell, that first and well-nigh forgotten champion of what are popularly known as "Woman's Rights," whose "Serious Proposal to Ladies by a Lover of her Sex" created such a stir in 1694. This proposal advocated the advantage of retirement to a nunnery, conducted on strict Church of England principles; where daily service was to be performed "after the Cathedral manner, in the most affecting and elevating way," but where the mental training—and on this point the would-be foundress was exceedingly strong—was to be as important as the moral and religious. The scheme attracted the notice of a certain great lady, probably the Princess Anne, who promised £10,000 towards the fund necessary for its realisation. But Bishop Burnet, gaining the ear of this great lady, whispered "Popery," at which black word her benevolent intentions, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpet, fell to the ground, and the project was perforce abandoned.

The writings of Mary Astell are full of criticism on the ordinary education—if the thing may be dignified by so high-sounding a name—and the frivolous employments of her sex. Personal observation, no doubt, suggested similar ideas to her younger contemporary. It was the age of the apotheosis of feminine silliness. Addison and Pope, the two most representative literary men of the time, although they veil their contempt under a playful irony, clearly show us that they considered a female head, whether pretty or otherwise, the emptiest thing in the world. But like the great majority of their contemporaries they were content to have it so. In her letter to Bishop Burnet, which accompanied her translation of the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, Lady Mary speaks bitterly of the

prejudices which in her day shut out women from participation in intellectual training, and refers to the contempt and hostility which greeted every attempt of theirs to break these barriers down. "My sex," she says, "is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, that we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted without reproach to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and by disuse of reflections filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses, as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, whose birth and leisure only serve to render them the most useless and most worthless part of the creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a learned woman; those words imply, according to the received sense, a tattling, impertinent, vain and conceited creature."

But although Lady Mary owed to this friend, to whom she denounces in such strong language the frivolity of contemporary womanhood, some suggestions for her Epictetus, the honour of training so apt a pupil lies with a younger scholar. No doubt her devotion to the classics grew in ardour from the date of her first acquaintance with Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu. This gentleman, the grandson of Lord Sandwich, was certainly as accomplished and blameless and—to judge by his portraits—as handsome a young Whig as ever guided the footsteps of a young and enthusiastic girl along the thorny path of learning. At their earliest meeting, Lady Mary, then only fourteen years old, let fall a shrewd piece of criticism on a play to the delight and surprise of at least *one* member of her audience. He was led, either on that or some other occasion, to make inquiry into her Latin studies, and his first present, characteristically enough, took the form of a beautifully-bound volume of Quintus Curtius, accompanied by some exceedingly complimentary verses in the style of the period.

There is no young girl but would be flattered at the notion of

having for guide, philosopher, and friend a man several years her senior, well known in the world, and on terms of intimacy with all the foremost men of letters of the day. For Mr. Wortley, it appears, could boast of the friendship of Steele and Addison, and the acquaintance of Swift, Garth, and Congreve. What wonder was it if the delighted Lady Mary assiduously cultivated the friendship of her director's sister, Anne Wortley, to whom she wrote careful letters, clearly not intended for Mistress Anne's sole gratification, and from whom she received admirable replies, which, though copied in the handwriting of that admirable lady, were in truth the composition of her brother? By these means Mr. Wortley was enabled not only to check his pupil's errors in Latin, but also to warn her against moral defects, such as inconstancy; and to call attention to specific actions arising from the defect aforesaid, or in precise language to protest against the encouragement given to another admirer. Knowing what we do of Lady Mary's disposition, it would be rash to assert that Mr. Wortley's suspicions were groundless, though the young lady rebutted the charge with vigour. "To be capable," she says indignantly, "of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley, is as ridiculous, if not as criminal, as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf." Let us hope Mr. Wortley was flattered by the comparison. It would have been less relished by the nameless admirer, who, had he heard it, would surely have ceased to importune the lady with his attentions.

In 1709 Anne Wortley died, and the lovers entered upon a direct correspondence. Mr. Wortley was a slow and doubting wooer, yet withal a very jealous one, and required a Miranda-like display of frankness from Lady Mary to call forth the definite expression of his intentions. It was a thousand pities she could not find a better Ferdinand to play to. No one can fail to be touched by the pathos of these girlish letters. We seem to see the flushed face, the wet eyes, and the sad, proud smile of the young writer as she makes her confession to this insensible lover: "While I foolishly fancied you loved me (which I confess I had never any great reason for, more than that I wished it) there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I may say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity—I'll never see you more."

Poor Lady Mary was always urging upon Mr. Wortley—perhaps not very sincerely—that a parting between them was the "consum-

mation devoutly to be wished." With a nice sense of honour she also offered to release him from every obligation since she must come portionless to his arms. For a perverse fate dogged the negotiations for the marriage. Proposals had been made to Lady Mary's father, then Lord Dorchester, and as Mr. Wortley was rich and something of a *parti*, it might have been expected that the affair would have gone merrily forward. Unfortunately, however, Lord Dorchester had a fad on the subject of entails, and required that the property of which the prospective bridegroom was possessed should be settled on the eldest son of the marriage. As Mr. Wortley, on his side, had conscientious scruples on the same subject, but *against* the practice of entailing, and an obstinacy—Lady Mary called it resolution—at least equal, if not superior, to that of his future father-in-law, matters soon came to a deadlock. The Marquis then declared "his grandchildren should never be beggars," and the match being broken off insisted that his daughter should prepare to marry another suitor.

In the eighteenth century parents made short work of the matrimonial preferences of disobedient daughters, and Lady Mary was sorely pressed. Between an inflexible father and an equally inflexible lover, with the wedding clothes bought and the day fixed for her union with the (naturally detestable) object of her father's choice, what wonder if she felt herself "in so great a hurry of thought" that she scarcely slept one night for a whole month? Then, like the naval commanders of old, she landed and burnt her ships, in other words, sacrificed her fortune and incurred her father's wrath by secretly eloping with Mr. Wortley in August 1712.

If we can shut our eyes to the sordid business of the entail, there is a fine air of romance about the whole proceeding, and in accordance with the high unwritten laws that govern the destinies of eloping pairs Mr. Wortley and his wife should have passed the remainder of their lives in perfect bliss. But Fate, now and then, seems to our eyes like a poor artist, who spoils by clumsy workmanship the most promising material, and so it happened that this husband and wife, instead of "living happily ever after," merely furnished a classical instance of matrimonial unsuitability. They started on their voyage together with fair hopes, and probably Lady Mary, though she might grumble a little at Mr. Wortley's absolutism—we have seen how in the affair of the entail he clung to his own way at all costs—would have made a very charming wife and have loved her husband as much as in after years she loved her children.

But Mr. Wortley was as great a failure in matrimonial life as he was in the political world. He was at once exacting and neglectful. Like the famous Sir Willoughby Patterne—with whom we have a notion that he exhibits many traits in common—the mere thought of a rival was torture. In the days of their courtship he had never wearied of insisting that he must be first with the object of his choice, whether that object were Lady Mary herself or another. And in their early married life his great desire seems to have been to despatch his young wife to the depths of the country and keep her there out of the way of harm—or possible admirers—while he transacted his business in London. Lady Mary laughingly said, when he sent her to York at the time of Queen Anne's death, that "he had that sort of passion for her which would have made her invisible to all but himself." She might have submitted to his long absences uncomplainingly if he could have comforted her a little more, and perhaps criticised her a little less. "I would not have you do them (*i.e.* his London affairs) any prejudice," she writes at this time, "but a little kindness costs nothing." And the early letters are full of protest against his indifference and carelessness as a correspondent.

Like most dull people, Mr. Wortley seems to have been absolutely correct, and to have admired correctness in others. It is little wonder if in him the critic was early found side by side with the lover. He sent his wife "quarrelling letters" a very few months after marriage, when as usual she was in the country, alone or in uncongenial society, feeling ill and depressed in spirits. As her impetuous temperament was continually landing her in embarrassments, it will be understood that Mr. Wortley had plenty of scope for the exercise of his peculiar talents as fault-finder. One incident, which seems rather a characteristic one, is recorded by Lady Mary during her sojourn in Turkey. She had used a Turkish cosmetic with the unhappy result that her face became red and swollen. "It remained," she says, "in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherwise; and, to add to my mortification, Mr. Wortley reproached my indiscretion without ceasing." The husband, it may be remarked in passing, who takes the occasion to rub salt in a slight wound, may not be prepared to pour in oil and wine when there is a deeper hurt.

Though in 1714 Mr. Wortley was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Treasury, his political career was cut short the following year by the return of Walpole, whom he had opposed, to

power. Nor was he more successful in diplomacy. After serving for a year in Constantinople as ambassador to the Porte, he received in 1717 letters of recall. No doubt his failure was a cause of mortification to his wife, who on her return to London Society was able to compare her hesitating, scrupulous husband with men who had dash and initiative and were able to cut a figure in the political and fashionable world. It is rare that marital criticism is one-sided only, and the blind admiration of the pupil may give place to the clearer-sighted judgment of the wife. While, on the other hand, there is no man made sensitive by ill-success, but will mark and resent the change, and to judge by the bitter tone of Lady Mary's London letters, her prospects of married happiness were farther off than ever. Indeed, from this time forth she never ceased railing against the holy estate in words which, for all their surface cynicism, betray a suspicion of underlying heart-break and bitterness.

"Where," she says in a letter to her sister, "are people matched? I suppose we shall all come right in heaven as in a country dance; the hands are strangely given and taken whilst they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done." "As for news," runs a letter in a yet more cynical vein, "the last wedding is that of Peg Pelham, and I think I have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness; according to all appearance she cannot fail of being a widow in six weeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a housewife as to line her wedding clothes with black!"

At this stage of her career Lady Mary mocked at all things; it is clear that she was by no means happy. Her brilliant powers as a talker, her unconventional views of the world and its ways, were not likely to win the trust or approval of London matrons, and her quarrel with Pope may have rid her of many a fair-weather friend. There were also money troubles with an obscure Frenchman, which caused her endless annoyance, and stimulated by Pope's slanders the town-talk ran on her affairs.

"This is a vile world, dear sister," she writes to Lady Mar, "and I can easily comprehend that whether one is in Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or your downright honest fools; but Father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside; then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays and seeing those of other people. Yet sixpennyworth of common-sense divided among a whole nation would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws and we

follow customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are answerable for the faults and extravagances of others. All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of Nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment ; I am satisfied I have been one of *the condemned* ever since I was born ; and in submission to the divine justice I don't at all doubt but I deserved it in some pre-existent state. I will still hope that I am only in Purgatory, and that after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural and custom reasonable—that is, in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Though, after all, I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up a spirit and live upon cordials when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel, who is at present everything I like ; but, alas ! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen she may run away with the butler—there's one of the blessed effects of great disappointments ; you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie !*"

Vanitas vanitatum ! Each century echoes the world-old cry of the Preacher. There was no real outlet for this woman's superabundant energy ; nothing to occupy her life but the common round of Society pleasures. She was compassionate, but the day for philanthropy was not yet. She wrote brilliantly, but authorship was a profession denied to women of her class, and though later she beguiled her time with the composition of memoirs, she destroyed them with her own hand. Her husband made no career in which she could render assistance. Even motherhood had brought her keen disappointment, for her only son was an impossible ne'er-do-well. "A mother," she wrote, "only knows a mother's fondness. Indeed, the pain so overbalances the pleasure, that I believe, if it could be thoroughly understood, there would be no mothers at all."

It was in 1739 that Lady Mary separated from her husband, whom she never met again, and began the twenty-two years' residence abroad in which she wrote so many of the letters on which her fame

depends. Biographers have speculated endlessly as to her reasons for this course, for there seems to have been no open rupture between them, and she continued to write to and of him with surface friendliness, if without much cordiality. It is possible that for many years the necessity of providing a joint home for their daughter had been the sole tie between them, and that when, in spite of her mother's warnings of the pitfalls which encompass the married state, the young lady ventured on the perilous step of accepting Lord Bute, this last tie between the parents was severed. Three years later Lady Mary made use of her freedom to leave a society of which she was weary, and a husband for whom her affection was dead. She wandered about Italy and France, and like many lonely people on whom family life exercises no salutary control, contracted many eccentric habits. The letters of this period, however, show her at her best—wise, witty, observant, full of love for her daughter, solicitude for her grandchildren, while at the last there seems to have come to her something of the quiescence of old age. She survived her husband only a few months, dying in England shortly after her return in 1762. It is easy to speak harm of her, but it is pleasanter far to speak good, for she is one of the most real and delightful women of the eighteenth century. And after all, who are we that we should declare that those who tarry longest in the Valley of Humiliation never reach the Land of Beulah?

MARY DORMER HARRIS.

THE STRANGE STORY OF FAIR ROSAMOND.

THERE are many incidents in the history of England which have been so much embellished by the pens of writers of romance as to lose nearly all vestiges of their original appearance, with the result that they have lived to be regarded as mere pretty legends, practically devoid of all historical foundation. Of these the story of Fair Rosamond is an example. In her case, too, it has been so difficult to discover where fact ceases and fiction begins that the romance of her career has, generally speaking, been classed, at length, with such school-tales as King Alfred and the Cakes, Cnut and the Waves, Cœur-de-Lion and Blondel, Essex and Elizabeth's Ring, and so forth. Yet Fair Rosamond is to be recognised as a genuine historical personage, the "inamorata" of a great King, and the mother of a distinguished nobleman. I have, therefore, thought it worth while to trace the strange story of the life and death of this beautiful lady, in praise of whom the fine old ballad sings:—

When as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde,
A fair and comely dame.

Rosamond the Fair was a daughter of Walter de Clifford, a Baron having estates in the counties of Hereford, Oxford, and Berkshire, who had, by his wife Margaret, daughter of Ralph de Toeni, five other children, three of whom were sons. The exact date of Rosamond's birth has not been ascertained, but she must have been born between the years 1142 and 1146, although several writers have assigned earlier dates, which, to my mind, appear improbable in the extreme. Her childhood was spent near Oxford, where her parents had an estate, and she was educated in the recently established Benedictine nunnery at Godstow, of which King Stephen had laid the foundation-stone. Of her childhood's years there is little to be noticed beyond the fact that, as she grew older, the fame

of her remarkable beauty became noised far and wide, until it apparently reached, in due course of time, the ears of Stephen's successor, King Henry II.

The first real difficulty, which presents itself to a writer desirous of framing a reliable history of Rosamond's career, begins with the conflicting evidence existing as to the precise period when Henry Fitz-Empress first saw her. According to some authorities, Henry met Rosamond in 1149 (before he came to the throne), and promised to marry her, and, although he failed to carry out his contract, continued, nevertheless, to look upon her as his wife in the sight of God. "You," said he on one important occasion to William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, "are my true son; all the others" (those by Queen Eleanor) "are illegitimate." But that Henry knew Rosamond intimately before his accession is hardly probable, unless the date of her birth is to be fixed at considerably prior to 1140, and he himself was only sixteen years old when he visited England in 1149. Other accounts, indeed, place the period of Henry's initial friendship with her as late as from 1170-1173, which, if correct, as she was dead in 1177, fail to show that her cohabitation with the King lasted for so long as has been generally imagined; whilst, if the unlikely theory that she was born before 1140 be accepted, she must have been over thirty-three years of age when Henry first courted her. But that Rosamond had been brought to the King's notice before 1173 must surely have been the case, for in those days, when ladies were married so young, it is improbable that she should have remained neglected until getting on for thirty years of age or more, before the fame of her charms attracted the attention of the monarch, who had ascended the throne in 1154. Moreover, as it is practically admitted on all sides that by 1173, a period referred to by Giraldus Cambrensis, she was known publicly as the King's mistress, and as the special object of Queen Eleanor's jealousy and hatred, we may take it for granted, I submit, that she had attained the highest place in the royal regard prior to 1170.

Soon after becoming King Henry's mistress Rosamond went to reside at Woodstock, at the Crown manor, where, the legends tell us, he built for her use the extraordinary bower, approached through the puzzling maze, which has taken such a strong and romantic hold upon the popular imagination. Of this retreat Speed explains that

To hide her from his Junoes eye, hee built (as our historians report) an intricate Labyrinth at Woodstocke, and therein bestowed this his pearle of esteeme,

unto whose closet (for the inexplicate windings) none could approach but the King himself, or such as he instructed. Notwithstanding, his jealous Queene Eleanor, by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamond's lap, as she sat to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding remained behinde: which the Queene followed, till she found what she sought, and upon Rosamond so vented her spleen as the lady lived not long after.

Other wonderful tales are told of how "the furious Queen" gained access to the bower where Rosamond resided. It was only after a battle, one or two of the legends relate, between the Queen's followers and Rosamond's retainers, in which the latter were killed, that the "Rose of the World" fell into Eleanor's power. Henry himself, we are also informed, was the real cause of his lady's ruin, for he unconsciously brought away from her presence a skein of silk tangled round his foot, and before he broke it off, or it had come to its end, lay along the recesses of the maze to point out to the Queen the secret of its entrance; and Stow relates that

This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dædalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden called a maze.

There can be little doubt that the whole story of this wonderful bower and maze has become extremely exaggerated in repetition. Many of these fables have originated from a misconception of the meaning of the word "bower," implying, in this case, a house having perhaps a secret room or rooms, and probably some underground cellars or apartments. This particular bower, as a matter of fact, is understood to have contained "vaults underground," "arched and walled with brick or stone." Although we may regard the several accounts concerning Eleanor's preliminary difficulties and delay in procuring a passage through the maze as little better than fiction, it need not be doubted that the Queen did have a stormy interview with Rosamond at Woodstock, but during, in great probability, the King's absence abroad. That Eleanor actually killed her rival at this interview, as the popular tradition has it, there is no proof. Of this sensational story, too, there are many versions. The Queen stabbed her with a dagger; the Queen poisoned her with a cup of wine; the Queen bled her slowly to death in a hot bath; the Queen upbraided her so furiously as to bring upon Rosamond premature and fatal confinement—such are the principal versions of this tragic tale.

Unfortunately, research has failed to establish whether Rosamond died at Woodstock, or at Godstow, her old home, where she was buried, and whither, one tradition states, she retired, after meeting

Eleanor, to take the veil. Certain it is, however, that she died in 1177, and (as the ballad has it)

Her body then they did entombe,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seen this day.

Her tomb at Godstow was erected in the body of the chapel, close to the high altar. Curiously enough, it was first treated almost as if it were the shrine of a saint. The utmost respect was paid to it, lights burned around it, elaborate carvings adorned it, prayers were said over it, costly hangings enveloped it. But, alas! this glory did not endure for long. St. Hugh, the illustrious Bishop of Lincoln (in which diocese Oxford then was), visiting the convent in 1191, expressed himself horrified that such veneration should be paid by virgins to the tomb of one so fair, but yet so frail, as Rosamond; and he ordered that the shrine should be destroyed, and her remains interred outside the church. According to his orders, the tomb was destroyed, but the nuns deposited the remains in a new grave within the chapter-house, where it was found and mutilated at the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII. On the tomb was inscribed the epitaph, which has become famous:—

Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda :
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

When the "Rose's" tomb was opened, says Leland, "a very sweet smell came out of it"—a happy contradiction of the meaning implied by the second line of the couplet.

The Godstow convent, after Rosamond's death, was endowed by her father, Walter de Clifford, in memoriam "pro animabus uxoris meæ Margaretæ Clifford et nostræ filiæ Rosamundæ," a record which proves that her Christian name was Rosamond, and not Jane, as was asserted by John Dryden. Not only this, but the nunnery actually received benefits at the impious hands of one who was certainly not wont to lavish his money on the endowment of monasteries—King John.

Henry II. is understood to have had two sons by Rosamond Clifford, namely, William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey Plantagenet, Archbishop of York, who was present at his father's desolate death-bed. Both these men seem to have been sons of Henry, but it is doubtful whether both were sons of Rosamond. In fact, unless Rosamond was born at a very much earlier date than I have recorded, Geoffrey, who has usually been treated by historians

as the younger of the pair, could not have been Rosamond's offspring, for he was born, says a manuscript in the Cotton collection, in 1158, while Giraldus Cambrensis puts his birth back to 1153. He seems to have been the son of Henry by another mistress. William of the Long Sword was, in all probability, Rosamond's issue, for he appears ever to have been recognised as such by both the King and Court.

The strange story of Fair Rosamond's romantic career, pathetic and interesting as it is, must also be regarded as claiming a greater measure of historical importance than has hitherto been assigned to it, for it affords a clue, in part, to the origin of the terrible disputes which raged between Henry and his Queen. We may, indeed, reasonably conjecture that the King would have been by no means unwilling to marry Rosamond Clifford, and that he even took pains to discover if he could do so ; for there existed some doubt as to the ecclesiastical legality of his marriage with Eleanor, a *divorcée* who had proved notoriously unfaithful to her first husband. That the stately woman whom he maintained at Woodstock, and whose peerless beauty was the pride and gossip of the land, was the idol of his heart, the veritable Queen of England in his own eyes, and the only human being whom the great Angevin really loved, there can be little or no reasonable doubt.

On Fair Rosamond's shrine at Godstow is reported to have been carved the figure of a cup, which has been taken as a symbol to explain the cause of her death—by poison at the hands of Eleanor. But this interpretation is rather delusive, for the cup is more likely to have been intended to represent a chalice than a "poisoned bowl." The sweet odour which came forth from her tomb, when it was opened in the sixteenth century, affords proof of how tenderly the body was embalmed, or the interior perfumed. Had the tomb been opened in an earlier age, and had the corpse been that of a woman who had led a more ascetic life, the sweet smell would doubtless have been treated as proving that the deceased must have been a saint. But, although Fair Rosamond has not been canonised, she is, nevertheless, credited with having wrought a "miracle," for on her death-bed she prophesied that if her soul should, as she expected, be admitted into Heaven, a certain tree outside the chapel walls would, thereupon, be changed into stone. Soon after her decease the prophecy was fulfilled, and the tree became petrified, to the wonder and edification of the nunnery and the entire neighbourhood !

The tragic history of Fair Rosamond has often been related, according to its most romantic version, in poetry. An old ballad, from which I have already quoted, first published apparently in 1617,

and included in Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," expatiates in the following high terms on her rare beauty, which led the King to build the bower for her protection against Queen Eleanor's hatred and anger :—

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour and her face ;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's sight ;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lilye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadly foe.

The King therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious Queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this door belong :

And they so cunningly contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

PHANTOM PUPPETS OF THE STAGE OF SHAKESPEARE.

ILLUSIONS are perhaps the most real things in life, and imagination is probably the source of almost the highest delight to which mortals can attain. How dear it is to fond fancy to try to summon up the apparitions, the phantom images of great men, of high deeds, and of glorious times ! No man that we would, if we could, recall is greater or dearer to us than our own Shakespeare, no times are more glorious than the Reformation days of Elizabeth, and no events are of subtler interest than those which are connected with the stages on which Shakespeare played, for which he wrote ; and few men have greater charm for our imagination than the players who acted with and for "the crown o' the world." Most of the men whom in the present little essay we shall endeavour to get a glimpse of had seen and known Shakespeare, had spoken with him, had stood close to him, had seen his eyes and heard his voice, had sometimes acted with him ; had, in some cases, been intimate with him, had listened to his eloquent talk, and had wondered at his inscrutable smile. The readers of an attempt like the present must have imaginations that can piece forth much imperfection, and can realise across the shadows of the years a fantasy of the days of the greatest drama the world has yet seen, and of the loftiest imagination and intellect that God has ever entrusted to one mortal man. We must let our thoughts occupy themselves with the stage which Shakespeare trod, with the theatres for which he created, and in which his plays were first performed.

When we turn our thoughts to that dark backward and abysm of time, imagination finds many—not too many—helps from various sources. We know well the exterior appearance, we know something of the internal arrangements of those theatres, in Southwark and Shoreditch, in and for which Shakespeare worked. We know the space set apart for the "groundlings" ; we know the "rooms," which now we call "boxes" ; we can see the rush-covered stage, and can hear the blast of the horn which announced the beginning of a

performance. Happily, we still possess, and can read, all Shakespeare's plays ; and, although much has been lost, we yet retain many of the great works of his contemporaries. We can contemplate some of the most distinctive characteristics of the stage of that olden day. We know that there were no actresses, that scenery was wanting, that costume was much neglected, and that the chief object of the players and managers was to excite the imaginations and move the emotions or stir the humour of spectators. We have "first nights" now, and plenty of them ; but then they had first nights of "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth." Then, as now, companies went on tour, but they had at that time little trouble in transporting scenery. Fancy Shakespeare, as the Ghost, waiting for his cue on the first night of his own "Hamlet," he well knowing how great his tragedy was, relying fully upon Burbage to act fitly his own Prince. Fancy rehearsals of his own plays, Shakespeare acting as stage manager, and explaining his meaning to the actors ; and fancy his feeling when the curtain fell upon an assured success.

There would be conferences between Shakespeare and Burbage as to the rendering of particular passages, and there must have been minute directions to the young men and boys who acted women. Fancy audiences transported by the cunning of the scene—they then never found a noble play too lengthy, and prepared to feel the heroic, the poetical, the ideal in lofty drama. The young nobles and gallants arrive on horseback, boats carry spectators across the Thames to Bankside, and men—except those who fought for half-bitten apples—took the drama seriously, and were in sympathy with the noblest dramatists. Shakespeare himself lodged near the Bear Garden in Bankside, but no trace is left of the room in which he wrote and thought so much. The house has wholly vanished. Still, we can picture to ourselves the greatest poet passing between the theatre and his lodging ; and we must regret deeply to find no image of the room in which he wrote, "To be, or not to be," and so many other immortal things. Gradually, as our fancies become possessed by the memorials and suggestions of the time, the imagination sublimates into a condition in which we are able somewhat to realise the stage, the time, the life, of our Shakespeare and of the theatres for which he worked.

We cannot hope for the help of Prospero's magic wand, but we may yet essay an effort to raise some vision—even if faint and indistinct—of the stage on which our puppets, including the great Burbage and his company of comedians, lived and moved and had

their dramatic being in the spacious times of great Elizabeth ; and for our purpose we may select that memorable Globe Theatre which is specially dear to fancy. Our vision of these performances of the old time, long ago, must be shadowy and incomplete, but they may yet suggest pictures and stir imagination.

“Versuch’ ich wohl euch diesmal fest zu ha₁ ten.” The *schwankende Gestalten*, the wavering or floating forms, are dim, and appear tremblingly and uncertainly.

These, our actors, as I foretold you, were all spirits, and are melted into air; into thin air ; but we may get a glimpse or receive some impression of their airy shapes. Let us try.

The next point is a side issue, but yet is worth a thought. When we read, “To be, or not to be,” we cannot resist a conviction that Shakespeare must have smoked, and Walter Raleigh, if he could do it, might be able to give interesting evidence on this delicate question, which must be left to a devout imagination ; but imputation and strong circumstance lead directly to the door of truth, and give us certainty where internal evidence can be the only proof.

We saunter towards the Globe. Remember that we are in full, broad daylight, and that evening performances are quite unknown. The nobles and young gallants arrive on horseback, and the rest of the audience comes on foot. The first coach known in England was used by the Queen in 1588 ; later, in Shakespeare’s time, a few hackney carriages excited wonder and admiration, but a coach was then as “rare as an elephant.” Hark ! three soundings of the trumpet, and the play is about to begin. The “rooms” (boxes) are full ; the pit, divided from the stage by palings, is crowded ; the stage is strewn with rushes, and also, sometimes, with gallants seated on it. Light is provided by candle cressets, depending from above, and throwing the light downwards. There is music between the acts. Some eight or ten musicians perform on cornets, hautboys, lutes, viols, recorders. We know the very music played between the acts of “Romeo and Juliet.” And then the audiences that congregated to see a play of Shakespeare ! They were in earnest, were sympathetic, did not think great dramas too long ; they were capable of rising to the heroic in great art—to that heroic for which blank verse is the natural language—and could uplift themselves the height of the great argument. And what have we to see ? With a figure and a face which fully express Ophelia’s description ; with grace, fire, poetry, Burbage is there as Hamlet, and is thinking aloud the great soliloquy. He has not heard it before, has not learnt it, but

thought follows thought, and image succeeds image, as he feels and delivers thoughts almost beyond the reaches of our souls, and he thinks rather than merely acts. It may be that he regards with religious awe the buried majesty of Denmark, which Shakespeare is enacting. Burbage dresses Hamlet as he should be dressed, that is, in the costume of a young prince of Elizabeth's day, for Shakespeare's play is an Elizabethan drama. The half-pagan savagery of the times recorded by the chronicler, in which "Amlett got drunk and set fire to the palace," is disregarded by the dramatist, who gives Hamlet the noblest and the loftiest religious thoughts, and also a rapier and a dagger, weapons unknown to Saxo Grammaticus. Or it may be that we see the same inspired Burbage, hoarse with the frenzy of desperation and despair, calling for "a horse, a horse." Othello is the greatest tragic part ever written, and Burbage, with his voice and eyes—eyes that melted in love or that kindled in war—lives every *nuance* of passion and of feeling that can be attributed by even Shakespeare to the noble Moor fallen in the practice of a cursed slave. Move to the Boar in Eastchepe, with Lowin as Falstaff, and Burbage as the wild young Prince, who was to give up evil communications and bad associates, and to rise to the hero of Agincourt.

The pert and nimble spirit of mirth shines through the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Of the two actors who first played Benedick and Beatrice which was the better?—cavalier or lady? But, as we think what we might have seen, had we had the good fortune to visit the Globe Theatre in those sovereign days, the line stretches out to the crack of doom, and each of the many ghostly players that now revisit for us the cressets of the playhouse bears a glass which shows us many more. But our ideal pageant vanishes and fades away as did the witches, and universal darkness buries all.

One question will suggest itself, and to *that* question we can get no answer. Was the young fellow who first tried to embody Imogen quite overwhelmed by the task of personating the crown and flower of royal womanhood? There are other questions, but to them, too, we could get no answers; nevertheless the questions that surge up in our minds suggest new facets of the infinite subject and the inexhaustible problem. Here we will pause. Not getting too much help to our thought, we may yet be very grateful for the hints that we can get.

John Shaxpur and Mary Arden—what a lovely name is that of the poet's mother!—were not, so far as we know or can judge, persons of any distinctive mark or of special mental endowments;

but yet their qualities, such as they may have been, were sufficient, when the couple were united, to give birth to the greatest man of all time. Of the boyhood of Shakespeare we know nothing, except that he attended the Edward VI. Grammar School at Stratford; and we find that he was withdrawn from school at the age of thirteen, when he was wanted to assist his father. After thirteen no more schooling for the future poet, though his own impulses, and circumstances of which he could take full advantage, continued to educate him, to educe from his rare gifts all their latent powers, until the very end. In 1582, when he had attained the age of eighteen and a half, he married Anne Hathaway, who was by eight years his senior, and his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Hall, was born six months after the marriage of her parents. We have no very clear idea of the causes which drove the glorious lad to leave Stratford and to migrate to London, in which city he arrived in 1586. Of details we know nothing, but, for some unexplained reason, he seems at once to have sought employment of some sort in the theatre. This step may have been mere accident or circumstance guided by unseen powers, since it is hard to believe that the young exile could then have had any premonition of his own transcendent dramatic genius, or any conviction of his own future career in connection with the playhouse.

When Shakespeare arrived in London there were two theatres only, the Theatre and the Curtain, both situated in the Shoreditch region. The proprietor and manager of these two playhouses was James Burbage, an enterprising man, who had been a joiner, who had also been a player, and who would seem to have been the Frohmann of his day. To this theatrical speculator Shakespeare must have addressed himself in his early time in London; and we may infer that the future dramatist found some employment from James Burbage, who may have been shrewd enough to discern the many-sided gifts and talents of the Warwickshire youngster. The name of the manager was variously written as Burbage, Burbadge, Burbridge, Burbidge, and his great distinction is perhaps the fact that he was the father of Richard Burbage, the great actor, so closely allied with Shakespeare in life and art. James Burbage's two theatres did not enjoy the best reputation, and were indeed tainted with rowdiness and with loose practices. In 1599 Richard Burbage demolished the Theatre, and erected in its stead the Globe Theatre on Bankside. The Rose appears to have been built in 1592, and the Blackfriars in 1596. There was a Fortune Theatre in Cripplegate, and also a Swan at Bankside.

Shakespeare may have had most intimate friends, of whom we

find no record. Such possible friends may have been endeared to him by many fine qualities, which he would well know how to value, but were yet not men of mark in any pursuit, or men who have lived in the after-memory of man. The men that we know of as his friends were chiefly connected with the drama, as authors or as actors.

Among the dramatists Ben Jonson occupies the first place, and among the actors we may reckon John Heminge, Henry Condell, Augustine Phillips, and Richard Burbage. To Heminge and Condell we owe the folio of 1623, the first authorised and collected edition of all Shakespeare's plays, and one of the most valuable books in the world. The comedies, histories, and tragedies were then published according to the "true originall copies"; the work was dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery, and both these "singular good lords" are said to have "prosequuted" both the plays and their "authour, living," with much favour. Pembroke and Montgomery may have ranked with Southampton and Rutland as noble friends of the great poet. The object of the editors was, they tell us, "onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive"; and they have, they declare, no "ambition either of selfe-profit or fame." "It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth and overseen his owne writings;" and on this point we agree heartily with John Heminge and Henry Condell; indeed, it must ever remain matter of wonder that Shakespeare showed so little care for proper publication of his own works. His editors speak indignantly of divers "stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors that expos'd them"; but it must ever be borne in mind, specially in connection with the quartos, that in Shakespeare's day playwrights sold their plays outright to the proprietors of theatres; that they retained no copyright, and had no legal interest in their works after the sale of a play to a company of players. The theatres objected to the publication of plays; and, however indignant Shakespeare may have been at the dishonest and erroneous quartos, he had no power to control them or to obtain a legal remedy. Let us return to the friends who would seem to have been the soul's election of the player-poet. Heminge was one of his legatees, and the relations between Shakespeare and Burbage must have been very close indeed. What actor has ever had such glorious advantages as had Richard Burbage? Let us consider a list of the parts that he is known to have acted, he being nearly always the original representative of the loftiest characters in the drama's greatest day. So many of the

Elizabethan plays have perished that it is impossible to give a perfect list of all the parts played by this most favoured and most gifted actor ; but we can present a glorious catalogue of those parts which, as can be proved, the English Roscius enacted. To read the following list is like reading a poem ; it is sonorous and full of suggestion. Burbage is known to have played Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Romeo, Shylock, Richard III., Coriolanus, Brutus, Henry V., Prince Henry, Pericles, Kiteley (in that Spanish tragedy of "Kyd" (?), a play that Coleridge esteemed so highly that he suggests passages in it might have been written by Shakespeare himself), Ferdinand (in that strong gloomy "Duchess of Malfy"), Sejanus, Edward II. (of Marlowe), Philaster, Malevole (in Marston's "Malcontent"), Brachiano (in "White Devil"), Paris (in Massinger's "Roman Actor"), Matthias (in his "Picture"), Mosca (in "Volpono").

As regards dates, Shylock was acted in 1593, Richard III. in 1594, Prince Henry in 1595, Romeo in 1596, Henry V. in 1599, Brutus in 1601, Hamlet in 1602, Othello in 1605, Lear in 1605, Macbeth in 1606, Coriolanus in 1610, and he must have enacted many other parts that cannot now be identified. We know something about the parts that the great actor personated ; and next comes the question—how did Burbage act ?

Fortunately, we are not without evidence on this interesting point. I shall first present an elegy, written on the occasion of the funeral of the great tragedian. I have omitted certain passages, but what remains is long. The merit of the elegy as poetry may not be very great, but the value of the tribute is great, because it comprises both criticism, description, and evidence. The elegy is copied from a manuscript formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Heber. The writer has not been identified.

THE ELEGY.

Some skilful limner help me ! If not so,
 Some sad tragedian to express my woe !
 Alas ! he's gone, that could the best both limn
 And act my grief ; and 'tis for only him
 That I invoke this strange assistance to it,
 And on this point invoke himself to do it.
 For none but Tully Tully's praise can tell,
 And no man act a grief, or act so well —
 He's gone, and with him what a world are dead !
 Friends, every one, and what a blank instead !
 Take him for all in all, he was a man
 Not to be matched, and no age ever can.
 No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
 Shall cry " Revenge !" for his dear father's death.

Poor Romeo never more shall tears beget
For Juliet's love and cruel Capulet ;
Harry shall not be seen as King or Prince —
They died with thee, dear Dick (and not long since),
Not to revive again ; and Jeronimo
Shall cease to mourn his son Horatio :
They cannot call thee from thy naked bed
By horrid outcry ; and Antonio's dead.
Edward shall lack a representative ;
And Crookback, as befits, shall cease to live.
Tyrant Macbeth, with unwash'd, bloody hand,
We vainly now may hope to understand.
Brutus and Marcius henceforth must be dumb,
For ne'er thy like upon the stage shall come,
To charm the faculty of ears and eyes,
Unless we could command the dead to rise.
Vindex is gone, and what a loss was he !
Frankford, Brachiano, and Malevole,
Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too
Are lost for ever ; with the red-hair'd Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh.
What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world—the globe thy fittest place !
Thy stature small, but every thought and mood
Might throughly from thy face be understood ;
And his whole action he could change with ease
From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles.
But let me not forget one chiefest part
Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart ;
The grieved Moor, made jealous by a slave,
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
Then slew himself upon the bloody bed :
All these and many more are with him dead.
Hereafter must our poets cease to write.
Since thou art gone, dear Dick, a tragic night
Will wrap our black-hung stage ; he made a poet,
And those who yet remain full surely know it.
For, having Burbage to give forth each line,
It fill'd their brain with fury more divine.
Oft have I seen him leap into the grave,
Suiting the person, which he seem'd to have,
Of a mad lover, with so true an eye
That there I would have sworn he meant to die.
Oft have I seen him play his part in jest
So lively, that spectators, and the rest
Of his sad crew, whilst he but seem'd to bleed,
Amazed thought even then he died indeed.
O ! let me not be checked, and I shall swear,
Even yet, it is a false report I hear,

And think that he that did so truly feign
Is still but dead in jest, to live again.

.

England's great Roscius ! for what Roscius
Was unto Rome that Burbage was to us !
How did his speech become him, and his pace
Suit with his speech, and every action grace
Them both alike, whilst not a word did fall
Without just weight to ballast it withal !

.

Poets, whose glory whilome 'twas to hear
Your lines so well express'd, henceforth forbear
And write no more ; or if you do, let 't be
In comic scenes, since tragic parts you see
Die all with him ; nay, rather shut your eyes,
And henceforth write nought else but tragedies,
Or dirges and sad elegies, or those
Mournful laments that not accord with prose.

.

And you, his sad companions, to whom Lent
Becomes more Lenten by this accident,
Henceforth your waving flag no more hang out.
Play now no more at all. When round about
We look, and miss the atlas of your sphere,
What comfort have we, think you, to be there ?

.

On him be laid some soft but lasting stone,
With this short epitaph endors'd thereon,
That every eye may read, and reading weep —
'TIS ENGLAND'S ROSCIUS, BURBAGE, THAT I KEEP.

One other mourner, who also expresses himself in verse, says :—

The deaths of men who act our Queens and Kings,
Are now more mourn'd than are the real things.

And there are more praises of Burbage. For instance :—

This man, both now, as many men can tell,
Ended his part, and he hath acted well.
The play now ended, think his grave to be
The retiring house of his sad tragedy ;
Where to give his fame be not afraid :
Here lies the best tragedian ever played.

Take another "praise," which recounts of our Burbage :—

Who did appear so gracefully on the stage ;
He was the admir'd example of his age,
And so observed all your dramatic laws
He ne'er went off the stage but with applaus^e
Who his spectators and his auditors
Led in such silent chains of eyes and ears,

As none, whilst he on stage his part did play,
Had power to speak, or look another way ;
Who a delightful Proteus was, and could
Transform himself into what shape he would ;
And of an excellent orator had all
In voice and gesture we delightful call ;
Who was the soul o' the stage ; and we may say
'Twas only he gave life into a play,
Which was but dead, as 'twas by author writ,
Till he by action animated it ;
And finally he did on the stage appear
Beauty to the eye and music to the ear.

Sir Richard Baker, who died in 1645, assures us that "Richard Burbage and Edward Alleyn were two such actors as no age must ever look to see the like." Alleyn was born in 1566. It is a little surprising to find that Burbage does not seem to have played "Sir Giles Overreach" ; but it may well be that the evidence has simply been lost or overlooked. The fact that Burbage played "Shylock" seems to prove that the character, in Shakespeare's day, and under his influence, was not regarded as a low-comedy part. The elegy mentions that the Roscius was of "small stature," perhaps about the size of Garrick. That he must have been fine of figure and full of grace is proved by the fact that he played Hamlet and Romeo to Shakespeare's satisfaction. He had the eye of an ideal actor, the magic gift of expression, the power of passion, the moving spirit of pathos, and it seems clear that, the wonder of his age—and such a dramatic age !—he had been endowed with every good and perfect gift which could qualify an actor to be the first and greatest representative of Shakespeare's noblest, grandest, most ideal characters. His Richard III. remained one of his greatest and most terrible parts.

It is remarkable that none of the many young men and youths who, in Shakespeare's day, played his heroines have won any reputation or made any mark in parts like, say, Juliet, Imogen, Rosalind, Lady Macbeth. Those male actors of female parts began with them in their youth, and then mostly ripened, in advancing years, into male characters. One reason why Shakespeare so often allows ladies to masquerade in male attire may be that male performers of female characters were much more at their ease in doublet and hose than in farthingale or gown. We know something of several of these male representatives of heroines, and we do not find criticisms of their performances or praise of their efforts. We owe actresses to the Restoration ; but this great stage improvement was due as much to laxity of manners as to any art consideration.

Shakespeare must often have deplored the want of women to present women on the stage. Our great tragedian, Richard Burbage, died March 13, 1618-19, and was buried at St. Leonard's Church, in Shoreditch. His loss to the stage was almost irreparable, but his death left open many of his great parts to Joseph Taylor and to Nathaniel Field. Taylor, who had probably been the first Iago to Burbage's Othello, succeeded Burbage in the character of Hamlet, while Field took over the great tragic part of Othello. This division of characters indicates the different powers of the two actors for whom Burbage made room. Burbage was most admired in Hamlet, Othello, Richard III. ; but the latter terrible part seems to have been left in abeyance for some time after his death.

John Lowin, a comedian of mark, made a great success in Henry VIII. ; and when Betterton revived the play he did not play Wolsey, but acted Henry VIII., having been taught by D'Avenant how Lowin had rendered the King in the day of Shakespeare. D'Avenant had also seen Taylor in Hamlet.

The list is a long one, but it seems worth while to record the names, and some particulars (so far as we can ascertain them) of the players who were comrades certainly, friends probably, of Shakespeare. The principal actors in his plays were Richard Burbage, Joseph Taylor, Nathaniel Field, John Heminge, Henry Condell, Augustine Phillips, Samuel Gilborne, Robert Armin, Robert Wilson, William Ostler, William Kempe, Thomas Poope, George Bryan, William Slye, Richard Cowley, John Lowin, Samuel Crosse, Alexander Cooke, John Underwood, Nicholas Tooley, William Ecclestone, Robert Benfield, Robert Goughe, Richard Robinson, John Schanke, John Rice. At that time one actor often played two or three minor parts in a piece ; and in the folio we find the name of the players given instead of the name of the part played. For instance, instead of saying "enter Dogberry," we find "enter Kempe." It is to be remarked that the three rulers Elizabeth, James, and Charles never attended a public performance in a theatre ; they summoned the players to act before them in palaces or halls. The royal patent "to Her Majesty's poor players" is granted to James Burbage, Richard Burbage, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillips, Nicholas Towley, William Shakspeare ; and we may be able to get a glimpse of some of the men enumerated in our lists.

Burbage had created permanent types of all the greatest parts, and he had fixed a model from which none of the actors who suc-

ceeded him could, or cared to, greatly depart. No actor could play a Burbage part without being compared with the mighty originator of it. The stamp of such genius is not easily erased or blurred. Burbage must surely have acted Posthumus and Antony, and it is a pity that we do not find records of his performances of such parts.

Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour" is the play which Shakespeare induced the theatre to accept, though, considering the part for which he was cast, he could not have favoured the work out of mere actor's vanity. The first cast of this comedy is interesting, partly because it comprises so many of our friends. Here it is:—

Knowell	.	.	.	.	William Shakespeare.
Kitely	.	.	.	.	Richard Burbage.
Brayne-Worm	.	.	.	.	Aug. Phillips.
Downe-Wright	.	.	.	.	John Heminge.
Captain Bobadil	.	.	.	.	Henry Condell.
Justice Clement	.	.	.	.	Tho. Pope.
Stephen.	.	.	.	.	Will. Kempe.
Matthew	.	.	.	.	Will. Slye.
Dame Kitely.	.	.	.	.	Chr. Beeston.
Tib	.	.	.	.	Joh. Duke.

Condell must have been a very fine comedian, or he would not have been entrusted with such a part as Bobadil. Thomas Pope was also an actor of some eminence; and Will. Slye was the standing Osric of the theatre. William Kempe, who succeeded Richard Tarlton (died 1588) as leading low comedian, was the original Dogberry, and Kempe was a great Peter Traveller. Richard Cowley was the original Verges. Lowin was the first Falstaff, and he played Bosola in "The Duchess of Malfy," a part which seems too tragic for what we know of Lowin's powers as an actor. Alexander Cooke was an actor of female parts, and we find him playing them in Sejanus and Volpone. Robert Arnim succeeded Kempe in clown's parts; Field, if second as a tragedian to Burbage, was second only to that wonderful actor.

Field is, in sooth, an actor; all men know it,
And is the true Othello of the poet.

John Underwood was, it would appear, a "utility man," who played Delio, a very small part, in the terrible "Duchess." In the same play Robert Benfield enacted the more important part of Antonio; and also played other good parts. Nicholas Tooley was a "pupil apprentice" of Burbage; while of William Ecclestone and of Robert Goughe nothing certain is known. Richard

Robinson performed female characters, but rose to masculine parts. He was killed at Basing House in 1645. John Schanke and John Rice were only "utilities," and discharged unimportant parts. Field seems also to have been great as Bussy d'Amboise. Kempe played Justice Shallow. Burbage, "the soul of the stage," was, as Betterton also was, something of a painter. In 1638, Philip Masenger (Massinger), a "stranger"—that is, not a parishioner—was buried in St. Saviour's Church; and, in 1607, Edmund Shakespeare, brother of the poet, "a player," was interred in the same church. Gilbert Shakespeare, another brother, two and a half years younger than William, lived some years after the Restoration, and died at a "patriarchal age." He was consulted eagerly by curious actors of the later day; but, in his dotage, he could only give confused and most imperfect glimpses of the author of "Hamlet."

Robert Wilson was a man of many-sided mark and eminence. Charles Knight tells us—"Robert Wilson was a person of great celebrity. He was amongst the first of the Queen's sworn servants in 1583. His reputation was long enduring as an actor in a very peculiar vein." Howes describes him as of "a quick, delicate, refined extemporal wit." Meres, writing in 1598, says, "And so is now our witty Wilson, who, for learning and extemporal wit, in this faculty is without compere or compeer, as to his great and eternal commendation he manifested in his challenge at the Swan on the Bankside." Wilson, as we have seen, belonged to the very earliest period of our regular drama. . . . But Wilson was also a dramatic writer. Prior to 1580 he had written a play on the subject of Cataline, which is mentioned in Lodge's "Reply to Gossin." . . . One of his plays was the "Cobbler's Prophecy," printed as early as 1594. The character of Ralph was probably sustained by Wilson himself. . . . He repeatedly co-operated with Drayton, Chettle, Dekker, Anthony Munday, and others. He must have been at least a comrade of Shakespeare. We have seen that James Burbage, who died in 1597, was the first builder of playhouses in London. He had been "himselfe in his younger yeares a player." The Theatre was moved in 1599 from Shoreditch to Bankside. The Curtain, which had sunk in character and reputation, was closed during the Civil Wars. The Rose (opened 1592) was an early scene of Shakespeare's successes as actor and as dramatist. "Romeo and Juliet" was first produced at the Curtain in 1596, being played by Lord Hunsdon's company. At that time, licenses for theatres were granted to great nobles and peers of the realm, as, for instance, to the Earl of Leicester.

At the Blackfriars in 1596 the stage was occupied by boy actors, the "Queen's children of the chapel," those "eyases" of whom Hamlet complained. Shakespeare's company began their career at the Blackfriars in 1610. Shakespeare's interest in Blackfriars was smaller than his interest in the Globe. Shakespeare can have had but little of the "last infirmity of noble minds." His poems, after circulating in manuscript, were published; and, in aim and essence, "Venus and Adonis" does not differ widely from Marlowe's "Hero and Leander"; but Shakespeare never took a step towards publishing his plays. Mr. Sidney Lee shows conclusively that the Sonnets are not autobiographical, and he points out that the purchasing power of money was, in Shakespeare's day, eight times what it now is. Mr. Lee also proves that Shakespeare's income, as shareholder, actor, playwright, was considerable, and may have amounted, before 1599, to some £1,040. The Globe, built in 1594, was burned down June 29, 1615. In 1568 the new religion, as it was called—but it was not "new," inasmuch as Protestantism was merely a return from Rome to Christianity—was firmly established in Stratford. It would appear that, after 1596, Shakespeare paid an annual visit to Stratford and to his wife and children. In 1597 he purchased New Place, with the probable help of Southampton, and he resided there from 1611, in which year he ceased to write plays. His retirement from London seems to have severed his connection with theatres and with the world of the stage. He left no theatrical property; and died at New Place, April 23/May 3, 1616.

Actresses were a great adjunct to the stage. In the prologue written to introduce the first who appeared, it is argued—

'Tis possible a virtuous woman may
Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play.

We well know that that is very possible, and yet the dissolute Restoration largely falsified the theory of the writer of this prologue. Charles Hart, an admired tragedian of the Restoration, was descended from the poet's sister Joan. Burbage and Betterton are supposed to have some mild claim to reputation as painters. It seems strange that a player should also paint, and one art is usually sufficient to employ the energies of one man. If Shakespeare had been master of the *technique* of painting he would have been a greater painter than Raffaele. Certainly his conceptions would have been finer, nobler, more ideal; but, considering what work we have got from Shakespeare, it were idle to regret that he did not work in another art. He surely had enough to do to write his plays. As is only natural, an immense amount of zealous labour, and of careful research, have

been devoted to an attempt to elucidate every discernible fact in connection with the life and *Lebenskunst* of the greatest poet in the world, who was fitly entrusted to the England which was worthy of him. His day was not one in which either autobiography or biography flourished, and Shakespeare kept no diary.

One may firmly wish that he had done so, since no book in the world would have been more valuable than his own record of the workings of his own mind, of the events of his life, or of the ambitions, hopes, feelings, passions, sorrows, of such a nature. Halliwell-Phillipps's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" is a monument of honest labour; and we have recently received from Mr. Sidney Lee a new memoir of the poet, which is of distinctive worth and charm. Mr. Lee's knowledge of the laws and of the very essence of the sonnet in Europe is profound, and he has studied all the masterpieces of the great writers in this branch of poetry. Some of the publications of the Shakespeare Society—especially, perhaps, their memoirs of the principal actors in the plays of Shakespeare—are of great use and interest; and our literature presents us with many side-lights on the life and work of the master-dramatist and poet. But when, in the sessions of sweet silent thought, we summon up remembrance of things past, we can only regret the paucity of that attainable evidence which leaves so much to be desired by the reverent curiosity which desires to know so much more about such a man. Like Providence itself, Shakespeare is only too much hidden in his own wonderful works.

We have now snatched a hint, a glimpse, of his stage, of his friends and comrades and fellow-actors, and have seen something of the phantom puppets dallying on the boards.

And what a noble drama that Elizabethan and Jacobean drama was! It is full of power as of poetry. High-hearted, chivalrous, noble heroes alternate with grand and terrible criminals; and both are full of passion, power, pathos. And then the women! What images of ideal love, tenderness, purity; and what types of grandiose and ferocious crime! The main incidents of those plays are touching in sorrow, are magnificent in crime; and the flower and glory of all the majestic school are the plays of Shakespeare. The magnificent magic and cunning of the scene were never revealed in more strength and glory. What plays! what actors! what dramatists! and what audiences must they have been who were worthy to comprehend and to enjoy such performances! Many of our recent pieces seem, by contrast, so trivial, so prosaic, so ignoble; and yet, even in our unheroic day, Shakespeare can still be presented—if duly "cut," if

overlaid with a superfluity of decoration and scenery, and if comedy be reduced to "clowning." Tragedy tends to be supplanted by merest drama ; and imagination succumbs to spectacle. Even such a glance as the present at one phase of the great study may yield us profit and delight. We do not waste the time that we devote to thinking of and fancying about Shakespeare, and the stage for and on which *he* worked.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

AN OLD MARE'S TALE.

MISS AMELIA CRUMPLETON inhabited a very comfortable cottage within a very comfortable distance of a comfortable little town. Never did a maiden lady's cottage bespeak comfort more visibly than did hers. The flower-beds in its little front garden were so trim, the yew-hedges so neatly clipped, the lawn so well shaven. The four big fruit trees, carefully disposed at its four corners, seemed to invite attention to the burdens on their branches. The hen-house, itself a miniature cottage, was alive with clamouring fowls. The very hill at the back of this sequestered little Paradise, serving it as a screen from the east winds, gave an idea of comfort; and the bilious-looking pugdog, as he waddled laboriously down the gravel path to the gate, conveyed the same impression. The assistance of the same adjective is again invoked if we step inside our heroine's dwelling. The old "blue and white," visible through the glass doors of a fine oak cabinet, is cunningly suggestive of snug cups of tea. Comfortable are the curtains that screen the windows, of a like nature the rugs that adorn the floor. Time itself seems to take a hint from the general surroundings, and, in place of the captious jingle of a drawing-room timepiece, measures its intervals through the sumptuous medium of an eight-day clock. There are couches and lamp shades and flower stands; there are tea cosies and screens and whatnots, and a mighty pair of warming-pans to operate upstairs.

Could such an abode shelter any other than a middle-aged maiden lady? We think not. The creepers on its lattices, the melted-butter boats in its parlour, were redolent of the fact. Miss Amelia herself presented a less cosy appearance than her dwelling. She was tall, angular, with a length of nose and chin, a certain dismal expression about the eye, that irresistibly reminded one of an ancient cab-horse which has stood many hours in a shower of rain.

What perverse impulse could have led a "nag" so venerable to mount a bicycle might puzzle a phrenologist to understand.

In the neighbouring town of Blearall the news was received with derision; and it was not till she had gone hand over hand—or

rather wheel over wheel—into her first ditch that it took serious stock of the intelligence that “Amelia was going to bike.”

Going to bike, indeed ! They would as soon have expected to see old Barbara Rincingpan at the almshouses hoist her eighty summers to the top of a dromedary. There was a dignity about Miss Crumpleton's movements, a deliberation about her “paces,” that seemed absolutely inconsistent with such a pursuit. For over half a century she had been regarded as the embodiment of spinsterly reserve. To behold her career about on two wheels at the last, was it not annihilation to a sacred tradition ? Blearall was mortified, the only spectators who seemed to view her elevation with approval being divers wretched urchins of the neighbourhood, who, having been thwarted in various forays on the garden, took no pains to conceal their satisfaction at the prospect of “old 'orsey comin' to grief.” And for a time there appeared every likelihood of the fulfilment of their vulgar prognostication. There must have been some wonderful recuperative power about Miss Amelia's system to withstand the series of awful shocks it was destined to receive. She would get up on one side, and capsize on the other. She would fall off getting on, and get on and fall off. She nearly drove the breath out of a cow, and fell on one occasion under the legs of her prototype—a horse. When it was best to go straight she went crooked, and when peril loomed ahead she went straight. Mullyns, of the cycle dépôt, hired at so much an hour to support beginners, declined in her case any further responsibility. Possibly he was fortified in this resolution by having been dragged in her wake down a bank at an angle of forty-five degrees. In any event, once having taken it, he steadily adhered to it. “He had,” he said, “a wife and children to provide for, and a few more such learners 'ud make their future precarious.”

But, seated or unseated, Miss Amelia persevered. By slow yet sure degrees a more stable equilibrium asserted itself. She no longer collided with passing traps—or perhaps she acquired more confidence from the traps keeping out of her way. Her collapses became fewer and more dignified in character ; and instead of her bicycle coming back on the top of a cart, she began to come back on the top of her bicycle. One day she stayed away so long that Caroline, her devoted confidante and *chef de cuisine*, feeling uneasy, had been to the gate to reconnoitre. The mid-day meal was done to a turn ; the saucepans were pathetically simmering ; a glaze, such as the frost weaves upon a pool, had settled on the oyster sauce ; and Caroline was getting angry. “I wonder which is huppermost *this time*—’er

or the machine ! " she muttered, giving a vicious stir to the parlour fire on her return, after a fruitless survey of the horizon.

Then, unable to restrain her wrath at sight of the spoiling dishes—" If she ain't got spinal discord it won't be for want o' tryin'."

But Caroline's awful denunciation was for once uncalled for.

Neither Miss Amelia's anatomy nor that of her much-enduring bike had been again put to the test. Since an early hour she had found herself, as if by enchantment, merrily bowling along up hill and down dale, no spasmodic excursion to the roadside interfering with her enjoyment. Just as Caroline's wrath was merging in despair she alighted at the gate, dusty, radiant, triumphant. Her undaunted spirit had conquered. Those impregnable wheels had capitulated.

Mistress of her steering gear, she biked at last. And now, it may well be asked, what magnetic attraction *could* have induced Miss Amelia to incur so many perils at a time of life when most elderly ladies are absorbed in knitting socks in their fire-corners? Why essay at all the shifting equilibrium of so treacherous a chariot, when a pony chaise or donkey chair appeared so preferable—we had almost said so maidenly—a conveyance? Reader, that lack-lustre eye, that cab-horsey profile, were but the mask of an ardent disposition. They were but crusts of the lava which glowed red-hot beneath.

No languishing damsel of twenty would have scampered quicker into a love affair than this frisky old gee. Don Quixote did not mount his war-horse supported by a greater fund of romance. Yet hitherto all opportunity for adventure had been wanting ; her hopes had been nipped in the bud. Miss Crumpleton thought that "a bike" might at last fulfil her desires.

Hardly a week from the date of Miss Amelia's triumph, almost, indeed, before she had realised the scope of her tractable wheels, a letter in a handwriting well known to her was laid upon her breakfast-table. It was from her old friend and *ci-devant* playfellow, Mrs. Josiah Spifkins, relict of the landlord of "The Mouldy Herring," and ran to this effect :—

"DEAREST AMMY,—It seems so long since we have 'ad a gossip, I'm writin' to ask you for to come to-morrow. You know it's the day my poor Josiah were taken, just twelve year ago, and I always feel lonesome like. I've boiled mutton and 'aricots. They was his fav'rite dish. Lor' ! how time do fly, and 'im a blessed angel all these years ! If 'e hadn't soaked so much I shouldn't 'ave been bereft so suddin.—Yours persuasifly, LINA S.

"P.S.—Wrap up comfortable ; you ar'n't so young as you was."

Miss Amelia perused the greater part of this affecting tribute to

departed worth without any apparent change of demeanour. But when she came to its final paragraph her countenance darkened. Her age was an exceptionally tender point, as Mrs. Josiah well knew, and it was an odd thing that that lady rarely indited her a note without stumbling upon the subject. Often had Miss Amelia tried retaliation: sometimes by sympathetic reference to one of Mrs. Josiah's orbits—which was embellished with glass, at others by tenderly alluding to a slight weakness she was reputed to have shared with the late partner of her joys and sorrows.

But all in vain. She might as well have prodded a rhinoceros with a toasting-fork. Mrs. Josiah remained impervious to all attacks, or at least only accepted them as an intimation that her onslaughts had been successful. There was, in fact, no love lost betwixt the two, but (so strange is human nature) the very antagonism that might have been expected to keep them apart only cemented them more firmly together. On re-reading her amiable friend's missive a grand idea took possession of Miss Amelia's mind. This time she would respond to her "appeal" after another fashion. She would show her that if old in years she was young in action. She would "bike" to her door.

It would be a "demonstration in force," and, looking to the distance which separated them, would make her doubt the evidence of the only eye she had. No sooner was our cyclist inspired by this notion than she set about its accomplishment. She burnished her machine, she trimmed her lamp, she oiled her wheels, and before Caroline had had time to denounce the experiment she had whisked from the door and was out of sight. It certainly was not a day favourable to an excursion of the sort. Heavy clouds sailed low overhead, here and there overlapping their skirts, as if congregating for mischief. The distant river ran dun coloured, and the nut-brown autumnal trees above it shed leaves as lugubrious as its waters. The horizon vanished in mist, the meadows had the air of spongy morasses, and the only sound audible was the swish of Miss Crumpleton's wheels churning their way through the clammy mud and the puddles. Brimful of her enterprise and the moral effect it was to ensure, Miss Crumpleton heeded not these threatening signs, but scudded along as pertinaciously as if Nature had never a scowl. Now she coasted, now she back-pedalled. The sky grew blacker overhead, the mud spun upward from beneath, Blearall shrank out of sight behind, and still Miss Crumpleton's wheels revolved. The road she had to pursue to get to Mrs. Josiah's was not unlike a switchback railway on a gigantic scale. That is to say, it rose and

fell in a succession of gentle hills till within some three miles of the town where that estimable lady resided. At this point a declivity, compared with which the others were infantile, confronted the traveller. Its threshold was labelled "DANGEROUS," its fall abrupt. Indeed, so steep was it that a cyclist would as soon have thought of "negotiating" its descent as he would of taking a trip down the crater of Mount Etna. Yet tremble not, gentle reader! Those white letters that glared forth so ominously from their red ground forboded no evil to our captivating heroine. She alighted. She only displayed her graceful form again to advantage when she had walked to an avenue which met the hill at its foot, and, in almost as little time as it takes to indite these words, had skipped into the presence of the bewildered Mrs. Josiah with the agility of a damsel of seventeen summers. What that lady's welcome of her was there is no need to enlarge on. That she was "shocked" at the change in her dear Amelia's appearance goes without saying.

That she was "'orrified" at the grey hairs Amelia had accumulated follows as a matter of course. These and many similar compliments troubled Miss Crumpleton very little. She had scored a victory. She knew it by the uneasy roll of Mrs. Josiah's sound eye, by the partial, almost total eclipse of her borrowed one. But what she had not reckoned with (though, as we have pointed out, she had had every opportunity of anticipating) was the rain. It seemed as if it had only been awaiting her arrival to confer its watery benediction. Down it came in sheets, in torrents. It poured as they discussed the dish fragrant with the memory of the departed Spifkins. It sputtered in the fire as they drank the welfare of his soul in cups of tea.

It was an uncomfortable factor in the situation as long as daylight lasted. Finally it only desisted as if to tempt her to return to Blearall through the dark. Now, we do not say this was a feat to Miss Crumpleton's liking. Quite the reverse.

In fact, had it not been for the chance of such a display of juvenile precocity there is little doubt she would have accepted the offer of her hostess to stay the night. But mount her bike she did, goaded thereto by the anxiety of Mrs. Josiah, whose audible soliloquies, "a-flying in the face of Providence" and "'er time of life," we can best describe as operating as a final shove-off.

It was a night as black as a wolf's mouth. The stars were not to be seen; the moon was as unpoetically hazy as a dip under an inverted bucket. It seemed a night made for adventures, with just that fascinating vagueness in its obscurity that *would* stimulate the

fancy of a middle-aged maiden lady. So Miss Amelia felt it, as guided by the flashes of light from her lamp on the hedges she angled for her path as best she could. The first milestone came and went. So did the second and third.

An inn (the one formerly adorned by Mrs. Josiah before she retired into private life, the only habitation on the road to Blearall) was left behind in the darkness, and Miss Crumpleton drew near the hill with the steep and dangerous incline. But if the road was obscure, how shall we describe the appearance of the avenue that led to the hill's foot? The interlaced branches that darkened its threshold gave it the look of a mighty cavern in whose depths all manner of dangers might beset the wayfarer at such an hour. What presentiment of evil was it that caused Miss Crumpleton to "slow down" as she passed that portal, and even alight and listen to the beatings of her heart?

The stentorian "drinking chorus" that rolled through the door of "The Mouldy Herring," accompanying her so far in diminishing cadences, died away. Not a breath stirred.

The sense of companionship there might have been in hearing the great boughs overhead creak and strain in a storm was wanting. They were still, still as their roots that gripped the stones. Silence and darkness, those twin oppressors of the soul, had settled upon the spot. Too fearful to again mount her machine, Miss Crumpleton stole into the blackness. Once she halted. An elm-bole had raised a club to fell her. Further a great rock crouched to spring. She had nearly gained the opposite extremity of the avenue.

A few steps, and the terrible enfolding darkness was going to yield to the open hill above, when a wayside gate glimmered whitely in the focus of her light. What was it that caused her breath to come in great gasps, and her machine to sway from her hand? It was not the gate; it was not the dim outline of a bicycle, apparently fallen against its bars; but underneath the latter, motionless, elongated, and dark, she caught a glimpse of something lying. Too frightened to fly or scream, Miss Crumpleton stood and gazed. Soon she turned her lamp there, and a face came into view. It was the face of a man, handsome, in the prime of life, but without movement, save for a streak of blood that found its way down the cheek and dripped upon the collar. Slowly there was forced upon Miss Crumpleton the certainty that a terrible accident had happened. He had ridden past the sign-post on the hill in the dark, and had crashed into the gate at its foot. We have said our heroine's nature was built up of romance; let us hasten to add it was a perfect well-spring of pity.

A few moments sufficed to show her she was not, at all events, in presence of the dead. There was a movement in response to her touch, a deep groan in reply to her inquiry ; nay, more—muttering some words in a foreign language, the injured man was presently able to sit up, and—but for the darkness Miss Crumpleton would have blushed—rest his head against her shoulder. A delicious hope warmed the ancient cockles of her heart. An acquaintance so romantically commenced, who could say *how* it might end ?

.

“ Only a slight scratch on the forehead,” was the verdict of the medical man, pioneered in hot haste to the scene of “ the accident ” by Miss Crumpleton an hour later. And he turned to give directions for “ the sufferer’s ” removal. But it was one of two policemen who followed the doctor that scattered Miss Crumpleton’s rosy dream. She “ awoke ” as he was shovelling her “ patient ” on to the stretcher they carried, with the comment : “ A Frinchman goin’ up-’ill from ‘ the ’Erring,’ Dick ; she’s got ’im a fortnight’s ’ard ! ”

CAMPBELL WYNN WILLIAMS.

A WARRIOR-SAINT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding sheet. —CAMPBELL.

Ave Maria ! Undeiled !
The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled
If thy protection hover there. —SCOTT.

ON December 1, 1870, Sonis, with his division of twenty-five thousand ~~horse~~ foot, and artillery, was bivouacked at Coulmiers, awaiting a much-needed convoy of shoes, which, like everything else, was behindhand. On the faith of a despatch giving a much exaggerated account of Ducrot's sortie from Paris and of his advance upon the Prussian army, d'Aurelle telegraphed to Sonis again to "hurry up," and support him in an attack to be made simultaneously with Ducrot, so as to take the enemy between two fires. Sonis accordingly set out at three in the afternoon, with the pick of his forces, namely, the two battalions of Papal Zouaves, his own Algerian volunteers, one battalion of Mables, and two of free-shooters—eight hundred men in all, besides seven pieces of artillery. The rest were left to follow when they had been re-shod and re-victualled.

Again a night march over a slippery road, with the thermometer at fifteen degrees below freezing-point. Sonis, who, "inured to Syria's glowing breath," felt "the north breeze chill as death," was fain to dismount and walk, leading his horse, to keep the life in him. Colonel de Charette did the same for company's sake, and they talked of one thing and another to beguile the weariness of the way. The Dominican Father Doussot, chaplain to the Zouaves, coming up with them, said, with the tone of a man who has some object in view, "This is a holy war, and demands a holy banner."

Sonis indicated his own *fanion*, or regimental flag, which he had borne against the Moors—azure, a Maltese cross argent.

"More heraldic than religious," objected Charette.

"True," replied Sonis. "These fancy crosses never appeal to me. I would have had a crucifix on the flag, only it seemed impossible to get one tolerably painted."

"Then, General, we have what you want." And Charette and the almoner between them related how, while the Zouaves were encamped at Tours awaiting their destination, they had received a visit from M. Dupont, known as *le saint homme de Tours*—a devout layman, reviver of the cult of the Holy Face and of St. Anthony of Padua. He brought the offer of a banner of the Sacred Heart, embroidered by the nuns of Paray-le-Monial, the convent of Marie Alacoque, the original visionary. While the most skilled seamstresses of the community plied the needle, their less accomplished sisters, in Perpetual Adoration, had kept up day and night prayers for France; and when completed the banner had been laid on the tomb of the patroness—Blessed Margaret-Mary, as she had become by the beatification of 1864—and then, by Charette's orders, on that of St. Martin of Tours. The banner had been intended for General Trochu, to be displayed on the walls of Paris, but, not being finished before the investment, the nuns announced that it should go to the "Volunteers of the West"—a manifest inspiration, for no such body existed at the time, and it was this offer which induced the dispossessed Papal Zouaves to adopt that title out of three or four which had been proposed.

"This warmed us more than walking," is Sonis's comment. He was firmly imbued with the Royalist tradition that the disasters of Blenheim and Ramillies were wholly due to Louis XIV. having scorned Margaret-Mary's injunction to place the Sacred Heart on his standard. "I accept it with joy and hope," he replied. "But you must find me a worthy standard-bearer." Charette promised to do so.

At Saint Pérary-la-Colombe,¹ where they arrived by nine in the evening,² the officers were lodged in comparative luxury, in a deserted château, where they lighted a fire in the drawing-room, into which, for the sake of the warmth, they brought all the bedding they could

¹ Corruption of "*Ecclesia sancti Petri in via Columbarum.*"

² Captain Jacquemont, *Campagne des Zouaves Pontificaux*, ch. viii., pp. 87, 92. Sonis himself says that they started at nine and arrived at midnight, but the term used by the *sous-officier*, "*à la nuit tombante,*" seems more applicable to a time a little before a winter's sunset than some hours after.

find in the house. They were supping on bread, apples, and sausages, when Charette entered, with his hand on the shoulder of "a charming blond young man," about thirty, and looking younger. "I bring you banner and banner-bearer," he said, and introduced Count Henri de Verthamon, adding, to enlist Sonis's sympathy, that, like himself, the new-comer had left behind him a wife and young children. Then they unrolled before the enraptured eyes of the General (who evidently had preserved a primitive taste for the showy) "a magnificent banner," in white watered silk, with the Sacred Heart *appliqué* in crimson velvet, and above and about it, flames, cross, and crown of thorns, and the legend "*Cœur de Jésus, sauvez la France !*" all marvellously wrought in gold thread. On the reverse side, the Carmelites of Tours had added "St. Martin, patron of France, pray for us !" A banner such as more usually figures in ecclesiastical processions than in military marches, but all the more fitting for the pious Zouaves, so at least Sonis thought. A less enthusiastic officer did hint at the possibility of exciting the scoffs of a wicked world, to which the General replied, "Unfurl it when the cannon begin. No one will laugh then." It was an effective answer ; yet, to the English mind, there is some point in Colonel Thibouville's sneer at this "weeping for joy over a banner in canting heraldry, when there was grown man's work to be done." To be sure, Thibouville's regiment, as will appear, did not exactly shine on the next day "when the cannon began" ; so he had obvious reasons for being bitter. But even so devout a soldier as General Ambert, in his book "*L'Héroïsme en Soutane*" (1876), blames this exposing of a sacred symbol to the profane gaze, and to the chance of rents and wounds which might be regarded as ominous. Perhaps the touching belief of Sonis in his beautiful banner does somewhat recall the equally naïf confidence of Victor Hugo in his tricoloured scarf, though no doubt the comparison will seem equally irreverent to clericals and Liberals alike.

The evening closed with Sonis, as usual, inviting the company to join in his prayers, and then lying down on the outside of the bed with his cloak over him. "St. Louis never took off his clothes on a campaign," he had said, when one of his hosts urged him to make himself more comfortable.

Before three o'clock on the morning of Friday, December 2, the General, with Charette and fourteen other Zouaves of all ranks, went out to mass and Communion in the little church of St. Pérvay. For six of those men it was to be their last Sacrament, and not one of the whole party escaped from the field unwounded. "By a happy

coincidence," says Sonis, "it was the Feast of the Sacred Heart."¹ Accordingly, the Zouave chaplain read the Proper Preface for Feasts of the Cross: "It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty to give thanks . . . that the Demon, who prevailed by a tree, should by a Tree be defeated," the anthems, "I am meek and lowly of heart" and "My heart hath expected reproach," and the Gospel from St. John xix., which suggested to the priest a parallel between the present occasion and that, to appearance equally hopeless, when the Sacred Heart was pierced on the cross. On leaving, Sonis said for the last time to Charette, "I have my God in my breast, and God never falls back."

The force marched at four o'clock on a clear frosty morning, and arrived by seven at Patay—the scene of one of Joan of Arc's victories, as somebody remembered, hoping to find therein a favourable omen. Here they received from d'Aurelle the misleading despatch about Ducrot's *sortie* and his advance to support them; and it is pathetic that the Franco-Algerian Sonis again expresses his joy by the phrase "We ceased to feel the cold." He encamped his men, with muskets piled, ready for the first signal; and, leaving them making coffee and trying to warm themselves, he went to the quarters of General Chanzy, commanding the 16th corps, and asked him if they could not have some time to rest and to await the arrival of the rear-guard. "I will do my best," replied Chanzy, "but we have been marching three days and fighting two." He then mounted and rode on, leaving Sonis to see to the disposal of some Bavarian prisoners. While thus engaged, a captain of free-shooters entered hastily and exclaimed, "General, we are surrounded by an overwhelming force. Pray send us a battery." Sonis at once took him into the next room, and told him he ought to know better than to talk like that before the prisoners. At this moment came a second officer with a pencil note from Chanzy. "We are hotly engaged at Loigny; come to our relief." It was now near noon. Sonis put his men in march, and set out, as formerly directed, toward the sound of the cannon. On their way they had the distress of meeting convoys of wounded, and, what was worse, fugitive Mobiles, whom they vainly endeavoured to drive back to the field. The 37th regiment (Chanzy's men) were keeping up a sharp

¹ Some controversy has been aroused as to how this could be, Sacred-Heart Day being one of the feasts dependent on Easter, and occurring, of necessity, within the second week after Pentecost, or Trinity-week, as it would be in the Anglican calendar. Probably the priest took upon himself to change the office to suit the banner, and let his hearers suppose it came in the regular course.

musket-fire from the doors and windows of the village of Loigny. Sonis disposed his artillery on the heights, placed the 48th¹ and 51st² marching regiments (48^e and 51^e *de marche*) to return the Prussian fire from the farm and thicket of Villours, and successfully intercepted a turning movement of the enemy. At three o'clock he ordered Captain de Luxer to find and bring at all cost (*coûte que coûte*) the 3rd division to support him in an advance upon Loigny to reinforce the defenders. At that moment an artillery officer came flying "all wild with haste and fear," and cried, "General, your centre is giving way!"

Sonis changed countenance, and struck his hand on his forehead. All was lost if a gap were opened for the enemy to seize his guns on the one hand, and cut off the retreat of the 16th corps on the other. He galloped his little grey Arab along the lines, waved sword and cap, cried to the waverers, "Forward! Be Frenchmen! You can save the army!" Then, changing his tone, he reviled them as cowards, traitors, wretches, every name that a man who never swore *could* use; and while he and his staff pointed pistols at the heads of the fugitives, his Spahis struck them with the sabre-flat. "The wretches suffered this last outrage without moving." They were lying down,³ and would not rise. And the panic was spreading along the line.

Sonis turned his horse back to Colonel de Charette and the Zouaves, whom he had left guarding the artillery at Villepion. "There are cowards who will not march!" he cried. "It is for you to rally them. Show them what brave men and Christians can do!"

"A cry of honour," he wrote afterwards, "escaped from their noble breasts." This is confirmed by a letter of an English Zouave

¹ So in the General's deposition before the Parliamentary Commission. Later inquirers have found that, by an unfortunate error, the 48th regiment never received the order to change its direction. It is therefore exculpated from the charge of having taken part in the subsequent panic.

² The 51^e *de marche* was a composite regiment, formed only a month before, and not to be confounded with the 51^e *du ligne*, which was with the army of Metz.

³ See Captain Bruyère, quoted in M. Derély's pamphlet. The Sous-Officier says in excuse, that they had been ordered to lie down under fire (an explanation which is accepted by General Ambert, who draws the moral that it is injudicious to give such an order), and Colonel Thibouville adds that they were falling by files under murderous shells, and that while he and his officers rushed about calling to them, dragging them up by the shoulder—"Alas, most times we were trying to rouse the dead!"

to his father, dated December 6, printed in the *Tablet* of December 24, 1870:—

Suddenly General de Sonis galloped along our line, and pulling up beside our Colonel, cried out to us, “*Mes amis, je compte sur vous.*” Our only response was a simultaneous shout of “*Vive le Général,*” repeated again and again. Joy shone in every eye.

The Zouave chaplain raised his crucifix, and Sonis and some other officers sprang to the ground, and knelt with the rank and file before the sacred banner. As they remounted, a shell tore up the earth close to them. When the dust cleared, the General rose in his stirrups, and, waving his cap, cried “*Vive la France !*” Meanwhile the Zouaves fixed their bayonets, which glinted red from the sunset glow, and they prepared to march. Sonis took one of the two battalions, together with the Mables and the Algerian and French free-shooters. Then he looked round to see if there were any signs of the expected third division. Catching sight of an old friend’s son, over whom he had promised to watch, he bent from his horse: “*Pierre, thy father’s son can surely appear before God with clean hands ?*” “*Yes, General,*” replied the youth, who happily was fresh shriven. “*Then forward, and fear nought !*” Charette, changing the key, promised, laughing, “*une jolie danse, mon petit,*” to the same novice ; while the Commandant de Troussures, as their boots grazed each other in passing, “*threw his arms round my neck*” (these are Sonis’s words) “*and cried, ‘ Thanks, General, for leading us to such a fête !’ Noble heart, he never spoke again !*”

“*Now is the moment to display the holy banner,*” said Sonis to Charette, as they approached the hollow in which the defaulters were crouching. The order was given, and the effect was “*electrifying.*” Alas ! here Sonis speaks for himself and his Zouaves, who knew all about it beforehand. He contradicts himself in his next sentence. “*We cried, ‘ Soldiers, behold the flag of honour ; follow it ! Forward, for God and France !’ But nothing, nothing, not a man stirred.*” The profane inference is that they were all muttering something like (let us say) “*Bother your banner !*” To Sonis the act was a direct appeal to Heaven, founded on the alleged promise of a blessing “*wherever the image of My Heart shall be exposed and honoured*” ; but as a *coup de théâtre*, to the rank and file it was probably unintelligible, while to their republican Colonel Thibouville the emblem was hostile and treasonable, and afforded him an excuse for demurring to following a commander who was “*drunk with fanaticism.*”

The General continued the charge at the head of his faithful few. His opponents have accused him of losing his head (as they might equally have done if he had hesitated or retreated), have compared his conduct to the dying effort of Roland at Roncesvalles, or of the Count of Alençon at Cressy, have qualified it as a "dream of chivalry," a "*crise psychologique*," fitter for a sub-lieutenant than for a general. He has given his own reply before the Commission of Inquiry held at Versailles in the course of the next year.

"After twenty-five years of service, I do know the difference between the functions of a sub-lieutenant and of a general. . . . I did not attempt, with a handful of men, to make a breach in a line of eighty guns, but I did attempt to produce a moral effect, capable of drawing a demoralised crowd back to duty. If we had been supported, we should have won the battle."

It should be added that both his General-in-Chief, d'Aurelle,¹ and his fellow General-of-Division Chanzy² speak with the highest esteem and gratitude of his timely support, which saved the guns and enabled the main body to retreat in good order. D'Aurelle afterwards upheld him at the Parliamentary Inquest, and obtained honourable mention for him in the official report. Captain Jacquemont,³ of the Papal Zouaves, who parallels the charge with that of the French at Inkermann, confirms the opinion that the General did his duty by setting an example, and that it was no fault of his if others failed in their duty of following it. He regrets that the untimely cutting short of the General's career has sent him down to posterity with the reputation merely of a *beau sabreur*, when everybody who had served under him could bear witness to his prudence, his far-sightedness, his attention to details. A similar position is taken by Captain Derély, who has thoroughly thrashed out the question and has cited all the opponents.⁴

So fierce was the onslaught of Sonis and his Zouaves that the Germans thought that it was supported by the main body, and for the moment recoiled. This emboldened a few of the French linesmen to follow. But the next minute so hot a fire broke out from the

¹ *La Première Armée de la Loire*, bk. v., p. 310, 1872.

² *La Deuxième Armée de la Loire*, bk. i., p. 76, 1871.

³ *La Campagne des Zouaves Pontificaux en France*, ch. v., p. 73; and viii., 109 (ed. iii., 1872).

⁴ *Le Général de Sonis et les Volontaires de l'Ouest*, § viii. pp. 40-50, and *Appendice*, p. 69-82, 1892. See also the letter of Sonis's archiepiscopal biographer, Monseigneur Baunard, reprinted in the *Vie illustrée* of the "Croix et l'Épée" series (ch. xii., p. 176), from the *Univers* of August 15, 1892.

acacia grove of Villours (henceforth renamed the Zouaves' Wood), that they again took flight and were seen no more.

"All hope of success was over. But what could we do? To retreat would have been to bring down the enemy upon us and add to the disorder. Each moment we could keep our ground was so much gained for the main body's retreat. It seemed good to me to die with the soldiers of the Pope. We uttered our last cry, 'Vive la France! Vive Pie IX.!' It was our act of faith."

"I never heard these cries," says the unsympathetic Colonel Thibouville. "If I had, I should have joined in the first, and drowned the second with 'Vive la République!'" Perhaps it was injudicious to raise a party-cry when unity was all-important—

As men wax hot in faction,
In battle they wax cold.

The enemy concentrated his fire upon the sacred banner, and the story of the havoc that ensued makes one glad that the office of standard-bearer has been abolished in latter-day warfare. Poor young Henri de Verthamon was the first to fall, shot through the spine, and his blood stained the white silk.¹ The banner swayed, but before it could touch the earth it was seized by the Count de Bouillé, a volunteer of mature age, who had come forward with his son, his son-in-law, and his servant, for the defence of the country. Shot down in his turn, he was succeeded by his son Jacques, and he by his brother-in-law, M. de Cazenove, who was able to carry it into the village before he fell with his arm shattered. Meanwhile a single volley brought down every one of the mounted officers. Charette, unhorsed, and touched in the leg, led the charge limping. The enemy, driven from the farm and thicket, was retreating towards the village, where the remains of the 37th still held out from the churchyard. The Zouaves pursued with the bayonet. Had they but been supported! laments one French survivor after another. But, alas! it was to the Prussians that support came—a whole reserve division, by the Prussians' own admission, to crush a handful!² The Zouaves retreated, fighting as they went. Two-thirds of their number fell, but each man had slain his six Prussians—so declared

¹ "I saw no blood," says Thibouville; but as he has in effect avowed that he was not in a position to see, it is hardly necessary to discuss the question. Whether the blood-stains are manifest to sight or not, they are matter of faith now; and when General de Charette carried the banner at the head of a procession round the church of Montmartre, to commemorate the close of the nineteenth century, the newspapers duly described it as "still stained with the blood of the patriots of Loigny."

² *Rélation du grand Etat-Major Prussienne*, quoted by Monseigneur Freppel in the funeral sermon.

the peasants who came next morning to bury the bodies. The 37th fell literally to a man, the last surviving officer having refused to obey the Prussian summons to cease fire. The "Martyrs' Banner," riddled with balls, had passed into the hands of the Zouave Le Parmentier, and from his to those of the sergeant Landeau, who conveyed it safely back to the farm of Villours. Here it was received reverently by Father Doussot, who detached it from its staff, and concealed it under his cassock. Darkness had come on, and the pursuit slackened. One of the last shots fired broke the arm of Colonel de Charette, who sat down in a ditch, the centre of a group of wounded, among them his younger brother. When his men tried to carry him off, "No, my friends," he said. "Why get yourselves killed for nothing? I am doing very well here. Save yourselves to fight for France again." Sonis took care that in every account and every picture of the battle of Loigny published in his lifetime, Charette, whether fighting or wounded, should be the principal figure, and not himself.

Meanwhile Captain de Luxer had found, after some search, the third division, with its general, Deflandre, and these were now making all speed towards the château of Villepion, where the Captain had left General de Sonis. On their way they had a brush with some Prussian infantry, but dispersed them by the aid of their cannon. Just after sunset "a frightful musket fire" was heard from Loigny, and continued for about an hour. Thereupon General Deflandre sent Captain de Luxer with Commandant Mourland, to get fresh orders from General de Sonis before advancing further. By the light of blazing villages, they arrived about six o'clock at the château.

Two Prussian corpses and one of a peasant blocked the doorway. Cannon, Zouaves, and everything had vanished. The courtyard was crowded with Mobiles and infantry pell-mell, the corridors with wounded. All seemed to have lost their wits, and could give us no notion where to find the General. The Commandant rode back to report our ill-success.¹

Captain de Luxer, after a few more fruitless inquiries, continued his way towards Loigny. At twenty-five paces from the thicket resounded a "Wer da?" followed by a volley. Having given notice of the neighbourhood of the enemy, he returned to Patay, where he arrived by half-past eight. Here he found assembled the greater part of the 17th Corps, but of Sonis's immediate followers none, except his staff officer, General de Bouillé, who was lying wounded in the notary's house. To him the Captain addressed his inquiry.

¹ Notes by Captain de Luxer, printed in Captain Derély's pamphlet.

"Sonis?" repeated General de Bouillé, who was in a gloomy frame of mind, having just had a large splinter of shell taken out of his back. "What can you expect? He *would* set off without waiting for the Third Division! The column is *abîmé*, and poor Sonis is left on the field. We have seen the last of him."

That night Sonis's half-sister, Josephine de Lestortière—in religion Mother Marie-Thérèse, mistress of the novices in the Carmelite convent at Coutances—was roused from sleep by the sensation of a cold hand grasping hers. Starting up, she asked who was there, then opened the door of her cell and called, concluding that one of the novices was taken ill. Receiving no answer, the idea occurred to her of a supernatural warning; and, kneeling by her pallet, she spent the rest of the night in prayer for all her kinsfolk at the front, but especially for her nephews; "for how could I suppose, my dear brother," she wrote afterwards, "but that the Sacred Heart would cover you as with a shot-proof buckler?" In the morning she told the Mother Prioress of her conviction that one of her family was in deadly peril.

General Chanzy's despatch of December 3 to the Tours Government reported that General de Sonis was wounded and missing; and the Tours Government, improving upon this, put forth its ministerial despatch to the public (copied in the *Times* of December 5):—

Dec. 3.—There were several engagements without any marked result on either side. In one of these General Soins [*sic* in *Times*], carried away by his impetuosity, was wounded and made a prisoner.

5.45. General de Soins commanded the French army. It is reported that heavy fighting occurred yesterday, in which the Pontifical Zouaves suffered severely.

An almost identical account will be found in Freycinet's "*Guerre de Province*."

The advanced guard of the 17th corps, coming from Patay, came into collision with the enemy towards 4 P.M. A sanguinary mêlée ensued, and at night-fall the brave General de Sonis, who had pushed forward too impetuously, fell severely wounded and was made prisoner. This painful episode had an unfavourable effect upon the 17th corps, a considerable part of which had not been engaged. An eye-witness, Colonel Thibouville, whose regiment sustained the principal effort of the enemy, affirms that on this point there were on our side very few men in line.

Sonis succeeded in getting some of these expressions modified in the 6th edition; but unluckily it is the first and second editions which are to be found in public libraries, both French and English.

When the despatch of December 3 appeared, Madame de Sonis telegraphed at once to Tours for information, and received in reply

the three words, "Wounded and prisoner." Confident in her husband's solemn assurance that he "could not surrender," she set out at once for Tours, thence to Poitiers, back to Tours again, then to Blois, "accomplishing a painful Odyssey of seventeen days," receiving contradictory reports, passing by smoking ruins, and over snow-clad plains where the air was black with crows, each of which seemed to her "to have its beak in her heart." But through it all, the brave lady held to her conviction that her husband could not have given himself up to the Prussians. If he was alive, it would be in France that she would find him. Her instinct told her true.

The shot which, about sunset on the day of Loigny, brought down General de Sonis's horse also shattered the rider's left knee and thigh-bone. "Help me down, my friend," he said to his orderly, Captain Bruyère; "it is over for to-day." The Captain, with the aid of Lieutenant de Harscouët, of the Zouaves, disengaged him from his wounded horse, and laid him on the ground. The two officers would have remained by him, but he, not willing to let them run the risk of being uselessly killed or captured, ordered them to go at once to hand over his command to the senior officer, and thus provide for the safe retreat of the guns. "Afterwards," he added, "you will give my farewells to my family." Reluctantly they obeyed, delaying only to cut the girths of the dying horse, and to lay the saddle as a pillow for the fallen rider's head. And then they remounted, and rode off.

For me, I had the consolation of hearing all my cannon ro'l away behind me in good order; and I am happy to state that the 17th Corps has not lost a single gun all the time that I had the honour to command it. I remained on the field.

So far, our extracts have been mainly from the General's report to the Parliamentary commission in 1871. But there exists a sequel which, during the writer's lifetime, was jealously guarded for the eyes of his family and intimates alone. Since 1890 it has lain open to all the world; perhaps the most vivid, the most detailed picture of a stricken field, in all the repertory of military reminiscences—one which would surely have been seized upon before now by our compilers of war narratives, but that it is pervaded with a religion which no amount of watering down will make Protestant. Abridgment and paraphrase alike injure its simplicity; and the inquirer will do well to look up the General's own account, either in the original, preserved in Archbishop Baunard's Biography, or at least in the English translation by Lady Herbert; it is worth reading.

The first attempt of the wounded man to turn his head and take his bearings showed him a splendid winter's moon shedding a light

as bright as day over a glistening plain, strewn as far as eye could see with dead and wounded. Four paces in front of him, a wounded Zouave officer half sat up, leaning on his elbow. Before Sonis had time to observe more, came the tramp of feet ; it was the Bavarian army passing over the bodies of the fallen. "And even at that moment," Sonis averred, in the first letter he dictated home, "I could not help admiring its discipline, and its good order." But as they passed, he saw men here and there stoop, and take from the dead and wounded any weapons worth the carrying off. One of these soldiers made a dash at him, and turning him over roughly, unbuckled his belt and took his sword and pistol. Worse yet, he declares that he saw a Bavarian first turn over with his foot, and then deliberately knock on the head with two successive blows, the wounded officer beside him. The body was recognised next morning ; it was the Commandant de Troussures, murdered—for his wound, which was in the leg, need not have been mortal.

My turn would come next. I commended my soul to Heaven.

Another company passed over him, as he was left lying in a heap ; and then yet another, and of this, the last man again paused and stooped over him. Sonis, helpless, awaited the death-blow.

But this was a good Samaritan. He pressed my hand, and, with an accent of inexpressible compassion, called me "*Camarade !*"—perhaps the only French word he knew.¹ Then he bent over me with a flask, and poured some drops of brandy into my mouth. I had been fasting for four-and-twenty hours.

Clerical editors have expended much ingenuity to prove that this succourer could not possibly have been a Lutheran.

The Archbishop adds that the generous foe tenderly raised the wounded Frenchman, and replaced his head on the saddle, wrapping round him again the cloak which had been dragged away from him. Sonis, for want of a common language in which to reply, expressed his thanks by pointing heavenward.

As if to mock those who were starving with cold, the horizon became an ever-deepening ring of flame, from blazing farms and villages. Loigny clock-steeple alone stood erect, and enabled the sufferers to count the hours. Groups of Prussians loomed black against the fiery background, and the sound of their voices and laughter was borne on the breeze. Between seven and eight o'clock there appeared a party of German doctors and ambulanciers, with great red lanterns, searching, by preference, for their own wounded.

¹ Or, as commentators have suggested, one of the few words common to both languages.

The French general, with perhaps undue pride, lay low, still firm in his resolve not to surrender.

Another hour passed ; the shattered limb was swollen and nearly bursting the trouser-seams, while the brandy, though perhaps beneficial in the end, had the immediate effect of creating a burning thirst and making the wound smart. French accents sounded in the distance, and Sonis roused himself to reply with "Au secours !" But his voice was weak, and the wind was against him. He tried to drag himself in the direction of the friendly voices, but found it impossible. Such of the men as were able to sit up, declared that they saw, afar off, a French priest passing over the field, and gazing into one dead face after another, while the shivering *moblot* who lighted him was evidently, by his gestures, protesting that it was wasted labour ; there were none left alive, the Prussians had taken them. And the expectant ones saw the friendly light die away in the distance. "All became silence, save for the voices of the dying, calling in vain for help. Never shall I forget those heart-rending cries, 'Doctor ! doctor ! ambulance !' "

What follows is given, as nearly as possible, in Gaston de Sonis's own words, and will explain why he prefaced his autobiographical recollections with a solemn appeal to God, the Blessed Virgin, and his patron saints to guide his pen. The reader must judge for himself under what heading to place the narrative. A triumph of faith, "as seeing the invisible" ? A hallucination of fever ? Or a veritable opening of the heavens, in the middle of the nineteenth century ?

Then I gave up all hope of rescue, and resigned myself to my fate. I commended my spirit into God's hands, and invoked the prayers of "Mary conceived without sin." I thought how my wife and children would mourn for me, and for the moment was heart-broken ; but I was roused from my depression by the contemplation of the image of Our Lady of Lourdes.

I had in my mind the image of the white Virgin of the Grotto. My recent pilgrimage was still fresh in my memory ; and since then, it was always in the likeness of that statue that I pictured the Holy Virgin.¹ I can say that that sweet image was constantly present to me during the long hours that, stretched on the blood-stained soil, I awaited death. Thanks to Our Lady, those hours, though long, were not comfortless. I felt no more pain, or if I did, I have forgotten it. My soul was not where my body was. I had communicated that

¹ "Avant la guerre, j'avais fait un pèlerinage à la grotte miraculeuse, et j'en avais rapporté les plus vives et les plus salutaires impressions. *Depuis ce moment je ne voyais la sainte Vierge que sous l'aspect de la statue de Lourdes.*" The advocates of a literal apparition are apt to omit preliminaries, and to begin the sentence, "Je voyais la sainte Vierge sous l'aspect de Notre-Dame de Lourdes," so as to give the impression of a literal seeing at the moment. Taken with the context, the words seem rather to indicate an habitual mental picturing.

morning, and I felt that God had not departed from me. That night, so long and so dark, I passed in perfect peace, committing my soul to its Creator, and offering my life as a sacrifice for my unhappy country.

About eleven, heavy snow began to fall, and the cries became fainter and fewer. Two young Zouaves dragged themselves along the ground towards the General, and implored him to speak to them of heavenly things. He knew them as "worthy sons of the people," Auger, late serving-man to the Bishop of Saint-Brieuc, and Delaporte, a Paris shoemaker's assistant.

I spoke to them of death with that confidence sprung of a firm faith in a life to come. We were all together on the threshold of those hopes which form the prize of the lifelong combat, a threshold, I said to them, on which the Church has placed Mary, to inspire confidence in those about to cross it.¹

The immediate effect of the discourse was that they found they were not so bad as they had thought, and, indeed, that they might possibly make their way to the ambulance and send help to the General. Accordingly they set out, each helping the other; but, as Sonis afterwards learned, were captured before they could reach their ambulance.

The snow continued to fall. I was losing much blood, but still without pain. My leg (so I was afterwards told) was in twenty-five bits. I lay with closed eyes, praying to God as well as I could, and still representing to myself Our Lady of Lourdes; and I ceased not to feel a calm, an inward bliss unspeakable. Not till men took me in hand, did I begin again to suffer.

While thus abstracted from outward things, he became aware of a head pillowed on his shoulder, and found that a third young Zouave had crept up to him in the universal craving for warmth, and had died there, crouching against him. "I had not noticed his coming. At daybreak, I was surprised to see, so near, one who was not there in the evening." It was Fernand de Ferron, who had knelt beside him at the Communion Table on the morning of the battle.

¹ It may be well to explain to the Protestant reader that the function of the Virgin, in popular Roman theology, is not only to pray for the dying, but also to stand by the bedside, as once by the Cross, and to bear the soul heavenward. The sentiment here expressed is not to be taken as an appeal to a *Salvatrix*, but rather as equivalent to that of the undoubtedly Protestant and indeed originally Unitarian hymn, "Angels to beckon me . . . Nearer to Thee." Compare Faber's hymn:—

Blest is the death that good men die,

 Trusting to God its destiny,
 And leaning for its hour on Mary.

Dawn appeared, and with it, two Prussian officers¹ in large cloaks, prowling over the field. "They did not touch me," continues the General, "seeing my eyes open" (or, as later panegyrists have suggested, perhaps they "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel"). But they rifled the body of Fernand, taking his arms, cloak, and money. With seven o'clock came sunrise, and with it, the renewed agony of hearing friendly voices and being unable to make himself heard. Three more hours' waiting, and at last, about ten o'clock, French voices, nearer than ever they had been before. He again called "Help," and waved his arm. The next minute a chaplain of Mobiles, whom he knew, and a military surgeon, were bending over him.

"M. l'Abbé," was the sufferer's first exclamation, "you are just in time ; I am nearly done for."

And as the Abbé expressed his hopes that it was not so bad as that, the wounded man replied feebly, "My leg is smashed. I have been here helpless since yesterday. What a cold night it has been ! I tried to offer my sufferings for the relief of our poor country."

Meanwhile the Abbé's companion, Surgeon-Major Babeau, had caught a stray horse, and was suggesting the possibility of obtaining a cart from the farm of Villours. The Prussians were in occupation there, but it might be hoped that they would not turn a deaf ear to the call of humanity. Their response, however, according to Archbishop Baunard in his first edition of 1890, was far from satisfactory ; they consented indeed to give a cart, but made difficulties about the harness, and though at last when the French surgeon-major was wringing his hands and calling for a ladder, a shutter, anything, the Prussian ambulance grudgingly lent a stretcher, it was but for a quarter of an hour, timed to the minute (*montre en main*). But in his last edition, that of 1899, the Archbishop has modified his statement, by the aid of M. Art Roë, who made a pilgrimage to the spot in 1894, and interviewed the Curé. In this later version, the Prussians at Villours having proved ungracious, and all the French ambulances having gone off, the Curé applied to the Prussian ambulance at the far end of Loigny. And when the doctor in charge heard the word "General," he became quite civil, and at once sent one of his men with the very best stretcher, velvet-covered and gold-fringed. However, all this had been more than an hour's business, a time of misery to Sonis, who at the first movement, was seized with an alarming recurrence of bleeding, and an increase of thirst. Some

¹ Sonis distinctly describes them as "officers" in his letter to M. de Ferron père.

one, with a hasty "By your leave," snatched a saucepan from the hand of a passing Bavarian, and poured its remaining contents, whether dregs of soup or of dish-water, between the sufferer's lips. At every jolt during the transit, the bearers heard the ejaculation, "My Lord, you have suffered more than I!"

The village of Loigny, when the ambulance-party entered it, was in a frightful state, the walls riddled with balls, blackened with fire, and heaped with dead in every attitude, lying, kneeling, or almost standing, propped up in corners. Overloaded carts shed corpses at every jolt, priests ran about absolving the dying, slightly-wounded men bent over the bodies to recognise friends; and before the church-door, a heap of amputated limbs, stiffened with frost, "gave one the shudders." An officer, with his arm in a sling, and using a tent-pole as a crutch, paused at the entrance, and cried in ghastly mirth, "Bones sawn here! Arms and legs lopped!" And as everybody said, "That can only be Charette!" and turned round to look at the celebrated defender of the Papacy, Sonis, from his stretcher, feebly uttered his name. And thus met again the two leaders of the charge at Loigny.

The parish priest, M. Theuré—who still lives to tell the tale—had darted in and out during the hottest fire, carrying the wounded within the church portal; had twice, under fire, climbed the tower to nail up the Red-Cross flag, had dived under horses' bodies, and had seized the bridle of a Prussian horseman who was just about to put a light to a farm which sheltered three hundred wounded. He has recorded the impression made on him by "that good General," death-pale, stiff and benumbed in every limb, his hair and clothes hoary with frost and snow. When they cut off his boots and clothes, they found that, besides the shattered left thigh, the right foot was frozen, and that, moreover, he had a tearing cough and symptoms of incipient pleurisy. Still he was his old self enough to insist that two men who had been brought in with him should be attended to first, and that he should stay by them, to encourage them during the painful process of dressing. Then he was removed to a well-warmed bed in the Curé's chamber, where he found a good fire, and for companions, Colonel de Charette and his brother, Captain de Ferron, elder brother of poor Fernand, and the dying Verthamon. The nearest village doctor was called in, and unluckily, in the vain hope of saving the limb, he went through the process of setting it, with sides of packing-cases bound with wisps of straw—a needless torment, as was recognised by the military surgeon Dujardin-Beaumetz, who came over from his ambulance on the morrow. When the patient

was laid before him—wasted, as the doctor declared, to the semblance of an anatomical study in muscles—the first glance convinced him that the right foot might possibly be saved, by timely excision of gangrene; but as for the left—here doctor and priest paused and looked at each other. How could they declare his fate to the most active man in the army?

The priest felt tears start to his eyes, as the sufferer first looked upwards and in a voice broken by coughing, uttered an Act of Thanksgiving for being made a partaker in the Passion. Then, himself speaking the word that they dared not say to him, he gave his consent in terms which have been cited over and over again as the triumph of Christian patriotism—"Cut my leg off, since God wills it; but, if possible, leave enough for me again to sit a horse and serve my country."

Panegyrists, in their zeal to extol their hero's courage, have sometimes slurred the fact that the actual amputation was performed under chloroform—during the influence of which, it is recorded that, characteristically, he repeated prayers and gave orders. Then they prepared him gently to hear what had taken place while he was unconscious: "General, you are resigned to the sacrifice?" "Yes—but to be disabled for service!—and my poor wife and children!" "General, you will feel better when it is over." "When will it begin?" "It is done." "Already! thanks to you?" And Sonis requested the Curé to join in thanksgiving with him, and to say a mass for the "intention" of his unknown "camarade," to whom perhaps, under Heaven, he owed his preservation.

The amputation had been painless, but there was still to come the treatment for gangrene—his description need not be repeated, being nearly word for word that in the better-known *Memoirs of Marbot*—and then "six weeks of maddening pain, with never a wink of sleep all the time" (this can only be as it seemed to him), "and with a head that every tick of the clock went through." This is his account, but the testimony of Charette, who, being comparatively able-bodied, installed himself as watcher by his friend's bedside, is that the only token by which the beholder could estimate the severity of the suffering was the intensity of the gaze fixed upon the crucifix. Not a man came in contact with him but underwent a life-long influence, and a conviction that such endurance, such self-forgetfulness, must spring from a source superhuman. Speaking in 1892, at a banquet of the survivors, General de Charette said to them:—

Let me tell you a little story which has touched me more than anything else. There were sixteen of you with us in our room at the priest's house, and we were

all smoking away as hard as we could. Gradually you were discharged or drafted off, and I was left alone with him. He was in great pain, and he asked me to sit by him and read to him from the "Imitation." I had just lighted my pipe and settled myself, when he said, "I am not fond of smoke when I am at my best, and now I find it killing." Surprised, I answered with something of an expletive, "Why on earth did you never say so before?" "My friend," he replied, "we were not then alone."

Previous to this was the visit, on December 8, of the Abbé Fagois, the priest who, to his great grief when he knew it, had just missed picking up the General and his fellow-wounded on the night of the battle. The day had been a sad one, having witnessed the death of poor Henri de Verthamon, in piteous case, having received a second bullet below the belt when the first would have been enough, and who, with the photographs of wife, mother, and children, spread before him, found it hard to attain to Christian resignation. Everybody seized on the Abbé for news of the outer world, but what had he to tell them? The evacuation of Orleans, the dismissal of General d'Aurelle, and the retreat of the amalgamated 16th and 17th corps towards Blois.

General de Sonis inquired eagerly about the course of the war [wrote the Abbé afterwards], and was much more distressed about public affairs, and about the cruel suspense of his wife, than about his own sad condition. He reproached himself with having led so many brave men to their death; "but," he repeated again, "I hoped to set an example. If we had been supported, the day would have been ours."

At his request, I confessed and communicated him, and said Mass in the adjoining room.

"I have asked, General," I said, "for your recovery, and have promised to go to Lourdes if I obtain it."

"And I have asked a grace which I feel is already being granted to me—the power to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

I could not reply for a moment. The General continued, taking up my last words:—

"Our Lady of Lourdes! Yes, it will be right to go there. If you knew how Our Lady has helped me! Never mind your having left me. A few snow-flakes fell on me, but I did not suffer much: perhaps it would not have been so well for me to be moved earlier."

In reply to my questions, he related the whole story of the compassionate Prussian, the suffering which he thought was unto death, and the instant relief on commending his soul and invoking the Virgin of Lourdes.

Though he did not say it, I feel sure that he was inwardly convinced of having received a supernatural assistance.

Then the Abbé proposed to write the sad tidings to Mme. de Sonis, for which the General thanked him warmly, and himself dictated a few lines, assuring her of his own celestial calm, save for the thought of his country's woes. "Ah! if my wife knew where

I was," he added, "she would be here, if she had to come in a balloon !"

As we know, she had anticipated his expectations, and had already set out. Bishop Pie, of Poitiers, had at last put her on the right track, and had sent her off in a country cart with a nursing Sister and a doctor. She arrived on December 23, hardly daring to ask if her husband was living. "Poor child," he exclaimed on seeing her, "why are you here?" But it was time she should come, to replace Colonel de Charette, who, impatient of inaction, had contrived, with half-healed wounds, to slip away, and, in bourgeois attire, to pass the Prussian lines and rejoin his regiment. Now she installed herself day and night by her husband's side, reading to him, when his head could bear it, from the Gospels or the "Imitation," sharing with him in the Christmas joy which, he declared, ought to overpower all earthly sufferings, and replying to the numerous letters of condolence and inquiry which poured in—from the Bishop of Poitiers, from fellow-officers, and, honour beyond the wildest dreams, from his own King, "Henry" *tout court*, congratulating him on his services to the realm, and inviting him, when sufficiently recovered, "to come and visit me, as I cannot yet come to you."

By the end of January 1871, the General was able to accept, with his wife, an invitation to finish his cure at the Marquis of Gouvion-St.-Cyr's château. In March the couple set out, by easy stages, towards Castres, crossing Paris the day before the proclamation of the Commune—he might have been arrested as a hostage, so his friends said afterwards, shuddering. Perhaps it would have been better so; he would have rejoiced to die by the side of an Archbishop, and it would have been a speedier and more brilliant martyrdom than that which was in store for him. At Poitiers he was greeted by his Carmelite sister, and his second daughter, a convent pupil; and at Limoges his reception was enthusiastic. Not only acquaintances of the old garrison days, but the families of workmen befriended by him thronged the entrance to the railway station, and doffed hats to his stretcher. An old woman exclaimed, in ancient *langue d'oc*, "Eh ! I know him, the pious officer of the Cathedral !" and was with difficulty restrained from embracing him, while a workman cried, with an expletive which the editor omits, "En voilà un brave !" He was received in the house of his old schoolfellow and constant correspondent, M. de la Chapelle, and was visited by priests and laity, all eager to hear his experiences, and his views on present affairs—very gloomy ones.

"The time of the Terror has returned, and the Divine

chastenings have not brought us to repentance. . . . There was sap in the old tree in '93 ; there is none now. . . . Never could I have put my signature to the treaty surrendering Alsace and Lorraine ! Ask our chaplains what soldiers those provinces have given us ! . . . You say that we yield them but for a time, while we gather strength for the re-conquest. Then am I to understand that the nation has signed a falsehood ? ”

In private life there was the consolation of meeting again at Castres his eldest daughter and his young children, and of hearing, for the first time since Saarbrück, of his three soldier-sons, and hearing good news of all. The eldest, Gaston, had been taken prisoner, had made his escape, and had been twice mentioned honourably for his part in the defence of a frontier-fortress ; the second, Henri, had passed into Switzerland with Bourbaki's army ; the third, Albert, had been wounded, and, at the age of sixteen, was decorated and promoted to *maréchal de logis*. This was some comfort for being “still a bundle to be carried about,” and for having to write, even as late as May 6, “I think I could begin with a wooden leg if my frozen foot would get well. But,” he adds, “I have been on horseback again, and I do not despair of appearing on a future battlefield.” Even before this he had written to the father of his young Zouave *protégé*—who, one is glad to find, had escaped unhurt—“Thy Pierre may yet be my orderly, if he can forgive me for having shown him such hot work on his first day.”

Meanwhile, the remains of the Zouaves, quartered at Rennes, and in daily expectation of receiving an order for their disbandment, were pressing for the promised ceremony of their consecration to the Sacred Heart. A day was appointed, Whit-Sunday, May 28, for the service in the Grand Seminary Chapel at Rennes, under the shadow of the Loigny banner, “the standard which had worn out so many standard-bearers”—everybody repeats this, and seems to think this is to its credit. As Sonis could not attempt the journey, General de Charette (promoted from Colonel since January) requested him to compose a prayer to be read on the occasion, and thus be present with them in spirit. He demurred at first, and his biographers fall into raptures over his marvellous humility, which shrank from the least approach to display. Probably his motive here, and in similar instances through life, was one equally creditable to him, great caution not to draw the attention of a sceptical world to the “manifestation” of the battlefield, upon which perhaps he had been less reticent at the time than he would have been if he had expected to survive it.

However, for this once he yielded to the pressure of the priests concerned in the ceremony. At the Whit-Sunday Mass, the chaplain-general, Monseigneur Daniel, read to the congregation of 1,500 Zouaves the words of "your leader in the fight, who now leads you to the Heart of Christ," and (a thing probably unparalleled) the words of a layman "ascended straight from the altar of Holy Church, with no intermediary save the Supreme Priest and Victim."

The prayer (of which an English version is given in the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" for March 1892) is like most amateur compositions of its class; that is, it is such as is sometimes irreverently styled, "an address to the Speaker." One feels that the writer, while nominally invoking Heaven, has one eye on the congregation, who are to be imbued with correct views on the Zouave campaign, prefixed and authorised with a *Vous savez, Seigneur*. But towards the end it rises into the region of genuine prayer; and, at any rate, the objects prayed for are unexceptionable.

Our brethren have been called away, because they were ripe for heaven. But we remain, and know not what lies before us. May the lives preserved be devoted to Your service. As we bear on our breasts the image of Your Heart, be our hearts its truer image. Make us obedient to our superiors, charitable to our neighbour, pure in soul and body, bold in fight, and compassionate to the wounded. In peril and pain, be Your divine Heart our refuge, and be our last sigh an act of hope in Your infinite mercy.

And you, O divine Mary, remember that women have mourned for us, and that on the field our bodies were known by your scapular. Pray that we may remain united with you and all Saints in the Heart of Christ for life, death, and eternity. So be it.

General de Charette and his Zouaves responded in chorus with the motto of the banner, "*Cœur de Jésus, sauvez la France!*"

This was the germ of the movement which was to result, first in the National Vow and the founding of the church of Montmartre, and then gradually in the consecration of one country after another, of the whole Roman Catholic world (June 1899), and, even while these pages were writing, of the new century, to the Sacred Heart.

While this was going on at Rennes, General de Sonis, at home with his wife's parents at Castres, had at last been set up with a wooden leg, which, as his portraits show, was of the most unmitigated Greenwich pensioner type; for his scrupulous veracity shrank from anything which looked like a real leg. His first use of his restored powers was to accomplish, with his wife and some chosen friends, the shorter pilgrimage from Castres to Lourdes. Madame de Sonis

repeated a *Magnificat* at the Grotto, while he, after confession and Communion, laid his newly-granted commander's cross on the altar, to receive the Virgin's blessing. He also presented, to be hung up as *ex-voto*, the crutches which had aided his first steps. He stood all that day holding on to a chair-back, rapt in contemplation of the Madonna-image. So striking was his devotion that a peasant, a stranger to him, ventured towards him, and, in tears, requested his prayers for his sick wife. Lourdes was in fête at the time, having just witnessed a cure which, from the description, must evidently be that of the original of Zola's Marie—and this, the biographer comments, might well inspire the maimed soldier with confidence for his own future. He had at once a foretaste of celestial favour to the extent that, on returning, he found a marked improvement in the condition of his little François, aged four, who had brought home a touch of African fever.

On his return he further learned, to his amazement, that, all unwitting, he had been put up as Royalist candidate for the department of the Tarn, and had already obtained over eleven thousand votes. The promoters had indeed tried to notify their intentions to him, but they had sent the message to Loigny after the General had quitted it, and, moreover, had sent it by the hands of two Prussians of the Army of Occupation. The good curé had jumped to the conclusion that these Prussians must have come to carry the General off to a dungeon, and therefore he would not direct them on to the Marquis's château, where Sonis was at that time to be found.

Finding his friends thus zealous to thrust greatness upon him, Sonis accepted as a duty the rôle of candidate, on condition that he was to do no electioneering whatever, beyond sending a statement of his political creed to the local journal. This he did, in terms really very moderate and reasonable. He even promises to support liberty of cult and of instruction, and cites the words of the Ostrogoth Theodoric, "God accepts none but free-will homage."¹

How can I, a Christian by conviction, lend my aid to any form of tyranny over my brethren? I desire Monarchy, but by constitutional means, not by violence or *coup d'État*. . . . France has made three trials of a Republic, and they have not been happy ones. . . . We ask for no aristocratic privileges save that of being the first to shed our blood for our country.

"Far too honest and straightforward," was the comment of his friends. He doubled his number of votes, and that was con-

¹ See Montalembert, *Moines de l'Occident*, tome II., ch. V., which is later on mentioned by Sonis as his favourite passage of a favourite author.

sidered wonderful. He himself was much relieved to be quit of the business. "I never did succeed," he wrote, "in anything that concerned me personally. And the Huguenot pastors have preached a veritable crusade against me, as an old-world tyrant bent upon restoring the *dîme* and the *corvée*. It would be ridiculous if it were not so sad!" Still he was so inspirited that he announced he should "scrape together some sous, and go over to Belgium to see the King—not the King of the Belgians." Perhaps his motive was partly a desire to escape the spectacle that we English rushed over to see, of a country in occupation by a foreign army, and a capital blackened with the smoke of civil strife, while chloride of lime at every street-corner told its tale of corpses thrust out of sight, and the cathedral displayed its Archbishop's purple robe all red with his fresh heart's blood.

Sonis set out for Antwerp in July, accompanied by two priests and a devout lay friend, and passed through Paris without straying by more than three holy crosses—Notre Dame des Victoires first, of course; then the chapel with St. Vincent de Paul's relics; then that with the tomb of the martyrs of the Commune—besides a visit to the office of the *Univers*, and a long talk with the editor upon Church affairs. After a three days' stay at Antwerp, the General returned exultant. The meeting had been such as only a king's grace could have devised. For once Sonis was surpassed in early rising. On the morning after his arrival, came a knock at his door, to which he replied from within that he was not yet visible—being in fact engaged in fixing on his wooden leg, a delicate business, and one in which he hated to have to receive assistance. But when he came out, treading his way cautiously down the hotel staircase, he felt an arm outstretched to support him; and while he thanked, as he supposed, the courtesy of a stranger, the words struck on his ear: "Dear General, permit 'Henri le Boiteux' to offer you his arm." He knew the nickname of the Count of Chambord, due to a riding accident in 1840; and as his first impulse was to reject the honour, the gracious sovereign continued, smiling, "I had come to look for you—Nay, my leg, poor as it is, is still better than yours." Arm in arm, they crossed the Place, entered the Cathedral for Mass and Communion together before the Rubens altar-piece. Macaulay's picture was realised of "the veteran Cavalier, compensated in one moment for wounds and sequestrations by his sovereign's kindly nod and 'God bless you, my old friend.'"

When Sonis returned to Paris, the ordeal was at hand to which every general looked forward with apprehension—the Parliamentary

inquiry into the conduct of the war. Sonis was cited to appear before the commission at Versailles on August 10; and his biographers delight to repeat how the whole commission came down the grand staircase to receive him, and the Count Daru, the President for the day, and another member, each gave him an arm to ascend. All vied—to judge by the popular pictures—in offering embraces, *poignées de main*, and off-capping to him. In commendably simple and straightforward terms, he gave his account of his proceedings from his first appeal for employment to his falling on the field of battle. “I am not here to accuse anybody,” he wound up. And, as Archbishop Baudard writes exultantly, he did accuse nobody by name—it is not through him that we learn who commanded the unfortunate 51st. Yet “he accused almost everybody,” says the hostile *sous-officier*, in his second pamphlet, “Deflandre et Sonis”¹—and this is also true, in the sense that Sonis reveals a frightful state of incompetence and mismanagement. But it is uncontested that General d’Aurelle declared that his colleague’s command had been, from first to last, “un acte de dévouement”; and that M. Thiers responded to Sonis’s repeated solicitations for re-employment, by bestowing upon him, in October, the command of the 16th Division, quartered at Rennes. Sonis, exultant, blessed his “lucky” wound, which had not disabled him, and diligently practised wooden-legged riding, with the result, at first, of a destruction of wooden legs rivalling that of the celebrated cat’s-meat man in *Pickwick*. Once, too, it befell him to be run away with for some miles, with the broken end of the leg beating against the horse’s hocks.²

¹ General Deflandre, it may be remembered, commanded the Third Division, which did not come up in time to support the charge of the Papal Zouaves. He had since died of lockjaw, from a wound received on December 8, and his partisans urge that his sufferings were unduly eclipsed by the more brilliant glory of his rival.

² Perhaps this is the place to notice what is obviously a legend, and, curiously enough, seems to be of English origin. In the obituary notice of the General in the *Daily Telegraph* “Paris Day by Day” column (August 19, 1887), the correspondent gives as an instance of the “Franco-German veteran’s heroic courage and energy” that, after amputation, having found riding impracticable, he applied to specialists, who all agreed that the difficulty might be removed by re-amputation higher up, “but they were equally unanimous in dissuading him from risking the experiment.” The General, however, insisted on undergoing it, “and he had his wish. He was able to take part in the fighting till the end of the war.” As this last circumstance is certainly inaccurate—the war was over long before he had recovered from his first wound—it is probable that the whole story is a myth, founded partly upon the various surgical treatments which lengthened out the veteran’s after-career, partly upon a like incident in the story of St. Ignatius Loyola.

One of the last incidents of the year 1871 was a grand religious function at Loigny, in honour of the battle, a practice which has been kept up ever since. (In 1887 it also commemorated the funeral of the General, and again, in 1891, the planting of the cross to mark where he fell.) Sonis was called upon to supply notes for the preacher, Bishop Pie of Poitiers, a welcome task, which gave him opportunity to put in a word for all those who had supported and succoured him—for Charette and “the soldiers of the Pope,” for the Algerian and Tours free-shooters, whose part in the Zouave charge was apt to be ignored, “It would please me much if one of your Grace’s well-turned phrases could cross the seas and tell our colonial brethren that their blood is not forgotten.” A word, too, he asked for the hospitable Curé of Loigny, for the skilful and humane Dr. Beaumetz, for the Marquise of Gouvion-St.-Cyr, directress of the ambulance. “A true ‘valiant woman,’ worthy of the old *régime*.” One name alone, he stipulated was not to be uttered. “Your Grace will surely appreciate my motive for remaining in the shade. I have not sown to reap here below.” And much more he added, to the effect that it was unwise for Catholics to appear to the world in the light of a mutual admiration society. So far did he carry his self-effacement as to refuse to lend to the ceremony the attraction of his presence. The regret he expressed was doubtless very genuine; “he would have liked to revisit the church where his wife had wept and prayed for him.” (And in future years we find that he missed no opportunity of making a quiet pilgrimage there.) But all the same, “he alleged I-know-not-what meeting of the Committee of Cavalry,” writes Captain Derély, divining the pretext.

So the congregation was disappointed of beholding its hero, but the Bishop’s sermon, in great part word for word from Sonis, was an admitted success, and the final allusion was admired on all sides for its discretion and delicacy :—

And now, my brethren, what shall I say of those who, under a bleak sky, have suffered a long agony? Or those who, in full vigour of mind, have seen death approach with slow steps, who have looked for help and the help came not?

My brethren, he that is patient¹ is greater than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. . . . Courage can be shown under the steel which saves, as under the steel which slays.

Our country, herself cruelly maimed, will not forget her glorious maimed ones. Her annals record the fame of those captains of old who led armies to victory after they had left half their limbs on the field. It was to one of these that the great King Henry wrote after Arcques :—“Though the foot is gone, the eye is as good as ever. Of servants such as you I value even the shreds !”

¹ Douay version.

Meanwhile General de Sonis, at Paris, was keeping the anniversary with equal devotion in private. That his doing so has been made public is due to a circumstance which he could not possibly have foreseen.

In 1887, the year of the General's death, scarlet fever broke out at St. Mary's Roman Catholic College of Canterbury, and caused a premature dispersion of the pupils. One of the masters there was the Jesuit Father Du Lac, a man who has lately achieved some notoriety as the author of a book in defence of his Order,¹ and as the alleged source of the secret influence in the Dreyfus case.² This Father employed his leisure in writing a series, afterwards published, of letters to the absent pupils upon the topics of the day, such as the first Jubilee, the Portsmouth Review, the Indian-Colonial Institute, with appropriate dissertations upon the fall of the Stuarts, the Catholic Emancipation Bill, Admiral Courbet and French naval prowess. And among these, the news of the death of General de Sonis recalled to him a reminiscence of 1871, when he was master at the Jesuit College of the Rue des Postes in Paris, having lately been transferred there from Le Mans, where his college had harboured the Zouaves :—

One winter's evening I was seated at the bureau which had belonged to Father Ducoudray, martyr of the Commune,³ when I was puzzled by an unwonted stumping upon the brick staircase. It was General de Sonis ; this was my first meeting with him.

"Father," he said, "I come to request permission to pass the night before the Host in your chapel." As my face showed surprise, he added, laughing, "Oh, you must not think too much of me. I am merely acquitting a debt. This night last year I spent stretched on the snow between life and death, and much nearer one than the other. God saved me, and I owe a night in return. I was prevented from going to Loigny, and I have made choice of you because you befriended the Zouaves and their holy banner—and because the martyrs have lived here," he added, glancing at the portrait of Father Ducoudray over the chimney-piece.

Father Du Lac remembered that there had been something about a banner, and the General was readily induced to sit down and tell the whole story. He had got about half-way through, when the bell rang for vespers. The General asked leave to assist, and the Father willingly led him to the chapel. The choir, formed of picked voices from the St. Cyr, Polytechnic, and Naval Colleges, was, and is, a speciality ; and what with memories of the past, with

¹ *Les Jésuites*, Plon Nourrit, reviewed in *Church Times* of January 1901.

² F. Conybeare in *National Review* for October 1899.

³ Shot together with the Archbishop of Paris.

bodings for the future of young France, the General "wept hot tears."¹ "It is beautiful," he said on leaving; "it reminds me of the Zouaves. I will just finish the story, and then you will bring me back here." He went on to tell how he saw the wounded Commandant knocked on the head, how he vowed, if he was spared, to keep vigil on the anniversary every year of his life, how the next Prussian succoured him—and here, as if aware that he was approaching sacred ground, he broke off abruptly with, "But it is nine o'clock, and I am not at my post."²

He refused all offers of supper, as of breakfast when we opened the church next morning. He received the Communion at the first Mass, and went straight off to his committee.

"Fatigued!" said he in reply to our inquiries. "After one night on guard!"

Surely, when the question of canonisation comes seriously to the fore, it will be claimed for Gaston de Sonis that, like some of the hermits of old, he was sustained entirely upon vigils and sacramental wafers.

E. PERRONET THOMPSON.

(To be concluded.)

¹ This is modified in the English translation into "the tears came into his eyes."

² In Father Du Lac's version the compassionate soldier points out the wounded General to the Prussian ambulance party, who thereupon place him in one of their carts. Since this is entirely contrary, not only to Sonis's own written account, but also to the independent testimony of the Abbé who picked him out of the snow next morning, we venture to suggest that the Jesuit perceived that the story wanted an end, and supplied one from his imagination.

THE PYRENEAN PLAYGROUND:
AN APPRECIATION.

BEAUTIFUL in situation, easy of access, cheap as times go, and also pre-eminently healthgiving, why are the mountains, towns, and seaside resorts of the Hautes- and Basses-Pyrénées not better known to travelled Englishmen?

The objective character of the Meridional's mind may have something to do with this, but not his dislike to the Man of the North, which he is far too fond of his pocket and too good an actor to allow to appear—to his own detriment. The man of the Pyrenees is ever telling you, like the pickpocket, that "his heart is in the right place." It is all that you can do not to make him the wonted retort, "That may be so, but your hand is in the wrong place, for it is always in my pocket," which in fact it is as of course, though not at all deep down, as likewise in the pockets of all who are not his very own time-honoured *neighbours*. If you change your guide, the former unworthy is sure to ask, however manifold the little breaches of confidence he may himself have previously committed towards you, and of which *he* is wholly forgetful, how you could have permitted yourself to treat him with such infidelity? As an instance of the material way in which the southern peasant regards everything, you have only to overhear his conversation, which is ever of francs and sous. He literally licks his lips, and ostensibly makes pepsine with watering mouth, when speaking of someone as "*riche riche*." The other day a dog was carrying a stick past a small peasant proprietor at Eaux-Chaudes upon a chilly afternoon. This practical soul at once emitted the bright spontaneous remark, "There is a dog that has made his little provision of wood, to warm himself withal this cold evening." It must have been in the South of France that the queer tale was first told of the indigent invalid's rejoinder to his compassionate visitor, "You say you feel deeply for me. How much do you feel? Do you feel five francs?" And yet, notwithstanding this great lack of subjectivity and super-

abundance of sordid sentiment in the composition of the southern peasant-proprietor, whose life is in truth now mostly one of grinding poverty, without any State-aid in old age, he is often bright, and seldom coarse or brutal, in his badinage. We joked a little country chemist, who had just returned from an over-long holiday a little while ago, by saying that the mortality in his village had been, as we understood, terrific of late. Instead of resenting this hint of reproof, he instantly replied, "And what do you think, Messieurs? Not one of all those 'defuncts' has as yet had the politeness to ask me to his funeral!" Where the money question does not come in, no more agreeable people can anywhere be found than the Béarnais. Basques and people of Bigorre, again, though less *aimables* and responsive, are likewise comparatively guileless and inoffensive. They may not have the same professional way of greeting you as have Swiss peasants, who always scent a customer in every visitor. Yet both Basque and Bigourdan is quite as good to the stranger as can be reasonably expected, and far more genial than is the Man of the North. Therefore don't let any mistaken ideas as to the characteristics of the native make you hesitate to roam where you will among all the glories of the noble Pyrenees, which bulk too large to admit of description by the hand or tongue of any man.

The next matter in order of importance, after the attitude of natives towards strangers, is the climate and weather of the region to be visited. To go into details. Last year there were between the middle of July and the end of August but three bad days. In Switzerland, in the mountains, it is calculated that during the same period the number was nearly fifteen. No greater discomfort can be experienced by the tourist than to be boxed up in a crowded mountain hostelry with insufficient accommodation, in weather both cold and damp. "Aggravation in a cart," as the showman said, "is so aggravating." Therefore, the Pyrenees on this ground are to be preferred before the Alps. A thunderstorm in an enclosed gorge, which does often occur, as, for example, at Eaux-Chaudes, is a climatic disturbance never to be forgotten by the visitor. The heavy rolling of the thunder, alternating with vivid wildness of lightning flashes filling the valley from end to end, and accompanied by torrential deluges of rain, leave a dint indeed indelible in the recollection. But afterwards how clear and fresh becomes the air! It seems as if the firmament had been thereby set in order, and all the apparatus of Nature again in perfect harmony. And mark the after-freshness of the foliage on every side! The summer vegetation has in truth renewed its youth.

Condescending to yet further particulars, Bayonne, Pau, or Toulouse are the points from which a start for the mountains may best be made. If Bayonne is the one chosen, then take train to Cambo. This pretty inland watering-place is well worthy of a visit, and from it an interesting descent of the rapids of the Nive can be made in an archaic form of boat to Ustaritz. The next place worthy of a visit, especially by students of the Peninsular War, is the old fortified town of St. Jean Pied de Port, about an hour by train further on Spainwards. From thence Vancarlos in one hour, and Ronceveaux in about four more, can be readily reached in a two-horse Victoria, and without unduly fatiguing the horses. From Ronceveaux, about which the true history has yet to be written, to Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre, is perhaps another six hours' drive, whence the return journey to St. Sebastian may be some eighty miles by train. Or, if you will, by a long train route either Jaca or the station for Huesca can be also reached. In the former case, you get back into France by the Somport Pass, *viâ* Medos to Oloron along a carriage road. In the latter, by the Baths of Panticosa and an inferior track either to Sallent, Gabas, and Eaux-Chaudes, or over the Col d'Anéon to Cauterets. Both the latter routes are tedious, but the scenery, especially in the latter case, marvellous in grandeur and limitless in extent. From Cauterets, Argelès, with golf links some five miles distant, Luz, Saint-Sauveur, Gavarnie, and Barèges each make an easy one-day carriage excursion that well repays the time and money expended upon it, not only for beauty of position in every instance, but also because of the marvellously varied landscape which delights the eye throughout these various journeys, and the curious varieties of flora, fern, and butterfly which no observant person can fail to notice as abounding on every side. Thence the railway *viâ* Lourdes forms the best way of getting either to Pau or Toulouse, either of these bases being only about fifteen hours from Paris.

If Toulouse is chosen as the point of departure, Ax les Thermes, thirteen hours or so further on, and Andorre are the best objectives. Both of these are very little known to the Anglo-Saxon, and yet full of interest from their still unsophisticated surroundings. If you can happen to hit off your visit to the Republic of Andorre at the time that the judge (the Archiviste of Bordeaux) is making his round, you may learn from him, if you will, more about its curious customs with regard to land tenure and property generally, than is to be got from any written book. The size of the village-town, and indeed of the Republic itself, is exiguous, and their environment squalid, but

yet the latter still represents such a condition of things as San Marino alone can nowadays similarly illustrate. In this trip the route to Spain, and the part of Spain in which one gets landed if the journey be continued, is quite off the beaten track and unfitted for comfortable travellers, so it is safer to go back *viâ* Ax to Toulouse. To avoid returning by the way he came, the tourist from the North can go to Castres, see the huge boulders near there, on to Lamalou les Bains, in Hérault, and from thence *viâ* Bédarieux to the wondrous Gorges of Tarn, getting out at Séverac le Château, if not before. Then *viâ* Arvant and Clermont-Ferrand to Paris by the Lyons Railway.

Obviously, whether one goes to Bordeaux in a Steam Navigation boat, or *viâ* Paris by train direct, Pau is the most central headquarters from which to prosecute most Pyrenean excursions. Indeed, many places can be visited from Pau in a single day, as, for example, Lourdes, Argelès, Cauterets, Eaux-Bonnes, Eaux-Chaudes, St. Christau, Bagnères de Bigorre, Dax, Salies les Bains, Luz, Saint-Sauveur, and Barèges. In this fashion a fortnight may well be employed, and each day spent in a different place. Here the bicycle plays a useful part, especially in the form of the "motor petrolette." From Pau, too, what places of interest more accessible than Bayonne, Biarritz, St. Jean de Luz, Cambo, Fontarrabie, and St. Sebastian? In the western direction, another side of southern life is open to the traveller's view at little trouble and small expense, and here, again, another week only too quickly comes to an end.

As yet we have spoken mainly of pleasure-seeking. If the pursuit of health has anything to do with holiday-making, the advantages of the Pyrenees from a hygienic point of view must by no means be lost sight of. Of Pyrenean waters there is nothing but praise. At Eaux-Chaudes women's maladies are cured; at Eaux-Bonnes asthma and diseases of the throat, as is the case likewise at Cauterets; also at St. Christau skin troubles; while at Bagnères de Bigorre the overwrought nervous system is, *pace* Dr. Charcot, able to derive benefit almost as great as at Lamalou les Bains. Whatever the medicinal effect of waters, whether it be electrical or other, they are most religiously believed in by French and Spaniards alike. The rejuvenating powers of Eaux-Chaudes and Lamalou, indeed, are testified to in many French editions of the old *réclame*, "Before I took these waters I blushed when I looked upon the ladies; afterwards the ladies blushed when they looked upon me." Mr. James Payn's clever remark might well, *mutatis mutandis*, be made use of in this connection: "Before I took these waters my protestations of

love were taken as civilities, but subsequently to my doing so my civilities were held to be protestations of love"—so great is the nerve-energy engendered thereby. Perchance the Englishman sceptically remarks, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus [*Anglice*, Bath and Harrogate], better than all the waters of the Pyrenees?" We say, let him try the latter with Naaman's faith, and then, as likely as not, the result, if slower, may yet be found nearly as thorough as in his case. The Swiss Ragatz and Peiffers cannot compare even with Dax and Salies les Bains, while the virtues of Barèges for shot wounds and St. Christau for eczema have gained them a really trustworthy reputation.

Switzerland, on the other hand, is the happy (?) hunting ground of every rover, great and small. The whole place is one vast establishment for entertaining, not unawares, travellers. Cheek by jowl for the nonce sojourn all sorts and conditions of men, and, unfortunately women too. The smart Curate is there seen (let us hope) at his worst, letting himself go on a wet day in the cramped space of some mountain hotel that he all-pervades, and upon which far too much of his personality is oftentimes impressed to be anyhow pleasant. Unfortunately, also, the Schoolmaster is abroad. And a little of him likewise goes a long way. The inquiring American girl of five-and-thirty summers, as she says, though her friends say five-and-forty, does her level best to complete the tale of detrimentials. So that it is not good to be there for social purposes. Thus much for Swiss joys in the summer solstice, for winter tobogganing is not worth reckoning with, so few English does it attract. And yet Switzerland is the haven where they would be of the pick of our own Superior Persons, at a time of year when the summer's freshness is far gone, in a place where wandering Germans abound, and the weather is notoriously treacherous; where prices rule high, where food is mediocre at best, and comfort or welcome are conspicuous by their absolute non-existence, in the caravanserais at which one has to descend, and be fleeced in due course. And this state of things is rampant from Bâle right away to the Engadine.

The case of the Riviera is somewhat different. There the *bête noir* is the ubiquitous Hebrew, ever putting himself in evidence to the annoyance of all good Christian men and women, who cannot choose but loathe his pretentious and noisy ways. Mrs. Hebrew and he are a pair of middle-class 'Arrys and 'Arriets, at the sight of whom, as enforced stable companions, no one that has the feelings of a man about him can possess his soul in patience. Here, again the German accent is predominant, and the cosmopolitan Chevalier

d'Industrie too much to the front. This of the company. Of the Riviera as a place, we say that prices are exorbitant and the weather usually bitter at sunset. Amusements abound, but one has to struggle to get a good seat anywhere at a reasonable price. For everything competition is overkeen. The place is intended for Dukes, but bright particular stars go further afield now that the stockbroker and solicitor, each accompanied by Madam, break the monotony of most English winters by letting the light of their countenances shine, at all events for a bit of each season, at Nice or Monte Carlo. This is the indictment, or at least some of its counts, against Switzerland and the south east of France as summer and winter haunts respectively.

For the rest, demolition is easy but construction monstrous hard. To put people off going to any one place needs but argument. To persuade them to go to another necessitates supernatural powers, to which we make no pretension. But it is asserted advisedly that Pau has more advantages than Nice in winter, Biarritz being so handy as a place of change, while Luchon, Bagnères de Bigorre, Cauterets, Argelès, Eaux-Bonnes, Eaux-Chaudes, Luz, Saint-Sauveur, Barèges, and Gavarnie are better than all the mountain resorts of Switzerland, with the Engadine thrown in, and twice as accessible. Nor must it be forgotten that for those who love to be alone in winter-time St. Jean de Luz, Cambo, and Arcachon will afford them their hearts' desire in attractive climate, and this, too, at moderate cost.

Though no one goes to Switzerland to shoot, and very few to fish, the rod and the gun find a place in the baggage of the Pyrenean traveller. The izard is far more plentiful than the chamois, and the trout of many *gaves* than those of the Swiss streams. Quail, rail, and woodcock in due season are to be had, as well as many pigeons in both the Hautes- and Basses-Pyrénées; but where in Switzerland? If you do not sport, you bicycle, and this can be better managed in the Pyrenees than on any Alp we know of. Roads are excellent, and less hilly than might be expected. Then there is golf galore at Pau, St. Jean de Luz, Biarritz, and also near Argelès and Arcachon. But it is not the amusements alone that the Pyrenees afford—which might be recounted *ad nauseam* as including fern, flora, and butterfly collecting extraordinary—that make them so desirable a holiday hunting ground, but their cheap and hospitable character and magnificent hygiene. Hotels are, as a rule, small and homely, but the sanitary arrangements, if simple, quite wholesome. The cuisine is characteristic, and much to be preferred to the more elaborate and pretentious “meals” at Swiss hotel-

palaces. The wines are better far, owing to nearness to the Gironde and the excellence of various local crus. Fruits are incomparably superior, as are chickens and fish. Vegetables and milk, on the other hand, are better in the south-east, as also is the bread. But we do not live by bread alone, and much besides the commissariat has to be taken into account in the choice of a winter or summer playground.

Social advantages are paramount with some. The Pyrenees being little affected by English and Americans in the summer months, and the French showing themselves as a rule so little approachable that pleasant acquaintances are difficult to make, these may in fact be put down as a *quantité négligeable* in the sum of the advantages of Pyrenean travel. But there are no detrimentals. No offensive Jews, Germans, or "bounders" of any nationality. Everyone is simple and inoffensive, except perhaps a few Parisians at Luchon and Cauterets, and they can be laughed at, if not laughed with, for to the open-minded onlooker their *ville d'eau* airs and graces are keenly entertaining. It is therefore better to go to various centres in a party, and, making each in turn your headquarters, push your investigation therefrom in whatever direction inclination may direct. Such centres are Eaux-Bonnes, Argèles, Bagnères de Bigorre, Cauterets, St. Christau, and Luchon—for the latter must on no account be omitted to be seen at the height of the season, because of the "types" it then contains. If mountain climbing be your foible, it can be pursued to the heart's content. If driving, horses and carriages are exceptionally good, and voituriers, other than Numa Fitte, usually open to a bargain. Photographing, bicycling, butterfly and fern hunting go to make up the list of possible pastimes, which may be further enlarged by the search for curiosities of various kinds, as sticks at Eaux-Bonnes, old spinning machines at Argèles, crystals at Gabas, old silk handkerchiefs in the Valley of Ossau, and so on. The climate is agreeable both in winter and summer, and changes of temperature hardly ever violent. In the mountains the night is little cooler than the day, and at Pau all winter through there is never a wind. The sun shines upon the just and upon the unjust more regularly in the Basses-Pyrénées by far than in the Alpes Maritimes, and cold wind from the mountains, first cousin to the "bise" so bad in Provence, there is none. A storm comes from the Atlantic now and again; but as a rule it expends its force before it gets to Orthez, or else passes over our heads at Pau. The facilities for getting from place to place in the Pyrenees by rail or good driving road are vastly superior to those

of Switzerland. Overlong tramps are unnecessary, by reason of the numerous quaint little hostelries that offer a possible bed and breakfast almost wherever you may be on the French versant. It is different on the Spanish side, which certainly compares unfavourably in this respect with the Italian Alpine district. If to climate, accessibility, inexpensiveness, general interest, and comparative nearness to England be added cheerfulness, simplicity, and courtesy on the part of the natives, we have surely put together a fairly long list of engaging attributes in the Pyrenean mountains as a summer resort.

Turning to Pau, the great centre of the district, it may be fairly said of it that up to the end of June and after the middle of September the heat there is by no means intolerable, although in the middle of the day a prudent Anglo-Saxon may occasionally prefer to remain indoors. The lovely Winter Garden with its excellent restaurant, to say nothing of the English Club and Golf Ground, and the haunts of La Colonie generally, make this town an ideal place of autumn, winter, and spring villegiature. There hospitality is generously extended to all who come with credentials, and comfort, cheerful gaiety, and amusement of all sorts pursue the even tenour of their way in an agreeable atmosphere of cultured pleasure, morning, noon, and night. Yet life is not at too high pressure, and so one is never dull. Society is good cosmopolitan, and not bad cosmopolitan, as at Nice and the smaller places of the Riviera.

It is the fashion to depict Pau as out of date. The reason is that it never bestirs itself to make its attractions known. Pau does not "bloat." Nor does La Colonie ever suffer from a "swelled head." In quietness and confidence is its strength, which will increase as it gets better known to the rising generation. For the moment the good French set is the dominant one. But the time of the Briton will surely come. It will not tarry. For our countrymen cannot but see that it is not worth while going to Cairo when they can hunt, shoot, fish, golf, dance, and flirt in good air and to the strains of excellent music among the right people, and all this hardly eight-and-twenty hours away from home.

R. W. AUSTIN.

TABLE TALK.

MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA.¹

FOR the first time practically the Life of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt has been brought to the knowledge of the English public. A privately printed, and therefore in a sense surreptitious, edition of the entire Memoirs was issued eight years ago, in twelve volumes, at an extravagant price, and is to be found on the shelves of those of the rich and the curious who are not able to read the original French. The so-called original edition, which appeared in 1830, had been preceded by a German edition, which I have not seen, and by a French rendering, which, strange to say, had been Bowdlerised before being set before a Gallic public, not ordinarily very squeamish or scrupulous in such matters. As the work was first written in Italian, of which language alone its author had a mastery, it must be held to have undergone many transformations. It has long been accessible in French or Belgian editions, but has nevertheless been until quite recently more or less of a rarity. Some thirty years ago I picked up a copy in the then appropriate thoroughfare of Holywell Street, the unsavoury reputation of which survived the change into Booksellers' Row, and is now only a memory. The price I paid was four shillings, the dealer being in total ignorance of the nature of his merchandise. Now, even in the catalogues of the lower second-class booksellers it is advertised rather juicily as "unexpurgated," which description the French title-page, with its "Edition originale, la seule complète," may be held to justify.

JACQUES CASANOVA DE SEINGALT.

PROMOTED to all the dignity of hot-press and special paper, Casanova may now take his place in England as literature, and the author, instead of seeking modestly the shade, may amble and strut after his wont in the best society, ogling every pretty woman he meets, and seeking—not always in vain—the recognition of the mighty and the great. It is true that the book is published in a sadly

¹ Chapman & Hall.

abridged and truncated form. The eight volumes of the most familiar of the French editions, and the twelve volumes of the privately printed English edition, are compressed into two; and almost everything in presence of which the chaste Muse of History is compelled to veil her face has disappeared. After all the chastening he has undergone, Casanova cannot be regarded as a model, and his avowals, even in the English edition, are still spicy enough to constitute very vivacious reading. I am not about to pass censure upon his witty, in the main accurate, and in almost every case reprehensible avowals. Now, however, that his *Memoirs* are generally accessible, they are sure to be the subjects of essays and articles without end; and it seems expedient to say something about them before the coming flood of misapprehension and inaccuracy has spread over them. Hitherto they have been little dealt with in England. One reason for this, as has been indicated, is that the *Memoirs* have not been easily accessible; a second that, though condemnable enough according to English views, they constitute a work of great erudition, and the task of mastering their contents is not to be accomplished in a few hours—or weeks. It is different with the compressed version now issued, which may be skimmed pleasantly in a couple of days.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHARLATANRY.

THE eighteenth century, which piqued itself upon being the age of reason, was, in fact, that of charlatanism. A Voltairian age which scoffed at all the miracles of religion accepted readily those of magic. It was pre-eminently the time of faith in Rosicrucianism and other mysteries. Among the men who reaped a handsome living and a brilliant reputation from the follies of the day, three stand prominently forward—the Count Saint-Germain, the Count Cagliostro, and Jacques Casanova de Seingalt—the last-named a title of his own invention. Saint-Germain, who occupied chambers in the Château de Chambord assigned him by Louis XV., enjoyed the highest consideration of men themselves considerable, and allowed it to be believed that he had spoken in the flesh with Jesus Christ, was the most august; Cagliostro, whose real name was Joseph Balsamo, is the hero of Dumas's celebrated novel. Casanova is the most interesting, the most accomplished, and the most adventurous of the three. During nearly half a century he filled a conspicuous place in Europe, being accepted temporarily at the Courts of the greatest Sovereigns, visiting England, Spain, France, Turkey, Italy, and other countries, living wholly by his wits or his combined luck and skill at games of chance, winning everywhere favourable opinions, and dying at an advanced

age in the Château of Dux in Bohemia, the guest of the Count of Waldstein, and *choyé* by the Prince de Ligne, whom he treated with petulance and ill-humour in his occasional fits of spleen. He died in peace, and a generation later his Memoirs were published to startle, amuse, and to some extent shock the world.

CHARACTER OF CASANOVA'S MEMOIRS.

CASANOVA'S Memoirs, then, are a record of his experiences, his observations, and his amours. The first-named include an escape from the prison of the Plombs (I Piombi) in Venice, which is strictly true, and is a feat of remarkable energy, industry, and daring. This record alone is sufficient to secure Casanova from obscurity. His observations were often made under the most favourable conditions. He visited, and was received by, Voltaire and the leaders of French thought. He met as an equal the greatest Englishmen, including Fox, and gives the most animated account of their proceedings. He was received by Popes, Cardinals, and Ambassadors, and participated with the last in sufficiently intimate and reprehensible proceedings. It is as an amorist—or, to drop euphemism, as a libertine—that he is best known. The world he depicts is the most depraved and licentious of post-Roman days, and his record of his own actions is sufficient to bring a blush to the cheek of Don Juan. It is as an erotic work that his Memoirs won their first reputation, and their proper place seemed to be in the *enfer* of a library. They are, however, something much more than that. I dare not conscientiously advise my readers to peruse them in their entirety, though students of the literature and life of the penultimate century cannot afford to ignore them. In the present edition, however, from which Casanova's indelicacies are excised, the book may safely be read by men. Even in this amended form the fairer sex may be counselled to give it a wide berth.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1902.

*OVER THE HILLS AND
FAR AWAY.*

A STORY OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

BY F. P. DELGADO.

I.

UP in his little room on the top floor of an old and weather-beaten building in the Rue Rollin, Claude Laurent was washing his brushes and contemplating the half-finished sketch that stood on the easel before him. The early morning sun had just begun to shine in through the half-drawn curtains, and to bring a little warmth into an otherwise rather cheerless interior. The walls were bare of decoration, and the furniture and personal belongings of the occupant presented an aspect of extreme poverty. The appearance of the man was in keeping with his surroundings. Disappointment and want had laid heavy hands upon him. He was a young man grown old, as it were, in a night. His thin pale face was almost hidden beneath a shock of long black hair. His dark eyes were deep-set and sorrowful. His mouth was firm and hard, despite the fact that occasionally there lurked an expression of wistfulness in its corners. He was clad in an old corduroy suit, worn out and shabby, and embellished with the stains of numerous paint colours. Such was Claude Laurent, a man who had left his little home in the South to come up to Paris to paint great pictures and to make his fortune. A year of unsuccessful endeavour had taught him, however, that his supposed talent was not talent after all. Like many others who come to the Latin Quarter to see their great

dreams unfulfilled, he had to acknowledge that defeat, not victory, had swept down upon him with relentless force. But, if he was a failure, he was an optimistic failure, and he continued to work with the hope that perhaps in the future some success, however small, might come to him.

Having washed his brushes and arranged his easel where the best light would fall upon it, Claude Laurent started to paint. It was not a great subject upon which he was at work—merely the portrait of a cat ordered by Rameau, the man who kept the little restaurant in the Rue Monge, where he was accustomed to take his meals. His account there was long unpaid, and he took this means of settling it. Besides, the picture was to hang over the cashier's desk near the window, and might be the means of securing for him future orders. As a model he employed the house cat, a fine Persian specimen, who used to visit his room to secure the few scraps which were left after the humble breakfast was finished. He had placed her in a good position, and was busily intent upon his work, when he heard a noise in the adjoining room. For a moment a flush stole over his face and his hand trembled. Arising from his chair he went over to the window and looked out.

"Are you up, Marcelle?" he exclaimed, in an eager voice.

"Yes," came back the reply, accompanied by a peal of laughter. "Wait a moment while I unfasten the casement."

There was a grating noise, the creak of a rusty hinge, and in the adjoining window a girl's face limned suddenly against the stucco of the dull grey wall.

"Marcelle, you will take cold!" cried Claude, noticing that only a thin shawl covered her neck and shoulders.

The young girl laughed again and threw her head back while the crisp breeze of the early spring morning, blowing her auburn hair in all directions and lashing it mercilessly across her face, painted her cheeks the colour of her own crimson mouth. As she leaned there from the window, with her blue eyes sparkling and the strands of her hair dancing to the music of the breezes, she seemed just like some blonde Madonna of Sassoferrato or like some Goddess of the Winds whom they had come to greet and to kiss good-morning.

For a few moments the man in the corduroy suit was silent with admiration. A new light stole into his eyes, and he clutched the window-sill with a nervous hand.

"Well, why don't you say something?" finally declared Marcelle a little quizzically.

"I was just thinking how beautiful you are," replied Claude slowly.

"Is that all? Good-bye!"

"No, that is not all! Don't go! Oh! if I could only paint," he added desperately, "I would paint you as you stand there—and such a picture that all the world would come to see!"

She laughed again for the third time, and brushed the strands of her hair from her face.

"But I must have breakfast, and there is my painting to be done!"

So she said good-bye to him with her eyes and closed her case-ment, leaving him alone and silent, with his hand over his face as though he had been blinded by a great light.

Returning to his easel, Claude again took up his brushes. The cat had coiled up and had gone to sleep. Mechanically he started on again, but his mind was not on his work. His ear followed the fall of a footstep in the adjoining room, which sounded to him like the rhythmic beat of drums far off. Mentally he reviewed the life of the last two months, from the day that she had descended upon the Rue Rollin in her little red coat and white hat and had taken possession of it body and soul. It made no difference to him that she had come down from Normandy to paint pictures, and that she had found very much the same fate as he had experienced in his bid for fame. To him it only mattered that she had become the soul of the street. All the rest was an affair for the people down below, the neighbours, the concierge, and the others who were only concerned in wondering who she was and who were her lovers. It was enough for him that she had taken the room next to his, and that he could see and talk to her daily. As he dreamed, he wondered whether he would ever tell her of his love in any other way except by his eyes, for they had spoken the first time they had beheld her. So he painted, and the sun, now in its full power, flooded the room and seemed to lessen the severity of its bareness.

II.

The Rue Rollin, like all other streets, has its comedies as well as its tragedies. The comedy in the life of Claude Laurent and Marcelle lasted some six months. He had told her of his love and she had laughed at him, had stood in the corner of her room with her arms behind her back, like some modern Winged Victory, and had told him she must be free. And he had accepted her dictum, and had gone back to his work and painted more and harder. But he continued to love her. The people in the street used to wonder

for whom he bought the flowers, until one morning they saw her appear with the purple of the violets against the red of her little coat. Then they knew, and imagined that he often went hungry in order to purchase them. If they could only have asked the *garçon* in the restaurant, they would have found out that their surmise was correct.

But comedy built upon such lines is apt in time to awaken into tragedy, and the Rue Rollin is no respecter of persons. Six months of love in idleness is often the prologue to the serious drama of years.

One morning, as was his usual custom, Claude opened his window and called Marcelle. There was no answer. Again he called, and again he heard only the echo of his words. She must be asleep, he thought to himself, and closed the casement of his window softly, so as not to awaken her. An hour or so later he again went to the window and called her name, but her blinds did not open, and in wonderment, he went to the door of her room and knocked. Hearing no response, he tried the knob, and much to his amazement the door swung open and disclosed an empty room. The bed had not been slept upon, and only a few articles scattered here and there showed that the room had ever been occupied. There was an ominous stillness, and Claude could almost hear his heart beat as he stood there on the threshold. Entering, he went over to the little table, and found a note lying upon it. With a trembling hand he picked it up, and noticed that his name was written on the envelope. Fearfully he tore it open, and read as follows :—

“I am tired of this life of misery and discouragement. I cannot stand the restraint. I want to be free. I want to be in the world and of the world—be the cost what it may. I have gone to live with Henri. He is rich, and will be kind to me. Forgive me and forget me.

“MARCELLE.”

Claude read the letter several times, and then went over to the casement, opened it, and looked out. The dull grey walls of the houses across the way stared at him, and he put out his hand as if to touch them, for the street was very narrow. Why he did so he did not know. He said nothing, but stood there in the window for several minutes, looking out. He felt the dying warmth of the late summer sun, and it seemed to chill him. He shivered for a moment, and then silently went back to his room, picked up his palette, and began to mix his colours.

The inhabitants of the street, who had been the interested spectators in this little drama that was being played almost under the skies, soon knew that Marcelle had flown like a bird from her cage, and they wondered what Claude would do. Some of them said that he would probably kill himself, and they were much surprised and a little disappointed to find that he still continued his work, just as if nothing had happened to break in upon its usual routine. In time their interest in the affair lessened, and they turned their attention to newer and other things. If anyone spoke of him by chance, they shrugged their shoulders, and went on to other topics of conversation.

So the days passed, and autumn and winter in turn settled down over the Rue Rollin. The changing seasons found the man in the corduroy suit still up in his little room, and still trying to cure a great wound in his heart, which somehow or other refused to heal. For, from the day that Marcelle had left him to seek other fortunes, he had gradually begun to lose interest in his art. Although he still struggled on, the struggle was only mechanical and no longer inspired by any hopes for the future. Love had come into the life of this lonely man, had touched it with a golden wand, and almost as suddenly it had given him a terrible blow. But in spite of all this, he still loved her deep down in the out-of-the-way recesses of his heart, although he vainly boasted to himself that she had become only a memory. He could not altogether forget her, and he often wondered what she was doing and whether she was happy. The brother of the concierge, whom he knew slightly, used to delight in telling him how often he saw her. Sometimes it was on the boulevards, handsomely dressed, at other times at the theatre and the centre of an admiring throng.

Love not only struck deep down into the heart of Claude Laurent, but also stayed his hand, never very skilful in the profession he followed so precariously. The picture of the cat hanging over the cashier's desk in Rameau's restaurant failed to bring him any orders. He had once the mortification to hear several adverse and jeering criticisms passed upon it by a group of art students. Having no success with his pictures, he was forced, in order to live, to join a sign-painting company, and to paint advertisements upon house-walls and fences. Instead of painting his imaginary pictures for the Salon, he was obliged to sit on a ladder and paint rough sketches before an interested and often critical crowd of onlookers. But even in this he did not make a success. Instead of paying strict attention to his work, he used to watch the people passing by, with

the hope of seeing Marcelle. Once he thought he saw her in the passing throng, and this so agitated him that he lost his foothold on the ladder and fell. He was laid up for several days badly bruised. But the worst drop in his cup of humiliation arrived one day when the manager of the company sent for him and dismissed him, telling him that his sign pictures lacked artistic merit, and that his profession demanded an art and a skill the same as any other. He only employed artists. Claude Laurent went home in despair and mortification. Life in the Rue Rollin had become a tragedy.

III.

One summer morning, just a year after Marcelle had gone, Claude Laurent sat alone and silent in his room. The easel was put away and the brushes were scattered on the table and over the floor. Things had gone from bad to worse. Without employment, and without any prospects the thoughts of the tired artist stole back to his home life in the South. In the smoke of his pipe he saw the little village nestled away among the green of a hill he knew so well, and where as a boy he used to roam at pleasure. The warm sun streaming in through the window seemed almost like the sun he loved in that smiling land over the hills and far away. It came to him like a healing tonic, and he closed his eyes. His dreams took him back again among the fields, and once more he heard the drone of the bees and listened to the song of the winnowers as they raked and tossed the grain. He slept far into the afternoon, and was only awakened by hearing a voice at his door. He started for a moment and rubbed his eyes, wondering why he had awakened into the reality of things. Listening attentively, he heard another knock, this time accompanied by a voice that he knew so well. Rushing over to the door in amazement, he opened it, and there found Marcelle leaning against the opposite wall as if for support, and with a little look of entreaty in her eyes.

"Marcelle!" he cried, in astonishment.

There was a subdued sob, a moment of hesitation, and Marcelle, swaying for an instant, stepped over the threshold and fell into his arms. Carrying her over to the lounge, he gently laid her upon it, and threw an old robe over her, noticing as he did so the poverty of her appearance.

"I am very tired," she said faintly. "Let me sleep!"

Her head fell back and her eyes closed, while a look of security and peace flitted over her face.

Claude watched her in silence for several minutes, as she lay there before him, breathing heavily, and with the blue of the veins shining through the closed eyelids. She was still beautiful, but it was the beauty of pain that slept over her countenance. The dying rays of the afternoon sun kindled a warm light over her face, and brought her features out into light and shadow. He had never seen her asleep before, and he marvelled at her beauty. Then a great desire sprang into his soul. He feverishly gathered together his brushes and began to mix his paints. He got his easel ready and looked for a canvas, but found none. The last had been used several days before. For a moment he was in a dilemma, but only for a moment, for he began to roughly outline her head and shoulders upon the wall of the room. Then he began to paint—to paint as he had never painted before. It seemed as if all the dreams of his art had begun to realise themselves in this picture that commenced slowly but surely to develop upon the rude plaster of the wall. There was a firmness and a delicacy in his touch that he had never experienced before, and it appeared almost as if another hand was guiding the one that held the brush, and which with sure, swift strokes was creating a living image on the wall. Thus he painted her all through the afternoon and far into the night, for he had lit his little lamp, and had not stopped a moment for fear lest she might awake. As he advanced, his touch grew firmer and finer, and the crimson glow of her throat seemed almost to leap up and kiss her mouth, so wonderfully did he paint it. He trembled when he had put on the last touches, and stood back to view his work. He wondered which was the real—the girl sleeping on the lounge, or the living, breathing portrait on the wall. Had the soul of the one passed into the other? Standing before the work that his hand had wrought, he forgot that it was only a thing of paint and pigment, and leaned towards it with his arms outstretched. He extended his hand as if to caress her cheek, while with a voice eager and passionate he uttered her name. In answer to his cry, the real Marcelle awoke on the couch beside him, and he turned to see who this other person in the room could be. The reality of it all came to him in a sudden flash, and he went over to her side.

Marcelle had opened her eyes with a start on hearing her name, and, when they had become accustomed to the light in the room, they turned involuntarily to the picture on the wall. A second time she looked, and from the painting her eyes rested upon the man crouching down on the floor beside her and holding her hands.

"You have become famous," she simply said, as she regarded him with tenderness and admiration.

The lamp had gone out, and the only light in the room came from the moon and the stars, which bathed the man and the girl in a gentle glow. Then between sobs and sighs Marcelle told her story, how she had been deserted by Henri, and had been compelled to seek her own support, and how, unsuccessful and weary of heart and body, at last she had remembered the Rue Rollin and him, and had come back to both.

Claude did not reproach her, but put his arm around her and rested her tired head on his shoulder.

"The stars," he said after a long pause, pointing with one hand to the constellations, "the very stars which seem to be just above us are shining now over quiet meadows afar off. Over the hills and far away lies a land where there are no pictures to paint and wants to suffer. There is only the warm sunshine and the brooks and the fields, and rest. Those who live there know no heartaches except those which are of their own making. They seem to beckon us to follow them—these stars," he continued, in a trembling voice. "I can almost smell the perfume of the flowers and the scent of the grasses!"

He passed his hand excitedly over his eyes, and his breath came in deep gasps.

"Let us go away from all this, together and now," he urged pleadingly, looking down into her eyes, while her hair brushed his cheeks.

She looked up at him and with her hand touched his forehead. She felt his eyes burning down deep within her, and she wondered why she had stayed away so long.

"Let us go together," she repeated after him, in slow yet eager tones.

He jumped up like a man born unto a new life. For a moment he gazed at the picture and hesitated. Then, looking at Marcelle, he took a brush and in a few strokes the painting became a daub.

She gave a little cry of surprise, and regarded him in wonderment.

"I don't need it now," he replied, looking at her tenderly.

Hastily gathering together a few things in a bag, Claude opened the door of the room and led Marcelle down the dark stairs and out into the street. A dull grey mist, the forerunner of the approaching dawn, slept over stone and gable. Marcelle shivered as she felt it, but he put his arm around her, and, drawing her closely to his side, led her away. Leaving the Rue Rollin, which is only a block in

length, he turned regretfully to give it a parting look, for it was here that he had found Marcelle, lost her, and then found her again. Descending the hill of St. Geneviève, they turned their steps in the direction of the Boulevard St. Michel. Traversing it in their journey southward, they continued on their way, along the Avenue d'Orléans, and past the spires of the Church of Montrouge. With the exception of the market waggons and a few late revellers, the streets were deserted. The drivers on the waggons looked at them curiously, and a few cried out to them and mocked them. But they did not mind, for they were sufficient unto themselves, these two, hurrying along in the quiet of the early morning with their hearts aflame. Before reaching the outskirts of the city, the mist suddenly lifted and the sun burst forth in all its strength and warmth. Arriving at the southern gates, they passed the scrutiny of the gendarmes and others on guard. A soldier flung an insulting remark after them, but they only drew closer together. Leaving the gates, they did not turn to look back upon this Paris, but kept their faces turned towards the South. There in the distance the road, white and shining, glistened before them, now dipping behind some hill, now appearing again like a silver thread leading unto nowhere. So they continued on their road, on through the villages of Fontenay and Sceaux, a little tired of body, but yet brave of heart. It did not matter that they had only three sous between them, for untold riches lay before them in harbours beyond the hill. As if to encourage them and give them hope, the warm breezes of the South came up and kissed their eager faces. And night found them still walking, and still true to the road that pointed south.

THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW": ITS ORIGIN AND EARLY DAYS.

ON a stormy night in March 1802 a group of brilliant and ambitious young men met at the house of one of their number in Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, and resolved to start a high-class critical magazine, which was to be kept entirely free from the control of the publisher. The young men were Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Henry Brougham, and Francis Horner, and the magazine projected was the *Edinburgh Review*, whose centenary has just been attained. It was a bold experiment, and constituted a new departure in literary enterprise, that was to exercise an enormous influence upon periodical criticism in the nineteenth century. The *Edinburgh* was not founded a moment too soon. The condition of the existing periodicals was scandalous; criticism worthy of the name there was none. Scotland could not boast of a critical journal of any kind, and the few south of the Tweed eked out a feeble and grovelling existence. The founders of the *Edinburgh* brought about a wholesome and much-needed reform. They raised the whole character and tone of periodical criticism, and for the first time made it a really effective instrument in guiding and controlling public opinion.

The *Edinburgh Review* that started its career so brilliantly in October 1802 was not the first journal of that name. There was an *Edinburgh Review* of an earlier day which began with as lofty intentions, and with which equally great names were associated. In 1755 a heroic attempt was made by Adam Smith, David Hume, Robertson the historian, Dr. Hugh Blair (whose sermons were praised by Dr. Johnson), and other members of the literary hierarchy which then dominated the Scottish capital, to start a periodical marked by a higher literary tone and more originality than the existing journals exhibited. The organ was christened the *Edinburgh Review*, and the promoters let it be known that they would exercise the critical faculty with candour and with freedom, an article in the creed of the journal that was not allowed to become a dead letter.

Here is a specimen of the first *Edinburgh*, in all the glory of its emancipation: "We are almost ashamed to say we have read this pamphlet. 'Tis such a low, scurrilous libel that even the most necessitous printer or publisher must be at a loss for finding a decent excuse for publishing it." It will surprise nobody to learn that the first *Edinburgh* failed to create any enthusiasm. The day of the high-class critical magazine was not yet, and so after feebly fluttering through two half-yearly numbers it died a natural death. Still, this abortive attempt deserves to be noticed, if for no other reason than that the first *Edinburgh* contained a review of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary from the pen of Adam Smith.

The causes which led to the origin of the *Edinburgh Review* were primarily political. It is true that in the earlier numbers the political element was kept in subjection, and that literature and science predominated. But ere long the founders, with Brougham and Jeffrey at their head, dipped the concern so "deep in witty Whiggery" that Tory readers were alienated, and in the long run driven to set up the only formidable rival the *Edinburgh* ever had, the *Quarterly*. Politics rather than literature was the bond of union between the early *Edinburgh* reviewers; the promotion and triumph of Whig ideas rather than the founding of a school of literature was the goal on which their hearts were set. Indeed they spurned the idea of literature as a profession, and Jeffrey was terrified lest he should be considered "as fairly articulated to a *trade that is not perhaps the most respectable*." The band of talented young men who launched the *Edinburgh* were, in short, political enthusiasts. The democratic ideas of 1789 had cast a spell over them, and their keen logical minds did not fail to grasp the fact that the time had arrived when the old order of things must be swept away. In the work of recasting the political institutions, and making them adaptable to the circumstances of the new era which had dawned, they were bent on playing a conspicuous part. They were determined to break the fetters which bound them to a scheme of things, both political and social, that had long been obsolete, and they made it their business to see that the sacred principles of freedom and justice counted for something in the reshaping of the body politic. That the rule of great majorities should supersede that of Tory oligarchies—this, and nothing less than this, was to be the consummation of their hopes. All through those dark and dreary years that preceded the passing of the great legislative measure of 1832 they toiled with zealous persistency and undaunted courage in winning back their political birthright. Loud and long they clamoured for reform, and as each

abuse was swept away they could unhesitatingly claim the credit of having had no small share in administering the death-blow.

Not the least remarkable fact in the history of the *Edinburgh*, bearing in mind the great part it played in literature and politics in the early decades of last century, was the youthfulness and inexperience of the men who launched it. The Whig organ did not originate with a literary coterie, the members of which could lay claim to high positions in the republic of letters. The little band that started the *Edinburgh* consisted of untried men, as the Tories of the Scottish capital were never tired of reminding them. Sydney Smith, in 1802, was thirty-one, Francis Jeffrey twenty-nine, Francis Horner twenty-four, and Henry Brougham twenty-three. But if their juvenility lent itself only too readily as a subject for Tory banter, it was impossible to sneer at their far-shining intellectual attainments or their social position. Smith was a curate sojourning in Edinburgh for a brief season, and Jeffrey and Brougham were rising young advocates destined to obtain the first prizes of their profession. This brilliant trio constituted the soul of the Whig movement which soon became so potent a force in politics. Francis Horner, who, according to Sydney Smith, "loved truth so much that he could never bear any jesting upon important subjects," did not shine to the same extent as his colleagues, a circumstance which was largely attributable to the weak state of his health. Though in no way inferior to Jeffrey or Brougham either in mental endowment or social upbringing, his shy and taciturn disposition unfitted him for playing a conspicuous part in the affairs of the magazine. His sobering influence, however, acted most beneficially in keeping in check the more impulsive spirits of the group. Horner, who, like Jeffrey and Brougham, was a member of the Bar, removed to London shortly after the starting of the magazine, and later in life made his mark in the House of Commons as a political economist. Consumption, however, cut short his promising career at the early age of thirty-eight. Among the less prominent members were Thomas Thomson, the learned Scottish antiquary; Lord Webb Seymour, a young English nobleman who settled in Edinburgh and studied geology and mathematics with Playfair; Dr. John Thomson, Professor of Pathology at Edinburgh University, and a life-long friend of Jeffrey; and Professor Hamilton, the occupant of the Sanskrit Chair in the East India College, Haileybury, whom Lord Cockburn describes as "a little amiable person of excellent conversation and great knowledge of Oriental literature."

It is usual to refer to the memorable meeting at Jeffrey's house

in March 1802 as the place and time of the *Edinburgh's* birth, but this is not strictly accurate. A careful study of the facts only warrants the conclusion that definite action was then resolved upon. Jeffrey himself never ascribed any more to that gathering than that it was there the "first serious consultations" took place. Where the project of starting a review was first mooted seems altogether a mystery. There is certainly no dubiety about Sydney Smith's well-known account of the origin of the journal, but unfortunately the genial wit's statement is somewhat apocryphal. Brougham goes as far as to say that it is "somewhat inaccurate and even fanciful." Smith tells his story thus :—

"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth storey or flat" (it ought to be the third) "in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Lord Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a 'Review'; this was acceded to with acclamation; I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the 'Review' was 'Tenui musam meditamur avena' ('We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal'), but this was too near the truth to be admitted, so we took our present grave motto from Publius Cyrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, read a single line, and so began what has turned out to be a very important and able journal."

To Smith undoubtedly belongs the honour of first suggesting the *Edinburgh Review*. Jeffrey frankly admitted the fact many years after by dedicating his volume of reprinted contributions to Smith, whom he described as "the original projector of the *Edinburgh Review*." Brougham was equally frank in his acknowledgment. But Smith's claim to be its first editor is not so certain. The testimony of his colleagues seems rather to indicate that at first there was no regularly constituted editor. Jeffrey explicitly states, in a communication to Dr. Robert Chambers in 1846, that there was "no individual editor" in the early days, but as many of the contributors as could be got to attend "met in a dingy room off Willison's printing office in Craig's Close, where the proofs were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made to sit in judgment upon the few manuscripts which were then afforded by strangers." But this arrangement naturally proved very awkward, and after the issue of the third number Jeffrey was prevailed upon to assume sole editorial responsibility. Smith projected the *Edinburgh*, but Jeffrey, there seems little room for doubt, was its first editor in the modern acceptation of that word.

It was originally intended to publish the first number of the

Edinburgh in June 1802, but the date had afterwards to be altered, and it was October ere it saw the light. The cause of the postponement must be laid at Jeffrey's door. Strange to relate, the man who was to be the soul of the journal for twenty-seven years and the chief factor in bringing it to "the highest point of popularity and success," was the man who, by his petty doubts and fears, delayed the publication of the first number. Jeffrey, who had a taint of pessimism, as he himself admitted, was the doubting Thomas of the party. At all events he was apathetic, and, Brougham tells us, kept "prophesying failure in the most disheartening way." In May 1802 Jeffrey wrote gloomily, "Our Review is still at a stand. However, I have completely abandoned the idea of taking any permanent share in it, and shall probably desert after fulfilling my engagement, which only extends to certain contributions for the first four numbers. I suspect that the work itself will not have a much longer life." But Smith's "overpowering vivacity" saved the day; indeed it is not too much to say that had it not been for his ardent enthusiasm and his unflagging energies the *Edinburgh* might never have been born—at least, not in 1802. Smith undertook the laborious task of finding a publisher and arranging the business details. A firm known as Manners & Miller, which had its premises in the Parliament Close, was first approached, and agreed to bring out the journal. On learning, however, that some of the publications issuing from their press were being attacked in the *Edinburgh*, the firm very wisely rescinded the engagement. Smith next entered into negotiations with Archibald Constable, and these were entirely successful. The step proved most fortunate in every way. In securing the co-operation of the "grand Napoleon of the realms of print," Smith could not have rendered a better service to the magazine, for Constable was a factor in its success almost as much as Jeffrey was. He discharged his share in the undertaking with a fidelity and a sagacity worthy of the highest praise. When Lockhart said that Constable "allowed nothing to interrupt his paternal pride in the concerns of the Review" he was only telling the unvarnished truth. But for the invaluable aid of the "butteracious friend at the Cross," the career of the *Edinburgh*, it may safely be affirmed, would have been very different.

It was on October 10, 1802, that the promoters of the *Edinburgh*, with fear and trembling, launched their first "blue-and-yellow." The number makes curious reading nowadays. The variety of its contents, the learning and ability with which each subject is treated, and the high literary level maintained throughout, cannot but excite admiration. Be that as it may, one cannot help thinking that the functions

of criticism would have been as well served had the articles been less portentously dull. Joseph Scaliger, had he been alive, would have revelled in the erudite pages of the first *Edinburgh*. Besides being dull and ponderous, the articles are unconscionably long. Jeffrey's review of Southey's "Thalaba" covers as many as twenty closely-packed pages, and there are a few others who run it closely. The editors seem to have been fully aware of their delinquencies, for the modest editorial note contains an apology for the length of a few of the articles. But if somewhat severe strictures must be passed on the unattractiveness of the contributions, no complaint can be made on the score of variety. The founders wished that their journal should be "distinguished rather for the selection than for the number of its articles," and the wish was most faithfully observed. He would be fastidious, indeed, who did not come across something to his taste amid the multiplicity of subjects dealt with between the boards of the inaugural number. Literature, science, theology, travel, politics, economics, medicine are all represented. Here are a few of the subjects discussed: "Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon," "Olivier's Travels in the Ottoman Empire," "Egypt and Persia," Irvine's "Enquiry into the Causes and Effects of Emigration from the Highlands and Islands," Bowles's "Reflections on the Conclusion of the War," "Mrs. Opie's Poems," "Public Characters of 1801-2," Playfair's "Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory," and "Dr. Haggarth on the Prevention of Infectious Fevers." A glance at this imposing but very unappetising list suggests the melancholy reflection that the writers of the twenty-nine articles were for the most part expending a vast amount of critical acumen in discussing a class of works that possessed a purely ephemeral interest. With the possible exception of Playfair's "Illustrations," which the high priest of geology, Sir Archibald Geikie, declared the other week to be immortal, and Southey's "Thalaba," not one of the books reviewed is remembered to-day. Who has the courage to read Mrs. Opie's poems nowadays, or is interested in Olivier's "Travels" or Dr. Haggarth's "Views on the Prevention of Infectious Fevers"?

But with all its blemishes, the first number of the *Edinburgh* gave indisputable proof that a new era in the domain of periodical criticism had dawned, and that the doom of the Grub Street fraternity had arrived. The journal was an instant success. The commotion it caused bewildered its founders, and Jeffrey was compelled to admit that his prognostications had been wide of the mark. "It is impossible," writes Lord Cockburn, "for those who did not live at the time and in the heart of the scene to feel or almost to understand

the impression made by the new luminary, or the anxiety with which its motions were observed. It was an entire and instant change of everything that the public had been accustomed to in that sort of composition. The old periodical opiates were extinguished at once." The first impression of the *Edinburgh* consisted of only 750 copies, but it was soon exhausted, and a second was called for. The circulation of the succeeding numbers rose by leaps and bounds. In July 1803 Jeffrey informed his brother that 2,500 copies were being sold. Five years later Scott put the circulation at 8,000 or 9,000, and in 1814 Jeffrey told Moore that nearly 13,000 copies were printed. This unprecedented success was mainly due to two facts: in the first place, the founders of the journal, by insisting that the editor alone should be responsible for what appeared in its pages, prevented it from becoming, like its predecessors, the servile instrument of the bookseller. The other factor was the handsome, one might almost say lavish, payment of contributors, which secured the best talent in the market. At first remuneration was regarded of no moment, there being an impression abroad that contributors would be sufficiently recompensed by seeing themselves in print. In Cockburn's words, "It was to be all gentlemen and no pay." But there soon came a rude awakening, and when Jeffrey took over the reins he told Constable to allow ten guineas a sheet. Not long after the minimum was raised to sixteen guineas, though two-thirds of the articles were paid at a much higher rate. The editor's remuneration was equally handsome. By the first agreement Jeffrey obtained £50 a number, but when his duties became more burdensome his salary was largely increased.

Although started as a Whig organ, the *Edinburgh* in its young days was by no means rabid in its political utterances. It took a moderate line, which was evinced by the fact that a hardened Tory like Scott found it nowise inconsistent with his principles to contribute largely to its pages during 1803, 1805, and 1806. Moreover, he tried to induce Southey to follow his example, but the Lake poet declined, probably owing to the attack on "Thalaba." Gradually, however, the Whiggish views were more vehemently asserted, and, when Brougham's influence became paramount, what Cockburn calls "political improprieties" crept into the pages of the organ, that infuriated the Tories. Politically, the position of the *Edinburgh* at that time seems to have been similar in some respects to that occupied to-day by what are called "pro-Boer journals." It favoured unpopular opinions with regard to the war which was then raging, and took a despondent view of the British operations in Spain.

Scott, writing in December 1807, expresses his "extreme dislike of the tone of the Review as to the war with Bonaparte." Indeed, so despairing was Jeffrey that he declared in a letter to Horner that Bonaparte would be in Dublin in the following year. The other ground of offence was the *Edinburgh's* advocacy of political and economical reforms. It was precisely in this direction, however, that the great Whig organ did its most effective work. No one can contemplate the political state of the country at the beginning of the nineteenth century with equanimity. Scotland was even worse than England, as the pages of Lord Cockburn's Memorials amply testify. There the *ancien régime* was still in full operation, and Dundas "the Pharos of Scotland," as Cockburn called him, was still wielding his sinister power. Reform was the clamant need of the time, and for thirty years the *Edinburgh* fought valiantly. The magnificent courage it showed in attacking the flagrant abuses of those dark, unhappy, pre-reform days, and the resolute determination with which it set itself to surmount every obstacle and to withstand the scornful buffets of a strongly-entrenched Toryism bent on preserving the *status quo* at all costs, are among its most pleasing memories.

The *Edinburgh's* views on the war and its zealous championship of popular causes gave great offence to its Tory readers, and a rupture was seen to be inevitable. It came, swiftly and surely, with the publication of No. 26, which contained the famous Cevallos article. Written by Jeffrey and Brougham, it expressed grave doubts as to the success of our arms in Spain, and was regarded as highly unpatriotic. Scott, who had ceased to be a contributor, mainly on account of the politics of the magazine, still continued to read it. But the Cevallos article was more than even he could stand, and in a fit of passion he dashed off the following note to Constable: "The *Edinburgh Review* had become such as to render it impossible for me to continue a contributor to it. *Now* it is such as I can no longer continue to receive or read it." The indignation of the Tory readers knew no bounds, and, as a matter of course, they stopped their subscriptions, a step which was to be speedily followed by the establishment of a new periodical more in harmony with their views. Politics were a serious business in those days, and the party man was anything but a type of "sweet reasonableness." When the Earl of Buchan read the Cevallos article, his aristocratic feelings received such a shock that, in order to relieve them, the noble lord resorted to the somewhat ignoble and puerile proceeding of placing the obnoxious volume on the floor of his house and personally kicking it into the middle of the street.

If the *Edinburgh's* political opinions were unpalatable to a section of its readers, the severity of its literary criticism estranged the foremost representatives of *belles lettres*. Sydney Smith expressed a wish that the magazine should become "able, intrepid, and independent." It became all three, and, unfortunately, vituperative as well. Those were the palmy days of slashing criticism, when you were expected to be candid to a degree bordering on brutality. This regrettable trait, it must be confessed, was rather too prominent in the early days of the *Edinburgh*. Its contributors too frequently trespassed the bounds of fair and legitimate criticism, a failing directly attributable to the shallow view most of them took of the functions of criticism. Byron, Scott, and the "Lakemen" all came in for their share of rhetorical abuse. The author of "Childe Harold," it need hardly be recalled, had his revenge in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which will remain an enduring memorial to the *Edinburgh's* diatribes. Of course, nobody at this time of day would seek to deny that the strictures passed upon "Hours of Idleness" were perfectly just, but the truculent abuse with which Brougham mainly attempted to quench the ardour of the youthful poet was wholly inexcusable. That discerning critic, the late Professor Nichol, truly calls the critique "a specimen of the tomahawk style of criticism." The attack told disastrously upon Byron's sensitive temperament. His fury was uncontrollable, and it was his boast in later years that after reading the article (which he once characterised as "a masterpiece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse") he instantly drank three bottles of claret and began "English Bards." The irate poet, as every reader of the poem knows, did not fail to pay the *Edinburgh* back in its own coin. Who does not remember the withering satire of the lines upon the hapless editor?

The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms
If Jeffrey died except within her arms.

Perhaps the most notable of the numerous literary feuds arising out of the acrimonious tone of the *Edinburgh* was that in which Jeffrey and Tom Moore were the protagonists. Reviewing "Epistles and Odes" in 1806, Jeffrey referred to the Irish poet as "the most licentious of modern versifiers and the most poetical of those who in our times have devoted their talents to the propagation of immorality." Nothing can palliate writing of this kind. Moore challenged his traducer to a duel. The pair, armed with pistols, actually met in a field near London, and but for the timely intervention of the police would probably have decided the merits of the

quarrel most effectively. In later years Jeffrey saw the error of his ways, and considerably softened the tone of his criticism. He even went so far as to admit having said petulant things about Southey, and written "rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry."

That Jeffrey did make serious blunders during the twenty-seven years he controlled the fortunes of the *Edinburgh* is indisputably true. Nevertheless he was a brilliant editor, who made his journal for many years the most powerful organ of public opinion in the country, and the medium of the ripest culture and scholarship of the time. Brougham's remark that a better editor could not have been found in Europe is not far off the mark. Probably no editor ever gathered round him such a galaxy of distinguished writers. The mere mention of the *Edinburgh* recalls such Titans as Scott, Macaulay, Carlyle, Coleridge, Hazlitt, James Mill, Thomas Chalmers, and a host of others, potent forces all of them in their respective spheres. Scott was among the first admirers of the literary talent of the *Edinburgh*, and hastened to join its staff of contributors. Shortly after the publication of the complete "Minstrelsy" he made his first appearance with an article on Southey's "Amadis of Gaul," and for several years subsequent to his settlement at Ashiestiel in 1804 he plied his pen busily in the interests of the *Edinburgh*. His contributions in 1805 included reviews of Todd's edition of Spenser, Johnes's translation of Froissart, Godwin's Fleetwood, and the Highland Society's report concerning Ossian's poems. By 1807 the *Edinburgh* had begun to display its Whiggery, and Scott complains bitterly of its tone with regard to the war with Bonaparte. In the April number of the following year appeared Jeffrey's memorable review of "Marmion," which still further widened the breach. On the day of publication Jeffrey despatched a copy to Scott along with a note in which he expressed the hope that the review would make no difference in the friendship which had hitherto subsisted between them. "I have spoken of your poem," Jeffrey adds, "exactly as I think, and though I cannot reasonably suppose that you will be pleased with everything I have said, it would mortify me very severely to believe I had given you pain." Scott's feelings were deeply wounded, and justly so (for the main stricture, that the poet had neglected Scottish feelings was grossly untrue), but he showed no resentment. He assured Jeffrey that the article had not disturbed his digestion, and begged him to come and dine with him that same evening. Jeffrey went and was cordially received by the man whom he had attacked so unfairly in

the pages of the *Edinburgh*. Mrs. Scott, however, keenly felt the injury done to her husband, and when Jeffrey rose to go she could not resist the temptation to administer a parting shot. "Well, good-night, Mr. Jeffrey; dey tell me that you have abused Scott in *de Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid *you* very well for writing it."

Carlyle's connection with the *Edinburgh* began in 1827, and for many years his relations with Jeffrey were of the most cordial description. The Chelsea sage owed a great deal to the "Delphic Oracle," which he was not slow to heartily acknowledge. In the "Reminiscences" he has told the whole story in his oracular and inimitable way. His graphic account of his first meeting with the "famous little gentleman," whom he aptly dubbed the "Scotch Voltaire," is well worthy of being reproduced:—

"In spring 1827, I suppose it must have been, a letter came to me at Comely Bank" (Carlyle's first home in Edinburgh after his marriage) "from Proctor" (Barry Cornwall), "my quondam London acquaintance, offering with some 'congratulations,' &c., to introduce me formally to Jeffrey, whom he certified to be a 'very fine fellow,' with much kindness in him among his other known qualities. . . . I remember striding off with Proctor's introduction one evening towards George Street and Jeffrey (perhaps by appointment of hour and place by himself) in rather good spirits. 'I shall see the famous man then,' thought I, 'and if he can do nothing for me, why not?' I got ready admission into Jeffrey's study, or rather 'office,' for it had mostly that air; a roomy, not over-neat compartment on the ground floor, with a big baize-covered table loaded with book rows and paper bundles. On one or perhaps two of the walls were bookshelves likewise well-filled, but with books in tattery, ill-bound, or unbound condition. 'Bad new literature these will be,' thought I; 'the table ones are probably on hand!' Five pair of candles were cheerfully burning, in the light of which sate my famous little gentleman; laid aside his work, cheerfully invited me to sit, and began talking in a perfectly human manner. Our dialogue was perfectly human and successful; lasted for perhaps twenty minutes (for I could not consume a great man's time), turned upon the usual topics, what I was doing, what I had published. 'German Romance' translations my last thing, to which I remember he said kindly: 'We must give you a lift,' an offer which in some complimentary way I managed, to his satisfaction, to decline. My feeling with him was that of embarrassment; a reasonable, veracious little man I could perceive, with whom any truth one felt to utter would have a fair chance."

"The poor paper on Jean Paul" appeared in the next number, and made "a sensation among the Edinburgh buckrams" which was greatly heightened in the following, by the more elaborate and grave article on German Literature. Jeffrey soon after called at Comely Bank, and an intimacy sprang up which waxed stronger with the years.

Macaulay was another of the *Edinburgh's* "discoveries." His connection with the magazine whose pages he so richly adorned for many years was brought about by a speech which he delivered at a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in 1824, and whose merits were warmly eulogised by the *Edinburgh*. In the following year the epoch-making essay on Milton appeared, and drew from Jeffrey the famous remark: "The more I think of it, the less I can perceive where you picked up that style." For the next twenty years Macaulay was the mainstay of the *Edinburgh* and by far its most brilliant contributor. When Jeffrey relinquished his editorial responsibilities in 1829, on becoming Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, the post was offered, as a matter of course, to Macaulay, who would have accepted it had the magazine's headquarters been removed to London. But the arrangement was firmly resisted by Brougham, who had come to regard Macaulay as a dangerous rival.

Hazlitt's relations with the *Edinburgh* were not so happy as those of Carlyle and Macaulay. Though he contributed frequently from 1814 till his death in 1830, he never gained admittance to the inner circle. The *Edinburgh's* politics had not a little to do with his aloofness; deep-dyed Whiggery was hardly to his taste. Hazlitt, it must be confessed, did not add much to his literary reputation by his *Edinburgh* contributions. He scored no successes in its pages; his best work appeared elsewhere. Possibly his essays may not have been improved by Jeffrey's rigorous editing. At all events they lack the charm of his contributions to the *London Magazine*, which he reprinted in his "Table Talk." Jeffrey and Hazlitt, though parting company on many questions, were always good friends, and when the master of epigram was nearing his end his quondam editor did him a turn which revealed the nobler side of his character. While on a visit to Carlyle at Craigenputtock, Jeffrey one morning received a brief and piteous note from his old contributor. It ran as follows: "Dear Sir,—I am dying; can you send me 10s. and so consummate your many kindnesses to me?—W. HAZLITT." Jeffrey's heart was moved by the pathetic appeal. He at once sent a cheque for £50, "and," in Carlyle's words, "poor Hazlitt died in peace from duns at least."

Much more might be written about the early days of the famous Whig organ, but the limits of space have been reached. Sir Henry Craik, writing of the *Edinburgh* reviewers, says : " They had their petty code, their peremptory canons of criticism, as shallow as they were definite, and in the application of that code they were both narrow and mechanical." There is more than a modicum of truth in Sir Henry's estimate, but he might have added that the faults and shortcomings of the *Edinburgh* were shared by the Tory *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* of the " Christopher North " days.

W. FORBES GRAY.

SUMMER DAYS IN BRITTANY.

(TO MY FELLOW TRAVELLER.)

I.

ARRIVAL AT HUELGOAT.

THE sun hung low in the heavens as we reached the little station of Huelgoat-Locmaria, where coaches from the inns at Huelgoat stood in readiness for any passengers who might happen to alight. A small boy in a harlequin costume of liveried cap and jacket, coloured tweed trousers, and sabots, rushed forward with a card assuring us of the superiority of "L'Hôtel de France," and before we had time to consider we found ourselves mounting to the roof of an ancient vehicle.

The youth cut a very droll figure, peering up from under the brim of a cap several sizes too large for him ; but we were taken captive by the extraordinary assurance of his manner, and the keenness of his impish face. Grinning with satisfaction, he ordered a smaller rustic, who accompanied him, to hand up the baggage, remarking as he passed on a packet, "It's a good weight !" which fact we had proved by bitter experience. At his word of command the burly coachman whipped up the three lean horses, the old coach rattled and plunged, and in grand style we drove past groups of peasants, who surveyed us with undisguised curiosity.

Our small guide took up his place near us, sitting with the air of a Napoleon, his shoulders squared, and a hand firmly planted on each knee, or raised now and then to point out some feature of the landscape, with a wave of proud possession. The humour of the thing was irresistible, but laughter had to be suppressed before his searching eye, which seemed to penetrate one's inmost thoughts.

The surrounding country was beautiful. We drove by a winding road, mounting steadily upward through thickly wooded scenery to within view of distant hills, behind which the sun was sinking in golden splendour.

The upland road became more and more lonely ; here and there

we passed a solitary cottage, or a peasant woman driving some straggling cattle homeward. In spite of the exhilarating drive through the keen air, the hush of the solemn evening hour in this lonely place cast its spell upon us. Then we began to wonder what manner of resting-place awaited us at this far-off mountain village, of whose beauty we had heard so much. The hotel card displayed a long list of attractions—"Unrivalled cuisine, electric light, pleasant gardens," where doubtless the weary travellers could sit and enjoy the invigorating air.

But a change in our guide's manner intimated that we were nearing our destination. The unkempt steeds were again whipped up, and with a grand flourish we rattled into the village, past the expectant faces that awaited this final event of the day, and drew up at the Hôtel de France. With an air of triumph the "Napoleon" handed us over to Madame, who stood at the door smiling and expectant. "Beaucoup de monde" had arrived, and as the hotel was full we were sent to the annexe across the street, attended by a small retinue. The lad and his smaller satellite, and a picturesque maid in Breton costume, divided our baggage between them, and conducted us up a wooden staircase to a spacious bedroom, dimly lighted by one small candle.

"On est bien ici," said the damsel, and the expression of "Napoleon's" eye made us understand that our quarters were considered princely. Later we asked where were the electric light and the pleasure garden, and discovered that although the former was used in some rooms, the pleasure garden existed only in the imagination of the man who designed the hotel advertisement.

Dinner was in full swing when we reached the long dining-room, but the cheerful serving-maids began again for our benefit the endless round of courses. Nothing is done hurriedly at Huelgoat, and, indeed, what reason is there for hurry? The long waits at table aid digestion and give time for conversation. When we entered the room, long rows of expectant faces were turned on the new-comers, who in return scanned the ranks, hoping to find no other English present. Vain hope! for here they were, of the most dreary and conventional type. It was a relief to find that we had for immediate neighbours a Breton couple in full costume, the man wearing dark blue, with a bright blue sash, and blue vest embroidered in gold. His better half wore the usual black dress trimmed with velvet, and a cap and collar of spotless white. This picturesque pair looked curiously out of place among their more mundane neighbours: they glanced neither to right nor to left, but devoted

themselves to their meals with undisguised interest, using knife and fork except when the advent of fish or game aroused more primitive instincts. The man had evidently come for health, and one could see that enforced leisure was irksome to the keen-faced Breton, with his inherent thrift and love of work.

Beyond these two sat another odd couple: an elderly woman wearing a lace mantilla, from under which she furtively watched the arrival of each dish, and promptly set to work with untiring industry. By her side sat a girlish-faced child, with long brown hair, in a navy knickerbocker suit. It was certainly difficult to know whether this curious little person represented the fair sex or not; but we found later that *dans ce pays-ci* little girls are often dressed in this strong-minded fashion.

The dishes were handed through an aperture in the dining-room wall, at which an athletic-looking *chef* in white occasionally appeared, this fine individual being none other than "mine host" himself. His rolling black eyes surveyed the company, as though to challenge criticism of his handiwork, and, as dinner went on, we had many proofs of the "excellent cuisine."

Scraps of conversation in our own tongue were wafted to us—the merest flotsam and jetsam of human intercourse. A plaintive female voice murmured: "This is the third time we have had partridge already; one *does* get so tired of it"; and another voice of sharper quality informed her astonished yet credulous neighbour, "We are going on to Pont-Aven, where the terms are only four francs a day." Having wandered much in Brittany, we could have told the lady that she was sadly mistaken; but we hesitated to destroy such illusions, for to some people the hope of economising a few francs seems to give a new joy to life.

We looked in vain for our friend "Napoleon," hoping that he would reappear in the character of a waiter, and use his organising powers to hurry on the laggard service; but he came not, and we discovered that his duties were simply those of a courier. When he returned from meeting the trains he disappeared into private life in the bosom of his family. After dinner we saw hanging from a peg in the hall the selfsame livery in which he received passengers at the trains. There was something almost pathetic in the cast-off greatness of that livery; the jacket, hanging limp and purposeless from the peg, seemed to have little connection with its energetic wearer.

During some of the long delays between the courses, it dawned upon us that Madeleine, the maid who had escorted us to the

annexe, was charming to behold. By the light of a solitary candle we had scarcely noticed her, but the electric light revealed the line of her full white throat, only half-hidden by a little chemisette of lace; her features were clear cut, and an expression of sweet seriousness lingered on her curved lips and soft hazel eyes. Little brown curls escaped from the close white cap, and softened her broad white forehead. Madeleine, like "The Gardener's Daughter," was indeed a "sight to make an old man young."

But at last we made for the annexe across the street, first passing through the hotel café, where the dogs, tired out by hunting, were lying fast asleep. Though it was summer-time, scarcely a sound of human life was to be heard in the village, and one wondered what would be the deadly stillness of a winter evening there.

Under our bedroom windows the fountain—by day the centre of the village life—stood deserted, but the occasional sound of sabots told that someone was coming through the darkness to draw water. Gradually the dark and solemn night enveloped us; the lights disappeared one by one. We closed our heavy outside shutters, and, tired out by a long day's travel, we soon fell into that delightful sleep that succeeds bodily fatigue.¹

II.

HUELGOAT IN RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

Huelgoat deserves its reputation for beauty, and, one must be truthful, its reputation for rain. The traveller who has arrived too late the previous evening to see the place, is eager for first impressions early next morning, but the sound that greets his ear on waking is probably that of a deluge.

Such was our experience. "Merely a summer shower," we thought, consoling ourselves with fragrant coffee; but when *déjeuner* came on at half-past eleven, it was served to the accompaniment of heavy rain against the window panes. No one seemed to notice it, and with good food, good cider, and the charm of novelty hanging over everything, the state of the weather seemed for the moment a matter of secondary importance. Laughter from the non-British end of the table was as frequent as last evening; our Breton neighbours ate steadily and silently as before, and the plaintive lady scanned each dish that might herald the reappearance of partridge with the same air of profound distrust.

¹ The writer is indebted to the editor of *Travel* for permission to use the above.

We adjourned to the front door, looking for a rift in the sky, but no sign of a break was to be seen. The villagers hurried by in their clattering sabots, children sauntered on the way to school, untroubled by mud and rain, and, in spite of the fact that the whole village was swimming in water, someone was continually coming and going from the fountain in the middle of the little *place*.

"Ah, well! it must clear very soon," and meanwhile we drank tasteless tea in the dull little *salon*, and looked in the visitors' book for names of artists who had stayed in this so-called paradise. The smeared and untidy pages showed that F. G. Gould had been here, but they also revealed a truth of much greater importance—the brutal truth that at Huelgoat rain falls in season and out of season! Now we understood why weather-beaten macintoshes hung from the hall-pegs, and why the Irish lady and gentleman who had come for a long stay sallied forth in caps and thick coats, the lady wearing a species of tweed kilt.

"Mine host" was evidently one of those rare followers of Washington who cannot tell a lie. Fearful of being questioned on the weather, he tried hard to avoid the British spinster, but when actually cornered he met her with courageous mien. Rolling his black eyes at the unfriendly heavens, he gave a deprecating shrug, and with out-turned palms made the most hopeless reply: "Who knows *when* it will change? It may last for days!"

After crossing a sea of mud several times daily, we began to realise that living at the annexe is a very doubtful pleasure. Even the glory of having the finest apartment in Huelgoat scarcely made up for it. No one else, we were told, had three large windows overlooking the village fountain and the little shop where bread, stamps, and tobacco were on sale, and at Huelgoat few persons enjoyed the luxury of a large duchesse table, and of easy chairs galore, not to speak of high curtained beds like ours, which could only be reached by first climbing on a chair!

But even these unheard-of advantages palled upon us after a time. What had induced us to come to this hole, this dreary, muddy village? What folly to be cooped up with a few heavy English and uninteresting provincial French tourists in this stupid Breton inn! At Pont-Aven, or even at Douarnenez, we might have had decent weather. Thus we raved, and decided to leave by to-morrow morning's coach.

But next morning we did *not* join "Napoleon" in his early drive on the ancient vehicle. The clouds had lifted, and the sky was luminous above the distant hills. Beautiful indeed appeared the

rain-washed world, and the air was full of the song of birds, and the smell of earth and shrubs and flowers. A silvery light shone upon the unruffled bosom of the lake, and all the meadows glistened with emeralds. Here and there a gleam of sunshine touched the dark forests, bringing out tones of freshest green from the mass of olive.

How soon does our mental outlook change when the heavens smile upon us ! A gleam of sunshine, a lovely face, a smile or hand-clasp from one we love, and the mercury goes up. Once again our pulses beat in harmony with the Great Heart of the universe.

Down by the lake we found groups of women washing, amid much talk and laughter. Here were subjects ready to hand for the camera, and by dint of smiles and *sous* some pictures of the bright-faced girls were soon secured.

Misguided persons in our country look upon the washing of linen as a very prosaic occupation, but in Brittany it seems to be the great centre of interest among the peasant women. At Huelgoat, where no clubs for women have as yet been started, social intercourse goes on while washing the family garments in the waters of the lake, or in that mysterious stream running under the granite boulders of what is called "Le Ménage de la Vierge." We came quite unexpectedly upon these knots of workers, and one's artistic sense found constant pleasure in watching the effect of their kneeling figures, their white caps and bundles of linen made lustrous by the sunshine.

On a winding road outside the village we chanced to find a public *lavoir*, round which a large crowd of busy women were washing ; old crones and slips of girls were working side by side, laughing, chatting, or arguing vehemently. Our sudden appearance, camera in hand, was received with an outburst of voluble talk in Breton, and glances not wholly friendly.

Doubtless the subjects of this picturesque scene objected to being immortalised without even a promise of payment, but the owner of the camera was an adept at giving most disarming smiles, and the storm blew over. We gazed our fill, and made pictures of the group, and of the girls who came and went, carrying baskets of linen poised gracefully on their heads.

Near by the *lavoir* a little stream came rippling down from the hillside, and beside it stood a little group of country *gamins* bent on sport. Only one of them had the honour of possessing a fishing-rod, and seemed to be invested with much dignity in consequence. The smaller fry watched him with open-mouthed admiration, especially one little lad, whose garments were a marvel of patchwork, light

pieces on dark, and dark on light, regardless of effect. But the owner, whom nature had stamped all over with the unmistakable marks of a dreamer, was absolutely unconscious of himself. One common interest—the capture of an innocent fish—bound the group together as though by mesmeric force. Not even the advent of two outlandish Englishwomen drew off their attention from the angler, and with bated breath they hung on his every movement, as he cast and recast the line.

When, at last, the victim nibbled, all were absolutely breathless with excitement. Slowly it was being played, and drawn gently to its doom, when with a bound the creature freed itself, and one long sigh of disappointment broke simultaneously from the group.

Thus the days passed, full of interest and novel experiences. One never wearied of the village life, of watching the men play at bowls, and the children run about in their quaint dress—little girls wearing long skirts down to the tops of their sabots, and the same close-fitting *coiffe* as the women. Though the church bells rang at the same unearthly hours as in other parts of Brittany, we did not find the same number of silent worshippers as elsewhere, nor were the lonely Calvaries on the roads outside the village so much frequented as at Concarneau or Douarnenez.

Occasionally one found a woman kneeling by the Calvary near the lake, and an impressive sight we thought it. The plain stone cross placed on huge boulders, amid wild moorland scenery, and at the foot of this massive cross, under the silent sky, a Breton peasant woman in the attitude of prayer. A subject that has inspired numbers of painters, and that, during our rambles in Brittany, never failed to charm us by its poetic beauty.

III.

GOOD-BYE TO HUELGOAT.

The coach and three lean steeds stood ready to take us to the station, and the small courier, whom we had dubbed “Napoleon,” resumed charge of the travellers.

We had been up since early morning, collecting our baggage, and taking a lingering look round the village. Now everyone was busy under the host’s direction, helping down luggage, and hurrying with the mail-bags, but “Napoleon” was virtually the ruling spirit of the moment. His keen eye detected a flaw in the harness, and from the top of the coach he shouted instructions to the burly driver and stable boys.

The group by the inn door included Madeleine, who explained, as she took charge of our wraps, that she had left her duties to say "Au revoir" "Mademoiselle will not forget the promised photograph," she found opportunity to whisper to one of us, her manner expressing regret at our departure, as though the same scene were not a daily occurrence in summer-time. Hearing us speak of the little courier as "Napoleon," her mirth was spontaneous, and could not be kept to herself. "Ces dames t'appellent 'Napoléon !'" she proclaimed. But instead of being abashed by the laughter of a mocking audience, the imp treated his new title as quite appropriate. "Mais oui," he responded, smiling with conscious pride, "Napoléon premier !"

Aided by this august personage, we again climbed by a shaky ladder to the roof of the coach, and waved our good-byes. Madeleine's sweet lips framed "Au revoir," and our host bowed to the same refrain. "Next summer," we said, and our intention was genuine. When parting from aught one cares for, "Au revoir" is so much easier to say than our English "Good-bye," and in our hearts we always say "Till we meet again."

We rattled past the church, the annexe, and the fountain, and past the rival inn, "Le Hôtel de la Bretagne," leaving the peaceful village far behind. Our route lay by the mountain road where we had loved to wander, and we missed our silent Breton neighbour, who usually strolled there in the sunshine, a lonely figure, made more noticeable by his gold-embroidered coat and his bright blue sash.

"Napoleon's" patriotic pride seemed pleased at our evident regret at leaving Huelgoat, and, drawing nearer, he began to eulogise the English in general, and us in particular. "I like all the English, but you more than any."

We wondered why this honour had been reserved for us, and soon discovered that it was a matter of personal vanity. "Because some English visitors never speak to 'Napoleon.'"

Then followed many interesting details of our guide's career; more than one visitor had wanted to take him away into their service. A Jersey gentleman had offered to educate him, but the *gamin* declined, thereby depriving Jersey of an exotic plant. We told him it was a pity not to see the world when he had a chance, but he replied promptly, "One has plenty of time at fourteen." In spite of his military bearing, a seafaring life attracted him most, and, as soon as he could get away, he meant to be a sailor.

Cross-examined by "Napoleon" as to what we had seen at

Huelgoat, we felt intensely ignorant. True, we had seen "la pierre tremblante" and "Le Ménage de la Vierge," but we had not explored the forests, nor visited the Cascades of St. Herbot, the patron saint of cattle. Every year, it appears, a wonderful "Pardon" is held in honour of this saint. Cattle are brought from the whole countryside, and offerings of ox-tails are made by their owners to the Church, in token of gratitude.

"Napoleon" was eloquent as to "la chasse," for which Huelgoat is noted in winter. We drove past forests where wild boars may still be encountered, and the bloodthirsty youth was naturally more impressed by the thought of slaughtering boars than the beauty of the scene before us. On our right lay tracts of moorland and forest, and on the left a river meandered near the roadway, and dark trees stood out upon the summit of the distant hills. Under a summer sky all was peace and beauty, but winter must be a desolate season here. The *couvre-feu* still rings nightly, and all lights have to be extinguished in the auberges, where the Breton is apt to consume more cider than is good for him.

As this little peasant thus talked to us, full of intelligence and humour, we could not help contrasting him with a country lad in an isolated English village. Where should we find one who could enjoy this quiet *badinage* at his own expense without becoming awkward or over-familiar? "Napoleon" and Madeleine were truly among Nature's own gentlefolk.

When posing for the photograph of which she had reminded us this morning, Madeleine was not pleased at being caught in the village street and asked to stand still for a few minutes there and then. She expostulated that she was not "*bien coiffée*." "Another time" she would put on her best things and pose for Mademoiselle; but Mademoiselle was obdurate, so Madeleine yielded with good grace, and stood with sweet seriousness, neither blushing nor embarrassed, though the village gossips rushed to doors and windows to see the fun.

Meanwhile she told us that she had seen something of the world, and that Madame had even taken her *en voyage* to Guingamp! She had often posed for her photograph, and visitors had offered her situations elsewhere, but she did not wish to leave her own people, adding naïvely, "Et on est si bien à l'Hôtel de France." We admired again her delicate colouring, and the ever-changing light in her hazel eyes, wondering where, among these peasants, could be found a fit mate for Madeleine?

Now, as we neared the railway station, we asked "Napoleon" if

he, too, would stand for his photograph. "Ah, oui," he responded, nodding his consent, "pour un souvenir ;" and as soon as we had alighted and the baggage was disposed of, he promptly fell into position. Standing with one hand raised to the salute, "Napoleon" faced the camera to be immortalised.

Very soon the train was carrying us on toward Concarneau, but we thought often of the little peasant lad, and wondered if his impish face would greet us on our return to Huelgoat.

J. QUIGLEY.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL LICENSING OF TEACHERS IN THE PAST.

“NOT a man in Europe,” says Cardinal Newman, “who talks bravely against the Church but owes it to the Church that he can talk at all.” It is only when we come to read the history of the Middle Ages that we realise the full import of what Newman asserts. And, whatever may be said on the subject by partisans, the impartial historian of education will always gladly recognise the glorious part played by the Church in the episcopal and early monastic schools. Not that the candid inquirer will necessarily suppose that the Church was the first or only institution which recognised the responsibility of handing on the torch of learning from one generation to another, or of spreading widecast the benefits of culture and instruction. The Holy Catholic Church had been founded on the model of the “Universal Empire” which the City of Rome had held before itself in its political vision. The military, social, political organism which hoped to complete itself in universal dominion had, it is true, passed away. But, like the waves of the sea, as the currents of history moved onward into fresh regions, the old ideals passed forward, and moulded the new waters with the old forms of aspiration towards a universal empire, now to ecclesiastical rather than political ends. In attempting large and far-reaching ecclesiastical objects, it was not likely that educational ends, at any rate in some subsidiary degree, would be left out. For the institutions of Church and State, corporations as they are of the highest and most comprehensive forms, “never die,” and for the continuance of the ideas for which they stood to future ages—nay, to even the following generation—the culture and education of the young is too pressing and obvious a condition to escape the urgent attention of a State or religion of even a comparatively low type.

We should expect, therefore, that the care for the young in their upbringing would not be overlooked by the builders of the old Roman Empire. Into this I cannot go further than to quote the words of Gibbon: “In all the cities of the Roman world the

education of youth was entrusted to masters of grammar and rhetoric, who were elected by the magistrates, maintained at the public expense, and distinguished by many lucrative and honourable privileges." Without further inquiry on what would be an interesting question—viz. to what degree the organisation in this direction was elaborated by the Romans—I only pause here to remark that the arrangements spoken of by Gibbon, however thorough or however lacking in their completeness, were clearly directed to the production of the citizen—probably, indeed, with that high ideal before them, as declared in detail to us by Quintilian, of the *bonus orator*.

With the words of Cardinal Newman still sounding in our ears, it is best to respectfully pass by in comparative silence the early centuries of the Christian era ; for details of educational history are lacking, or, when found, are not indicative, for the most part, of the encouragement of secular learning. The Fourth Council of Carthage, for instance, disallowed the reading of secular books, even by the bishops. This was in 398 A.D. ; and although there were individual Churchmen who had more generous views as to literature, yet it would seem that learning and teaching came into prominence in the Christian Church with the foundation and development of the Benedictine Order of monks.

It was not, however, till the time of Charlemagne that education became organised as such. In 787 that monarch addressed a letter to the abbots of the monasteries throughout his empire. This proclamation has been called "the first general charter of education for the Middle Ages." In it abbots are exhorted to study "letters," to enable them to understand more clearly the contents of the Scriptures, and because, "although right doing be preferable to right speaking, yet must the knowledge of what is right precede right action." But the abbots are further expected to choose men for study who will not only be zealous and capable students, but also men who will be desirous of instructing others. These instructions were issued to bishops as well as to abbots. Theodulf, the Bishop of Orleans, was one who carried out the directions of the King. The spirit in which he did this is seen by the fact that he required all the clergy in his diocese to receive all children who should be sent by their parents to be taught in each parish, and that no fees were to be exacted. There is the principle of universal free elementary education suggested. How far this was adopted in the other dioceses, or even in Theodulf's own, it is difficult to ascertain. But the idea of universal education is there, and it is in the spirit of his

great king, Charlemagne. I only add that Charlemagne established the great Palace schools for the people about his Court, together with others of the laity from a distance, and that into these schools he brought the most distinguished scholars of the day, one of the greatest being obtained from England, viz. Alcuin, of the York school.

Within the idea of the great educationist Emperor, we have seen, are included (1) schools of the courtier-nobles of the Palace; (2) schools in connection with the monasteries; (3) schools in connection with the dioceses—or what have been called the Cathedral schools. The Palace schools must not be taken as necessarily non-ecclesiastical. They were to be “the nursery for the future bishops and abbots of the Frankish Empire. It was perhaps in its origin an outgrowth of the royal school.” So says Mr. Hastings Rashdall, and it is with a sense of relief in getting adequate and expert guidance in the very difficult question of assigning the part played by the monasteries in this period that I quote his words on the subject. After saying that the influential part of the Carolingian reform was the enactment that “every monastery and every cathedral should have a school for the education of young clerks,” he adds, “of these two classes of schools by far the most important were the schools of the monasteries, which now for the first time opened their doors to non-monastic students. Nearly all the schools which possessed more than a local importance were monastic.

“From the beginning of the ninth century all the more important monasteries had two distinct schools—one of its own *oblats*, the other for outsiders. All the enlightened ecclesiastics of the time were educated in monasteries, and most of them were monks: it was from the monasteries that the episcopal schools derived their teachers. On the other hand, it was, as we shall see, from the cathedral schools that the Universities were at length developed, when the intellectual enthusiasm of the Middle Ages began to flow in a channel distinct from its religious enthusiasm. The cathedral schools were of course as ecclesiastical in their character and aims as the monastic; and this ecclesiastical character of the pre-University education should be remembered as the first of the conditions which determined, at least in Northern Europe, the form of the intellectual movement out of which the Universities grew and the shape of the University system itself.”

So far, then, I have attempted to sketch the origin of the organisation of education in the Middle Ages. The two points which

especially stand out are, firstly, the far-reachingness of the organisation, and, secondly, its ecclesiastical character. Charlemagne clearly never contemplated the idea of schools apart from ecclesiastical sanction. Learning and teaching were the functions of the Church, and it was only with the growing need of differentiation in the growth of the body politic that they became in any degree separated.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find in 826 that at a synod of Pope Eugenius II. there is a decree stating that it has been reported in some places there are neither masters to teach nor any provision for a school. The order, therefore, is made that in *all episcopal sees, and all other places where it is necessary*, masters and doctors are to be provided for, to teach "letters" and the liberal arts. Charlemagne's enthusiasm for schools has now passed into the hands of the Pope and his synod. More than ever, all education became tightly bound within the ecclesiastical clasp.

Let us examine more closely the condition of affairs to which education had to adapt itself. We may then see the reason, if not indeed, the necessity of, ecclesiastical organisation in the education of the time.

Up to the eleventh or twelfth century the society of the Middle Ages may be said to have consisted of those engaged in warfare, of those who were more or less serfs of the soil, and of those who had some sort of ecclesiastical aspirations. The military class, on the whole, had occupation so absorbing as, except in special instances, to exclude the need, as well as the opportunity, of instruction in letters. The serfs were *une quantité négligeable*. The whole, therefore, of the educated classes belonged to those who looked for an ecclesiastical career, in the many-sided forms which those careers presented in the Middle Ages. There is no reason to regard this ecclesiastical organisation of education as a tyranny. If it had been a despotism, as M. Léon Maître acutely points out, there would be traces of reproaches hurled at the authorities, complaining of some restrictions or prohibitions which were unjust. The fact is that the liberal professions did not exist outside of the Church, so that ecclesiastical education may be regarded as technical education in an age when there was education only for the profession of the Church. Ecclesiastics were, as Seebohm says, the lawyers, diplomatists, envoys, ambassadors, ministers, chancellors—and even prime ministers. It might be added that before the establishment of the University of Salerno they were often the physicians as well.

It was whilst the Church had the universal control of the schools

that it felt irresistibly the necessity of organisation. It is with the episcopal or cathedral schools that organisation was the most complete.

The twelfth-century Renaissance is a critical epoch in the history of education. As Miss Drane says: "Schools and teachers were indefinitely multiplied; the office of teaching was no longer confined to ecclesiastics, and, falling into the hands of professors, unavoidably assumed a new character. But the main principles of the former system still remained in force." Again M. Léon Maître says: "Frightened by the violent emancipation of the bourgeoisie and by the multiplication of mistakes which were being made, the Church judged it prudent to submit to its control all the new masters, whether lay or clerk. Accustomed to consider the Church as the only teaching authority, the aspirants to teaching were thankful that it did not abuse its omnipotence up to the point of arrogating the monopoly of teaching, and recognised without difficulty the privilege of the *licentia docendi*."

M. Léon Maître is here referring to the decretal of Pope Gregory IX., after the Lateran Council of 1179. This decretal requires (1) that every cathedral church must provide a benefice for a master to teach the clerks; and (2) that anyone selling the licence to teach or refusing it to one fit for teaching shall be deprived of his own benefice.

Two years afterwards, in 1181, Pope Alexander III. sent a special communication to the Bishop of Winchester, requiring him to abolish in his diocese all fees for licences to teach. "*Gratis accepistis, gratis date*," he says. This communication was sent to the bishop, and he was the titular licenser. In fact, of course, the bishop was, originally, often the teacher, or chief teacher, himself; and if a prelate had been a teacher, it is said that he always retained the proud title of *Master* even after reaching episcopal or abbatial honours. But as schools multiplied, the duties of schoolmasters, and especially what one may call the duties of Inspector of Schools for the diocese, necessarily had to devolve on a special functionary.

This was, in England, the Chancellor, Magister Scholarum, or Scholasticus. He had jurisdiction over the schools, and the granting, under the bishop, of licences. The decretals, which I have quoted, from Pope Gregory IX. and Alexander III. are confirmed after the fourth Lateran Council in 1215 by Pope Innocent III. The post of schoolmaster was filled by a canon, a simple priest, or a monk of St. Benedict.¹ If a doctor of talent presented himself there would

¹ So says M. Léon Maître.

be no scruple in accepting him as a teacher in the schools. This licensing of teachers was thus general throughout the dominion of the Roman Church, but its action in England may be illustrated by a passage from Mr. J. H. Round's "Commune of London." He gives the Latin text of an ordinance from the legate, Henry de Blois, in the time of King Stephen, to the effect that all schoolmasters teaching school in London without licence from the cathedral schoolmaster (Magister Scholarum) should be *excommunicated*.¹

Reference of disputes to Popes gave them authority over schools, and served as foundation later on for them to assume authority in the disputes of Universities. There were occasionally contests of a somewhat fierce nature as to whether the Magister had jurisdiction over *all* schools. Pope Alexander III., in his decision with regard to the Abbey of S. Bertin, settled that such jurisdiction did not apply to the abbeys and schools of priories dependent on the larger abbeys. There is an account extant of a lord of the manor who entrusted the direction of the school on his estate to the monks of the priory of the town. When the lord's son attempted to take away the *collation*, as it was termed, to the schoolmastership, another abbey appealed to Alexander III. to have the abbey maintained in its right. The Pope, it is said, used all his influence with the lord. It thus appears that vested interests grew up, apparently outside of the jurisdiction of the Church, as far as *collation* was concerned, but even then probably not with regard to licensing. The lord could, it is thought, only choose for presentation to a teaching benefice a man who had been licensed by the diocesan. There is evidence as to the qualifications required by the Magister Scholarum before instituting a teacher to a benefice, and presumably, therefore, before licensing him. Fulbert, *e.g.* in the eleventh century, requires that a man should be of ripe age and of great purity of morals; and in the twelfth century Etienne de Tournay says to be a schoolmaster a man must be, first, of tried and proved virtue; and, second, of complete erudition. The payment of a schoolmaster was the holding of a prebend in a cathedral, or chantry in a church, in later times. This gave what we should call security of tenure. He is bound to reside permanently where his work is,

¹ Vacancy of See of London (1134-41). Bishop of Winchester interferes: "H. Dei gratia Wintoniensis ecclesie minister capitulo Sancti Pauli et Willelmo archidiacono et ministris suis salutem. Precipio vobis pro obedientia ut trina vocatione sententiam anatematis in eos proferatis qui sine licentia Henrici Magistri Scholarum in tota civitate Lundon legere presumpserint preter eos qui scolas Sancte Marie de Archa et Sancti Martini Magni regunt. Teste Magistro Ilario apud Wintoniam."

unless he gets special permission to go elsewhere, temporarily or otherwise.

I have throughout laid stress on the cathedral schools rather than on the monasteries, for though there was a period between the time of Charles the Great and the eleventh century, *i.e.* the Benedictine Age, when the Benedictines did great things for education in the schools, that age closed with Anselm, who was, as Mr. Hastings Rashdall calls him, "the last of the great monastic teachers." From that time onwards the monastic schools confined themselves almost entirely to regulars and novices, and it was the cathedral schools which carried on what was done in the way of education of seculars. It was from the cathedral school of Paris that the so-called founder of the University of Paris came. In 1132 Stephen de Senlis, Bishop of Paris, required a certain Galon to discontinue teaching. "Galon persisted, in defiance of the Bishop, and his pupils, deserting his school through fear of incurring ecclesiastical censures, Galon was put to silence. He appealed to the Pope, and this is the first occasion," says Cr  vier, "in which the authority of the Court of Rome appears as interfering in the affairs of the University."

Again, it was from the cathedral schools, in all probability, that the idea arose of having the teaching of schools connected with the various important churches of the towns and villages. This was done by the institution of schools in the various chantries which were established in the larger churches throughout the country.

Mr. Arthur F. Leach did an inestimable service to the history of education in showing with such a wealth of illustration the importance of the chantry schools in English education of the pre-Reformation times. "The great bulk of the chantries," he says, in England, "seem to have been founded in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and went on in increasing crowds with the spread of wealth, right up to the Reformation." Although the chantry priest was, in the first place, appointed to pray for the soul of an individual, his family, and friends, eventually other functions fell to his lot, one of the most common being that of teaching poor boys. As there were chantries in connection with most, if not all, of the important churches of the country, the requirement, by the bequeather of a chantry, of the teaching of children by the chantry priest was analogous to the institution by the Church of a prebend in the cathedral churches for the Scholasticus.

Mr. Leach has nothing to say about licences to these chantry priests in his "English Schools at the Reformation—1546-48";

but, in his volume on "Early Yorkshire Schools,"¹ he has given interesting cases in connection with licensing of teachers in the chapter schools of York, Beverley, and Ripon.

In connection with York, he tells us how, in 1367, Mr. Adam, of York, Precentor, complained that, "Whereas by immemorial custom the keeping school in the city of York for teaching boys singing ought to be held in a certain place belonging to the Cathedral church, the appointment and *removal* of the rector or master of which was appurtenant to the Precentorship, yet *divers chaplains, holy-water carriers*, and many others, actually keep song school or schools in parish churches, houses, and other places in York, to the no small prejudice and grievance of the Precentor. . . ." All such masters, or keepers of schools, on the order of the Archbishop, were required to give them up within a fortnight, on pain of ecclesiastical censure.

In 1375 one of the York schools had a master, John of York, who, on appeal to the Chancellor, was successful in suppressing an unlicensed grammar-school master. The alternative was pain of excommunication. Mr. Leach refers to further cases of suppression of unlicensed teachers at St. Paul's, London, 1137, and at Winchester in 1180, at Canterbury, 1307-22; and states that similar rights were exercised by the Abbot of Walden, at Saffron Walden, in 1475. The cases referred to by Mr. Leach at Beverley are given more circumstantially.

In 1304, on the motion of the rector of the school, Robert of Dalton, clerk, "who, unmindful of his salvation," had dared to teach school there, to the prejudice of the liberties of the Church, was directed by the Chapter to desist in nine days, or he would be solemnly excommunicated in Dalton Church. In the following year, Stephen of Gorton, clerk, received a similar warning for keeping an adulterine (*i.e.* unlicensed) school in Kelk. If he did not desist, he, too, was to be excommunicated, but, in his own school ("in scholis ipsius Stephani"). Mr. Leach's third case is at Beverley itself—an action against Geoffrey of Sancton, in 1305, for keeping an unlicensed school. He was warned to abstain from teaching, and actually fell under sentence of excommunication. "But, as with hardened mind, he despised the things of the Church, a hearing was refused him. They, therefore, asked the Official to avoid the said Geoffrey in the Consistory Court and other places whatsoever, and cause him to be avoided by others; that whilst he is shut out from common intercourse, being overwhelmed with

¹ *Yorkshire Archaeological Society's Record Series*, 1898. (1899.)

shame, he may be more easily bent to the grace of humility and the result of reconciliation." This was effectual, for in 1306 the Chapter directed Sir Alan of Humbleton to absolve Geoffrey of Sancton from excommunication.

The system of licensing teachers, I take it, thus remained in the hands of the Church till the time of the Reformation. As Mr. Leach has shown, the chief schools at that time were the chantry schools, and, with the dissolution of these, consequent upon the Chantry Acts of 1546-48, in the reign of Edward VI., the system of licensing, it would seem, lost its *universality*. But it continued to exist, at least as a *survival* from the old ecclesiastical system. As I shall show, it continued without a break to remain part of the Canon Law of the English Church.

In the reign of Mary, on the restoration of the Roman Church, there was, in 1555, an attempt to return to the practice of licensing. In the "Constitutiones Legatinæ R. Poli Cardinalis" the eleventh Decretum is (in Latin) : "Let no one, for the future, dare to undertake in any place the office of teaching, unless he has been examined by the Ordinary, and has been admonished as to the books which he ought to read. If it be otherwise, let him incur the pain of excommunication, and be prohibited from teaching for three years. And, amongst those who already perform the office of teaching, if any one should be found unworthy in faith, teaching, or morals, let him be ejected ; but, if worthy, let him be confirmed."

Immediately after Elizabeth's accession, at the meeting of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, it was proposed—but it does not seem clear whether it actually became an ordinance—"that no one should be admitted to teach youth, either in schools or private families, unless he has been approved by the Ordinary." This was embodied in the injunctions given by the Queen concerning the clergy and laity of this realm. And, again, in 1571, Convocation of Canterbury not only made this quite definite, but added "That the bishop shall approve no schoolmaster as worthy of the office of teacher, unless, in his judgment, he has sufficient knowledge [*nisi quem suo judicio doctum invenerit*], and unless he is recommended as worthy in life and morals by the testimony of pious men."

In Queen Elizabeth's reign there still need to be considered the notices of the Visitations of the Archbishop's province. In 1567 Archbishop Parker laid down in one of the Articles of Visitation the question : "Whether the officers and ministers, including the schoolmasters, within your church, *as without*, do either privily or

openly preach or teach any unwholesome, erroneous, seditious doctrine." It is true that at the same time the inquiry is to be made: "Whether your schoolmasters be of a sincere religion, and be diligent in teaching and bringing up of youth." But it is quite clear that, with these visitations of Elizabeth's reign, the machinery of the Bishop with regard to the old ecclesiastical jurisdiction over schools is now being brought to bear for a political and religiously orthodox, rather than a pedagogical, purpose. The Privy Council, for instance, in 1581, ask Archbishop Grindall to have a good regard to the execution of the Act concerning recusant schoolmasters. Whereupon Grindall at once despatches the order for inquiry: "Whether any schoolmaster of suspected religion, or *that is not licensed to teach* by the Bishop or Ordinary, doth teach in any public or private place within this diocese." So, again, in 1583, Archbishop Whitgift¹ directs the similar inquiry throughout his province, from all schoolmasters, "as well public as private, with order that such as be unsound may be removed, according to the statute in that behalf provided." In 1585, again, Whitgift is making inquiries in the diocese of Chichester, and in 1588 he enjoins the churchwardens and sworn men in the ordinary visitation of the diocese of Sarum to inquire "if any within your parish doth teach without licence of his Ordinary, under his seal." In 1604 the English Church Canons were adopted. The Seventy-seventh Canon enjoins: "No man shall teach either in public school or private house, but such as shall be allowed by the Bishop of the Diocese, or Ordinary of the place, under his hand and seal, being found meet as well for his learning and dexterity in teaching as for sober and honest conversation, and also for right

¹ Strype, in the Life of Archbishop Whitgift, gives specimens of two licences as granted by Whitgift. One was to Jos. Brown, B.A., as follows:—

"Ad instruend. erudiend. et informand. quoscunque pueros in literis grammaticalibus, aliisque documentis licitis et honestis; ac de jure, legibus et statutis hujus regni Angliæ in ea parte permissis et approbatis, in quocunque loco publico vel privato tuo arbitrio, eligend. etc., in et per dioc. Winton. et Cicestren. . . . Tibi de cujus fidelitate, literarum scientia, morum probitate et diligentia plurimum confidimus, licentiam, &c. ad nostrum beneplacitum, tantummodo duraturam, &c."

The above licence, it is to be noted, is for grammar teaching. The other sort of licences for English schoolmasters ran:—

"In facultate legendi ac scribendi, aliisque documentis licitis et honestis," &c., as before.

Such a licence, adds Strype, was given in 1585 to one Stephen Woodcock. Similar licences, Strype says, were given from year to year by Whitgift, though he does not afford material for judging as to their number.

understanding of God's true religion ; and also except he shall first subscribe to the first and third Articles"—i.e. "King's Supremacy" and "The Church of England as a true and Apostolical Church." (This Canon was supplemented, if not superseded, by the Act of Uniformity of 1662 ; and it was only the Act of 9 and 10 Victoria, c. 59, which repealed the section of the Act of Uniformity which imposed the sanction of punishment on those teaching without the licence. By 32 and 33 Victoria, c. 56, s. 20, the Endowed Schools Commissioners are to provide in every scheme for abolition of the necessity of having the Ordinary's licence.) The ecclesiastical jurisdiction of schoolmasters by the bishop was turned into an instrument for the punishment of heresy, rather than the promotion of education ; though Bishop Gibson, in his "*Codex Juris Ecclesiastici Anglicani*," 1761, says that the licences to teach school appear without number on the records of particular sees, as also prohibitions. I may add to this the interesting fact that in the Commonwealth the power of licensing schoolmasters was exercised by the major-generals, and it is needless to state that good affection to the Council of State was a necessary condition of the licence. The ecclesiastical aspect has become political, and the pedagogical aspect overshadowed. I have found a case in which King Charles I. interfered as against the Chancellor—in 1629. In that year Andrew Bird, head of the Free School at Reading, complains that the Chancellor of the diocese has granted a licence to one to teach grammar to the prejudice of the borough school. "It is," says the King's ordinance, "the King's pleasure that he cause that licence to be revoked."

The following example (taken from Mr. Leach's "*History of Winchester College*") will show how licensing affected schools in the seventeenth century :—

In 1629, Stanley, the Head Master of Winchester College, asked the Archbishop of Canterbury to put down John Imber, who had been usher at the College, but "had of late, upon a general licence granted out of your Grace's Court of Faculties, or from your Vicar-General, set up and still doth continue the teaching of Grammar and Latin books within the said city, to the great prejudice and discouragement of the said collegiate school." Stanley not only asked that Imber be restrained, but that in all future licences granted to schoolmasters in that diocese a clause be inserted, requiring that the applicant "shall not teach within seven miles of the College." At first, the Archbishop restrained Imber from teaching within five miles of the College, whereupon the (city) Corporation petitioned

the Archbishop that the city should not be deprived "of the benefit of Imber's teaching." In the end, the Archbishop referred the case to the Chancellor of the diocese of Winchester. The result is not known, but Mr. Leach points out that on a previous occasion the College had themselves been restrained by ecclesiastical authority from taking "outsiders," *i.e.* townspeople's sons.

Dr. J. F. Furnivall very kindly has supplied me with a representative entry from the Gloucester diocesan registry. "28 die Novembris 1681, in Registro episcopali Gloucestrensi, coram Cancellario etc. I, John Edwardes, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the County of Warwick, now to be licensed to teach in the Publicke Free School of Clifford Chambers, in the diocese of Gloucester, doe subscribe to the thirty-nine articles as by lawe is required.—John Edwardes." Dr. Furnivall also has sent me two cases of similar subscription, and licence thereupon granted *to practise chirurgery*. From all which it is clear, once more, that licensing had become a test of orthodoxy in politics and theology—and not, in the chief regard, professional fitness. With respect to practisers of physic, the following is from Archbishop Sheldon's orders to the Bishops of his province. 1665.

[Whole of the Clause V.]

"V.—Concerning practisers of Physic.

"That before the said feast day of our blessed lady St. Mary the Virgin, they and every of them particularly certify me the names, surnames, degrees and qualities of all practisers of physic within their respective dioceses; in what towns, villages, or places they live; whether licensed and by whom; and how they appear affected to his Majesty's Government and the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England."

In connection with Archbishop Sheldon's order I add Cardwell's note: "By statute 3 Henry VIII. c. 11, bishops and their vicars-general had the right of licensing physicians and surgeons in their respective dioceses."

To show how the question of schoolmasters' licences could be made obnoxious to Nonconformists, let us take the case of Claridge. Richard Claridge was a Quaker who, in 1707, kept a successful school at Edmonton. Lord Coleraine and another parishioner took exception to the school on the ground that Claridge might proselytise children, and that, at any rate, the school was an eyesore to the vicar, his lecturer, and the master of the free school. Claridge was cited to appear personally at Doctors' Commons, charged with teaching boys

and young men in the rudiments of the grammar and English tongue, and other school-learning, without licence in that behalf first had and obtained. This action dropped through; but, eight months afterwards, Lord Coleraine put up his footman, Edward Earl, to prosecute Claridge. Earl was a man who was no householder, nor had he any "visible estate"; but he was thought good enough for the purpose. The cause was tried at the Consistory of St. Paul's. Evidence was given tending to show that the prosecution arose from malice and ill-will, and that Edward Earl was not acting of his own initiative, but at "the instance, request, and charges of Lord Coleraine." But the case proceeded, whereupon Claridge applied, through his counsel, to the Queen's Bench for a prohibition to stay proceedings in the ecclesiastical court. His counsel argued that teaching school is lawful for any person by the common law; that canons against the common law are void, and that Acts of Parliament and offences against them belong to the judgment of the temporal, and not to the ecclesiastical, courts. A prohibition was granted to stop proceedings till the next term, when the spiritual court might appear to show cause why a writ of prohibition should not be made out. The counsel on the other side did not appear, and the ecclesiastical court was tied up from any further prosecution.

Now how vexatious these proceedings were will be judged when it is pointed out that Claridge taught some of these children *gratis*; that he claimed "not to corrupt the youth, but to instruct them in the principles of truth and righteousness." But to show conclusively that the legal action was based on difference of theological tenet, and not upon any question of educational fitness, it is enough to say that Claridge was an M.A. of the University of Oxford, where he had the reputation of being a good orator, philosopher, and Grecian. That he was a good teacher may be concluded from the size of his school, in which the boarders increased, and divers of the townspeople also sent their children to him. A clear statement of the bishops' views as to their ecclesiastical jurisdiction is to be found in a letter from Bishop Nicholson to Mr. Baron Price in 1705. He says: "Archbishop Arundel's Constitutions in Lyndwood's 'Provincial,' where it is stated that all manner of teachers (*quicunque docentes*, as well as *magistri*) are under the cognisance of the Canon as to licensing. 2. The gloss observes that the instructors of women and girls (which will hardly ever appear to have been the case of men in orders) are comprehended under that general title. 3. The private teachers (*in cameris et introitibus*) are then required to have licences from the

Ordinary in form ; and they that have them not, are to be proceeded against as sowers of schism.”¹

This, however, is not the view held by the Crown Law Courts, as will be shown by the following case :—

In 1700, a schoolmaster called Cox was summoned before the Ecclesiastical Court at Exeter for teaching school without a licence from the bishop, and, on motion before the Lord Chancellor, an order was made that cause should be shown why a prohibition should not go. It was in the Court of Chancery moved to discharge the said order, alleging that before the Reformation this was certainly of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Lord Keeper Wright gave judgment : “That both Courts may have a *concurrent* jurisdiction, and a crime may be punishable both in the one and the other. The Canons of a Convocation do not bind the laity without an Act of Parliament. But I always was, and still am, of opinion that keeping of school is, by the old laws of England, of *ecclesiastical* cognisance. Therefore let the order for prohibition be discharged.” But he held that, if it was for the teaching of any school except a grammar school, viz. writing schools, reading schools, and dancing schools, and suchlike, then the prohibition was to be granted.

To take another instance. The great Nonconformist minister, Dr. Philip Doddridge, was cited to appear before the Consistory Court in 1733 for not having a licence. It is true that in this case it was on account of preaching and not school-teaching. Proceedings were eventually stopped by a message from King George II. Doddridge's comments on the case show how licensing pressed on the Dissenters in the matter of school-teaching. So I give the passage in full.

From “Correspondence and Diary of Philip Doddridge, D.D.,” by J. Doddridge Humphreys, vol. iii. p. 131. From letter to the Rev. Mr. Chandler, December 5, 1733 :—

“The persecution in itself is not remarkable, for I have been told that *near twenty such attempts have been made, within less than so many years, upon dissenting schoolmasters in this diocese*, which have given the instigators no other satisfaction than what they have found in giving such testimony of their candour and moderation, and putting some poor families, for such have been chiefly concerned, to the expense of a prohibition, in which they have always ended. It is, therefore, I think, no wonder that an academy in the town where this dread tribunal sits should be looked upon as an offence not to be quietly endured.

¹ From a letter of Bishop Nicholson to Mr. Baron Price, 1705, in Sir H. Ellis's *Letters of Eminent Literary Men*.

"What is most worthy of particular notice in this present case is a proposal which the Chancellor has been pleased to make me in private, and which he desired me to communicate to my friends in town, and to which he expects an answer within a few days. It is this—if the bishop or others, with whom he may think proper to consult, judge that he may safely do it he will grant me a licence, on resubscribing the articles which I have already subscribed, as a qualification for preaching, and taking the usual oaths to the Government, being satisfied of my character and abilities to teach, by what he has already heard and known of me; yet still asserting his right to examine my learning and dexterity in the art of instructing if he thought it necessary, and waiving it only as a matter of personal complaisance."

As a practical illustration that, in the popular view, jurisdiction was accorded to the bishops' power of licensing, the case of the charity schools may be cited. These schools, established about 1700, by 1760 had reached the number of over 1,800. The number of scholars was about 42,500.¹ The great text-book for these schoolmasters was Dr. Talbot's "*Christian Schoolmaster*." It is there distinctly stated that to take the bishop's licence is required from every teacher; and it is added that anyone teaching in any parish without a licence ought to be prosecuted by the churchwardens of the parish where he taught for the said offence.

An example of insistence on the necessity of obtaining the bishop's licence falls within the reign of the late Queen Victoria. In a book called "*Church-Clavering; or, the Schoolmaster*," by the Rev. W. Gresley, Prebendary of Lichfield,² we have a picture drawn as it presents itself to his mind of an ideal master of a National school. Joseph Primer just escapes becoming a Dissenter preacher, and becomes instead a teacher of a National school. "I have often wished," he says, "that I had received a regular licence and commission from the bishop. I should feel more comfortable with such an authority, and do not live without the hope of receiving one some day." An interlocutor inquires: "Well, but you do not mean to say that in the present day you would prevent all persons from keeping schools unless they are licensed by the bishops?"

To which Primer replies that "those who belong to the Church should obey its rules. All Church of England schoolmasters, I conceive, would be bound to go to the bishop for a licence if he required it; . . . let the bishops" (continues Primer), "if they think fit, revive

¹ *Charity School Sermon*, by Dr. Worthington, 1768.

² Published in 1843.

the practice of licensing masters. Let such masters be subject to a strict examination as to their principles and qualifications, and let the Church-people send their children to masters who are so licensed. What is then more extraordinary in requiring that schoolmasters should be licensed than forbidding surgeons or lawyers to practise without authority? And is it not better to send our children to be educated by a master whose competency is guaranteed by authority than to commit them to the tender mercies of any ignorant person who may think fit to open a school?"

With Mr. Primer's last argument many would cordially agree. But, seeing that national education has to be organised, we wish our licensing or registration to be national also, and to have it on a wide basis which may, or rather shall, include all teachers of any sect and denomination—men and women teachers, public and private teachers, University, secondary, and elementary teachers, on the common possession of the knowledge of the principles of, and skill in, the practice of teaching—without regard to either theological or political opinions held by the teacher. The National Church once was without the competition of dissenting bodies of theological thinkers. It included the nation. Now the nation includes all the churches. But the importance of education is still as great, and is much more widely recognised as urgent. It behoves us therefore as a nation to assert the distinction between a qualified teacher and one not qualified with as keen an emphasis as was done by the old licence of the Church, though now on strictly professional lines.

Nor ought we to be ungrateful to the Church for the organisation of the past. Modern developments have led to a differentiation of functions. The Church once established the hospitals, almshouses, libraries, and provided for other of our national needs. Now voluntary secular bodies manage hospitals, Poor-laws provide for the poor, municipalities for libraries. So we now have School Boards—and we have rates levied on the people for the support of schools, instead of the old endowments of prebends and chantries for teachers. Necessarily, therefore, the differentiation of teachers from Church jurisdiction has followed that of other professions—as, for instance, doctors and lawyers. But the historical study of the old conditions strengthens the case for registration by an appeal to past experience of the ages; and, at least, one reflection will follow the study of the question of licensing, viz. that the full force of the old conviction of the need of personal piety and soundness of conversation and devotion to the teaching

office, which belonged to the best ecclesiastical tradition of the teacher, should unconsciously be at work as the true and only lasting basis for a professional spirit in the future as it has been in the past ; and for the rest—let us so far, in our national registration of teachers, learn from the old ecclesiastical system of licensing to follow what was good in it, and to avoid its errors and failings. So, finally, we see that registration is no new thing. It was found necessary in the Middle Ages, when education was, considering the difficulties, so wonderfully organised. And now that we, in this age, are beginning to organise education, we too, at last, have learned to acknowledge the need of licensing which was recognised and provided for so emphatically in those ages.

FOSTER WATSON.

WITH THE WINTERBOURNE SHEEP-SHEARERS.

A WILTSHIRE SKETCH.

A HANDFUL of gravel struck the little leaded panes of my lattice window, and a voice came up from the road below, "Waake oop, measter, waake oop ! 'Tis nigh vour, an' we maun be started afore 'tis half-past."

I opened my eyes drowsily. Over my bed sloped the roughly-trimmed branches which supported the thatch of the unceiled roof, a thatch which projected so far outside that the splendour of the early June morning had dwindled to a twilight ere it filled my room and had given me an excuse for forgetting my resolve to accompany the shearers.

A little later I was in Dan'l's cottage, which stands at the corner of the lane just beyond the willows, across the empty bed of the Winterbourne, which gives the village its name. Mrs. Dan'l, who always got up to give her husband his breakfast, poured out for us a decoction of strong tea, somewhat alleviated with a spoonful of condensed milk. She is as deaf as a post, but this I think by no means hinders the felicity of their life, for Dan'l is a musician. Every Sunday he plays in church the bass-viol, which now filled a corner of the room, swaddled in green baize, while hard by lay his flute and violin. No matter whatever others might think, his wife considers Dan'l as wonderful as David, and, happily, her deafness secures that however often she sees him play she shall never be disappointed.

At half-past four Mr. Dan'l had his basket over his shoulder, and we were on the road. Blue wood-smoke was rising from many of the chimneys, and soon we met other figures with similar baskets, trudging the same road, singly or in groups. They belonged to the "company" of sheep-shearers, twelve in all.

For many miles round Winterbourne stretches the great plain with its gentle undulations, and many are the flocks it pastures, for although far more is tilled than formerly, the farmers of that part

follow more the calling of Abel and are keepers of sheep. Year by year, when the time for the shearing comes, longer back than any can remember or than history chronicles, has the "company" of Winterbourne men trudged from one farm to another all round this part of the great plain. The little hill village has dwindled and grown of less importance during these later centuries. The church has been restored to the point of absolute destruction, and the two tombs of the Knights Templars bear their alabaster effigies in lonely reminiscence of their past surroundings. Its old manor-houses have disappeared, till not one stone has been left upon another, and the merry noise of the hawking parties, that so often left the old Tudor hall by the long avenue of lindens, is no more to be heard. But the "company" as yet survives, and still, as in the time of long ago, you may see, any early morning of May or June, the straggling line of shearers leaving the village.

On this occasion the way led up a long, shelving ravine, past the cattle, half shrouded in the mist of their own breathing in the cold morning air, past several large fields of springing corn and black oats, then on across the old London road, where stands the stone which marks the scene of a former highway robbery, and so to Knook Farm, the day's destination.

By the time we were two miles from the village the sun was well up in the sky, all greys and silvery yellow, throwing long slanting rays from behind dull clouds ringed with radiant edges. The ground was drenched with dew, both the grass and the innumerable flowers that gave it such wonderful colour—or rather colours, for in some places the cream-white blossoms of the meadow saxifrage stretched their starry multitudes like a Milky Way, and then suddenly gave place and left all free for the blue scabious to dye the whole expanse with spreading generous sheets of amethyst. Larks now were singing all round us, and for some time the peewits had been starting up on either side. Hares rose, and as they struck the dew in showers from the drenched grass called to mind Wordsworth's lines :—

The hare is running races in her mirth ;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

We had walked for an hour and a half when Knook Farm came in sight. The farmhouse is small, and nestles under the shelter of a bank of trees. By its side is a garden, closed in on all sides by thick walls, covered along the top by thatch gilded with yellow

stonecrops. The farmyard is also enclosed on three sides by thatched walls with two short, round, pepperbox towers at its corners, each capped with a cone of thatch. One of these is a pigeon-house, the other serves as a dwelling for one of the farm hands. But the fourth side of this enclosure was the striking feature of the scene. Here rose a truly magnificent barn, one of those wooden buildings in which not a single nail has been used, that deserve not merely veneration due to their age, but command respect as monuments of architecture. Broad double doors opened in the centre, front and back, and smaller ones in either wing of the building under a huge hood or gable.

It was in this barn that the day's shearing was to take place. A great noise of bleating was heard on approaching the place, from the flocks which the shepherds had penned up hard by, and quickly the day's work began. The sheep were driven in detachments by the shepherds into one of the wings of the barn, and thence were passed by the farm hands through small pens thickly strewn with the rank green of fresh cut nettles, till they reached the one nearest the central open space. Here stood the twelve shearers of the "company," each in his place, shears in hand.

The great doors were wide-open so that full daylight poured in upon the work. The rugged floor was perfectly clean and polished, and a girl was waiting with brush and shovel to remove the least trace of dirt. All the wool must be kept perfectly clean. The shearers themselves wear every day newly-washed corduroys or duck trousers, the sweat that streams from the frightened animals making them black and oily by nightfall.

The clipping began, and all the sounds mingled : the thud of a heavy sheep dumped on the floor before the shearer ; the vehement striking of hoofs in a struggling resistance ; the laugh of one of the women as a shearer chaffed her while she gathered up a fleece in her brown arms ; the sharpening of a pair of shears ; the intermittent bleating and the drone of stray bees, all fell upon the ear, blended into a mellow richness by the sounding roof.

The Winterbourne shearers are proud of their deftness and skill, and very rarely hurt the sheep. Slight cuts through the outer skin are, however, unavoidable. A small boy called "doctor," "bottle-boy," or "tarboy" runs to and fro all the time applying some kind of styptic to these wounds. Here let it be noted that each farm uses its own remedy. In one the cuts will be rubbed with wood ashes, in another it will be pitch or turpentine, and in others, more kindly disposed, it is powdered alum. Such variations in custom

are common. I have been with the shearers to many different farms, and in nearly each case some detail is differently managed. For instance, in some the shorn sheep are allowed to wander out as they choose, getting a push from one and a push from another, while elsewhere a man will be specially told off, who puts a leather strap round their neck and pulls or persuades them to run quickly out. On some farms, as the sheep come forth shorn, they are branded or marked by a marker, who stands at the door of the barn and stamps his master's initial upon them with an iron letter fixed to a handle and dipped in pitch. But, whatever else may vary, the demand of the thirsty man is constant. It is the custom for the shearers themselves to arrange for a goodly barrel of ale to be ready for them in the barn. Each is free to drink from a small horn, when he is thirsty, as much as he pleases, consistently with due loyalty to his fellows—a plan which works well enough.

Of course, the arrival of the shearers means a whole budget of news of the doings and happenings in other villages, and at the dinner-time, about eleven o'clock, each man chooses a fleece to his mind to sit upon, village folk stroll in to be given a horn of ale, and there is much talk and gossip.

Old Furnall the cobbler, and two or three others, curl up among the fleeces after their meal and snore an accompaniment, while the rest settle themselves to half an hour's gossip, and there, in the corner, I lean back and listen. Pigeons flutter down from the roof to divide with chickens the remnants of the meal. In the shadow of the great barn, over against a heap of old flails and baskets, sits the shepherd's daughter knitting, while a shearer leans against the wall watching her. My thoughts go back to Jacob and Rachel, and I wonder whether a man of Winterbourne would serve so long.

A. HUGH FISHER.

A WARRIOR-SAINT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

For Witherington needs must I wail.—*Chevy Chase.*

AND now begins perhaps not the least glorious part of the warrior's career, "the sixteen years' struggle," as Bishop Freppel has aptly summarised it, "between a soul enlarged by suffering and a body becoming powerless to carry out its will." Though his officers did their utmost to spare him, the General's first efforts to return to duty were attended with unforeseen difficulties. Walking was a torment ; and during the military inspection of the first year his aide records that he came home every night "*tout en sang*," fomented his leg, and began again next morning. He bore up, in hopes of hardening, and sustained by the thought of the ten children to be provided for, and of the army to be brought into a condition to recover Alsace-Lorraine : but all his life, and more and more as time went on, he was to suffer the misery of "an unhealed stump."

That he did so much under all his difficulties was a marvel. Rising with the sun, he attended the first Mass and received the daily Communion. His fellow-worshippers declared that his wooden-legged standing was more reverent than other people's kneeling. The day was spent in professional duties, in the office or in the saddle, finding time, however, usually for an afternoon "visit to the Sacrament," and always for his weekly hour of adoration as member of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Sacrament. Leaning on his aide, and with his cocked hat and feathers in hand, he took his part regularly in the Ascension and Corpus Christi processions, to which he looked forward as his great joy and solace, notwithstanding that he found that so much walking meant a bad night and a day of

exhaustion. "Compromise myself!" he replied to some counsellor of prudence. "The time for that is long over, thank Heaven!" At the meetings of the lay Mount Carmel members, his confessor describes him as standing motionless, like a sculptured St. Michael, and biting his moustache to keep in the *trop-plein* of grace. (But this gesture is to be observed in military gentlemen of varying degrees of sanctity, and it is possible that it may simply have indicated that his leg hurt him.) To this, the wooden-legged period, belongs his earliest published photograph, and it is disappointing, a typical "portrait of an officer," good forehead and features, thoughtful and earnest expression, but with no air of saintliness to distinguish it from the numerous prototypes to be met in every French garrison town. However, perhaps this is to his credit, as showing that he did not call up a saintly look. It certainly prepossesses one towards his picture in the "Dix Grands Chrétiens" series, that it is the only one which does not turn up its eyes. His epistolary tone of sweet pretty piety, of the lace-edged picture-card order, sometimes contrasts oddly with his official reputation, of a cold and stern disciplinarian, keeping the men hard at work to keep them out of mischief, inaccessible to favour, and while working to gather round him "a little knot of Christian officers," scrupulously avoiding the reproach of partiality. "Disinterestedness is worth more than an epaulet." "*Noblesse oblige!* I cannot tolerate mediocrity in one who professes religion." "Excuse me from soliciting for you; I have never done that for myself or my family." Such are a few of the sayings that his archiepiscopal biographer has collected. Once, when a colonel pressed for the General's vote and interest, urging as his claim the need to "establish his family," the austere warrior—who was himself the father of daughters—cruelly put the dots on the i's. "*Marier ses filles!*" he repeated to his orderly, after the discomfited suitor had retired. "There is a reason to become general in the French army! *Marier ses filles!*"

His eldest daughter freed him from this responsibility, by developing a vocation for the cloister. Sonis speaks of this as a sacrifice, and if it really was so, one feels vexed with her. Had she not sanctity enough in her home? However, he gave his consent as became a Christian father, duly acknowledged the celestial honour, and was glad that she chose the Order of the Sacred Heart, "that Heart of which I felt the beatings so near at the moment when His Mother snatched me from death." He prepared for the ordeal by going with a pilgrimage of Breton sailors to Auray, where he "stood sentry all night at St. Anne's feet, learning from her to make offering

of a daughter." Then he and his wife witnessed the ceremony of the novice's "clothing" on Presentation Day, February 2, 1873, when he gave her his blessing and exhortation "to be a holy nun, and to appear before the Tribunal with hands full of merits and good works," and departed, making over his paternal rights to St. Joseph. He never saw her again. When, ten years later, he gave up work and was hoping to visit her, she had been sent off for change of air to Alsace, a vexation over which he uttered his usual *Fiat*.

The letters of these years are mostly melancholy—laments for the desolation of Alsace-Lorraine, laments over national and foreign anti-clericalism, over national lukewarmness. "A few outward practices one sees, but where is the faith which moves mountains?" "One cannot fulfil one's Christian duties without being stared at like a strange beast!" After having yearned half his life for Christendom, the ex-Algerine was finding that while there is a political party which persecutes its religion at home and propagates it abroad, it is much pleasanter to be a lay pillar of the Church *in partibus infidelium*. Here follows the aspiration for his children which the Catholics extol as worthy of Queen Blanche, and the Freethinkers decry as cruel and unnatural. These last, by-the-by, usually quote the first sentence without the context :—

I would rather see them die of hunger than know them careless about religion. And yet Heaven knows how I love them! God must give them bread when I am gone: my duty is to leave them faithful to the old traditions.

He records his pilgrimages to the shrines on the way of his inspections—the Black Madonna of Chartres, the altar of Loigny, "where I shall receive our Lord in the place where He so verily and indeed [*réellement*] visited me." He catches eagerly at every rumour of an apparition of the Virgin. "Blind are those who cannot discern her protecting hand!" He interests himself in the Montmartre and Loigny church-building funds, and acknowledges the contribution of the Poitiers Jesuit College in terms to thrill the boyish heart :—

My dear young Friends,—Let me call you my future brethren-in-arms, in anticipation of that great day when, close serried round the Sacred Heart banner, we shall again show the foe what Christians can do. . . . *Au revoir*, in better times!

He comforts his cloistered daughter, troubled with religious depression: "My dear child, who but the Devil can be satisfied with

himself? The Christian must always feel humbled before the question *Quid retribuam Domino?*" Then there are replies to priests who send him pamphlets describing edifying deaths, consolations to his old schoolfellow, Pierre's father, who has had the misfortune to lose his wife and a younger child in succession. "My poor friend, *sursum corda!* Thy Cyprien has joined the celestial choir with my two cherubs; and the mother, freed from the bonds of the flesh, will now be able to follow her Pierre in his course through the world, and to guard him from those snares which are the bane of our youth." When next he writes the *sursum corda*, it is to comfort himself for the death, in odour of sanctity, of the younger of his two cloistered sisters. Poor Marie de Sonis! She was a dowerless French girl, and there was no better prospect for her, but one may doubt the strength of her vocation, since the chief incident recorded of her religious life is her having come to the visitors' parlour smarting under a reprimand from the Superioress, and her brother, though then only in his sub-lieutenant days, being already sufficiently advanced in piety to reply, "My little sister, the bride of Heaven ought to be above such petty vexations."

But between this bereavement and the crushing blow which was to follow, there was a real treat for the devout General—the first, and the initiatory one, of the pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial. "*Ces pèlerinages imbéciles*"—such is the name which the present writer remembers hearing applied to them in a Huguenot pulpit. As a novelty, they were scoffed at by Protestants, French and English; those of us who were children at the time laughed over *Punch's* cartoon of the ancient pilgrim with scrip and staff, and the modern one travelling by rail—and now one can only repeat, with the Pope who unwittingly cursed the Cid, "I trow, if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore." But what the English disliked was the notion of unreality, of, to borrow Carlyle's term, "a dead Catholic Church *galvanised* into death-life." The Marie-Alacoque vision, which most English people then heard of for the first time, seemed chosen arbitrarily, and without fitness for the nineteenth century. Now we know that there was a historic continuity. Without accepting the quasi-apostolic succession traced by Archbishop Baunard for the Sacred Heart cult—to Sonis through Charette, to Charette through the Visitation nuns, through Marie Alacoque, and to Marie Alacoque straight from Heaven—we may admit that it has a respectable historical genealogy—adopted as a devotion by James II.'s queen, and thus associated with oppressed royalty, confirmed in this by becoming the badge of the Vendean Royalists,

from the Vendean Charette transmitted to his descendant, by him given to Sonis, and by Sonis received as of equal authenticity with the Gospel.

Sonis himself carried one of the cords of the banner, at the head of the group of Zouaves. One hears nothing of his wife and daughters being there, and the fear arises that they were sometimes left out, lest people should suppose he was led by them. His leg failed him, as it always did when most wanted; and General de Charette, seeing him falter, slid an arm beneath his from behind. This drew attention to the two Loigny heroes, and a cheer arose along the line. Sonis, in his voice of command, put it down. "No, no! *Vive Notre Seigneur!*" A priest held out a hand to him; he, looking for a way of escape, accepted it, and found himself, before he knew it, up on the dais in front of the altar, a spectacle and an object of acclamation to all the passing multitude. He, growing (so it is said) red and tearful, got away as fast as he could, and took up the obscurer post of volunteer sentry over the grove of nut-trees in the convent garden, the scene of the original visions, whence the pilgrims were carrying off souvenirs. "If I had not been there," he said afterwards, "there would not have been a leaf or a branch left."¹ This had been a day of triumph for him, but he was reminded that he was mortal, by the token that his leg burst out bleeding before the end of the ceremony, and was very bad all night.

Within five months after this (November 10, 1873,) came the accident which, in the words of one of the compilers, "made the rest of his life one slow martyrdom."

While merely taking a quiet morning's ride up to the Thabor, or public promenade of Rennes, the General's horse shied at a railway train passing under a bridge, or at an old woman bent beneath the weight of a faggot—for accounts differ. The rider was unseated, got hung up in his left stirrup, and before the bystanders could release him "his leg, his only leg, was broken."

And now the Loigny scene was renewed, the days and nights of suffering, the distress of the family, the calm endurance of the victim, a marvel to all beholders. "Call him not a saint, but rather an angel," said one who was present when the priest brought

¹ Twenty-eight years have wrought no improvement in this respect. For some seasons the nuns have found it needful to close their gardens against the pilgrims, and when, in 1901, as a great favour, the gardens were reopened, the visitors, untaught by experience, rushed at the nut-trees for relics, to an extent which suggested comparisons with the British tourist.

him the daily Communion. Beside the fracture, the whole wound of the other limb had reopened. He was still laid up when, in January 1874, the time came for him to report at Paris the result of his year's inspection. If he failed to be present, his officers would lose their promotion; and despite all dissuasion, he had himself carried on a stretcher to the railway station for Paris, and then in the same way every day to the War Office, lodging meanwhile at the nursing home kept by the brethren of St. John-of-God's Hospital Order. Here Father Du Lac saw him again, "very ill, but meeting the stings of pain with the same meekness, the same mingled daring and coolness, with which he had met the Austrian bayonets at Solferino."

In spite of "the most devoted care" on the part of the nursing brethren, the patient came home, as might be expected, "much worse than I went." The limb, though set, yielded and gave twinges whenever he tried to stand on it. The doctors conjectured sciatica, which they treated in ruthless French fashion. "They have fired me seven times. I feel very like an old horse." It was only in March that they made the discovery of the further fracture of "a small bone in the hip," so he unscientifically calls it, as if the human frame was full of little unnamed bones. Experts may put the correct name to it; the historian is concerned only with the result, and that is, that the man who for nine years to come maintained his position as the most brilliant cavalier of the French army, never again walked a step without the support of another person's arm, or so much as stood upright without holding on to the arm of his chair.

The warrior met this new blow in the spirit of the ballad-hero—whether we take "He kneeled, and fought on his knee" in the sense of sticking to his work under difficulties, or of "betaking himself to another weapon called All-Prayer." In order to retrench expenses, he removed his three younger sons from school, and employed his helpless hours in teaching them Latin and algebra—his letters abound in melancholy jests about "the noble function of school-master," and the question how long he can keep pace with modern requirements. Then he devoted all his energies, and his prayers, to the task of sitting his horse. He had devised for himself a semi-side-saddle, with a pommel under the thigh, and a boot fixed in the stirrup to receive the wooden leg; and every morning he was hoisted up by the stump and his powerless leg passed over the saddle—a painful process, and one not always effected without groans, but when it was accomplished, "*Grâce à Dieu*, I find myself as good as

the best." Fixed on horseback for the day, he conducted his inspections, led charges at the autumn manœuvres, detected irregularities. Some artillerymen, contrary to discipline, ventured to halt at a roadside public-house. They heard a hoof-clang, looked out: "We are lost; here comes Wooden-Leg!" And one of the *Lives* gives a delightful picture of the informant rushing in with his thumb jerked towards the heads of General and horse appearing round the corner, while his comrades spring up from a trestle-table, toss off their glass, climb into the saddle. "Commanding tones were heard, 'À l'ordre! à cheval! au galop!'" and general and soldiers disappeared in a dust-cloud."

One of the minor troubles of this year was the bestowal of the chief command at Rennes upon General Forgeot, and the transfer of Sonis, with his division, to Saint-Servan.¹ This, indeed, was Sonis's own fault—or should we say his uncompromising virtue, which would not, even on a sainted Bishop's authority, accept the advice given to "Philothea": "When you go abroad, *Eat such things as are set before you*"? One Friday in Lent, President Thiers invited Sonis to breakfast, displayed, by the General's own account, "the utmost assiduity and *coquetterie*," and set him down to an excellent meal, but all *gras*. The General, whose one o'clock Lenten breakfast was a genuine break-fast, felt obliged to pass all the dishes. M. Thiers was distressed, puzzled, then, being (as one of the compilers maliciously puts it) "clever enough to know a little of everything, even the Church's Catechism," he broke out with apologies, and, in a vexed tone, bade Madame Thiers see to the serving of something meagre. Sonis told the story at home as a jest; but it was no jest to have offended both Mr. and Mrs. President.

Still the change to sea-air was an advantage, and the General said afterwards that his happiest years were spent at Saint-Servan. The house which he rented is a French villa of the square uninteresting type, but possessing the comforts of a chapel directly over the way, and a garden stretching down to the sea, where he could sit for long hours and enjoy the breeze. Here, as elsewhere, he showed his colours. The first object in his entrance-hall was an image of our Lady, with the pedestal inscribed, in *or* upon *azure*, "*Patrona hujusce domus praesentissima*." Throughout May, a votive lamp burned day and night, and flowers were kept constantly renewed by the daughters. In June, the like honours were bestowed on a

¹ A suburb of Saint-Malo, so new as not to be mentioned at all in the first edition of Murray's Handbook, but now "exceeding the original town in extent and population."

statue of Christ displaying His Heart, in an oratory leading out of the General's bureau. Round and above this, hung his sword, the Loigny banner, and his old Algerian *fanion*, beside portraits of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Upon Louis XVI. the Legitimist warrior had bestowed a private canonisation, to the extent of saying to him, together with recognised saints, an *Ora pro nobis* night and morning.

Of course there continued to be clashes on matters of faith and conscience. One Sunday, coming through the barrack-yard, the General found it alive with masons and carpenters engaged on repairs, as on a week-day. He protested; the affair went up to the War Office, and was excused on the plea of urgency. Journals of all sorts were admitted indiscriminately into the military reading-rooms, "*et Dieu sait quels journaux!*" Moreover the "Huguenots" seized the opportunity "to instil their venom." And Colonel Thibouville makes merry over the orthodox General's having denounced even the works of the Protestant Countess de Gasparin—innocuous little sketches of village life, so unexceptionable indeed as to be among those very select French works which the Religious Tract Society supplies to English readers. Above all, there was that terrible crux for a Catholic officer, the practice of duels, and especially of superiors ordering their subordinates to fight. "My colonel knew better than to propose such a thing in my time," said Sonis. Some nice questions of casuistry are opened—for instance, as to the conduct of a general towards a soldier who, when unlawfully ordered to fight, does not refuse boldly like a Christian, but, on the field, flees like a coward. Even young Pierre, for all his guardian angel-mother, had a duel in which he was victor; and the General's letter to his father about it is reproduced in a *Propagande Catholique* tract.

My poor friend,—I am truly grieved about this business. No doubt it has obtained for Pierre many *poignées de main*. But I say, better an affront for the kingdom of heaven's sake! I know this is not the language of all men of our rank, but there are not two religions of the Cross.

Another favourite tract-story is a very long one, about a good young officer who would walk in processions, an ungodly adjutant who chaffed him, and a weak disciple who fared worst of all: for, so said the regiment, at least No. 1 stepped out in the procession like a man, but No. 2 hung his head like a convict between two gen-darmes. The tale concerns our hero mainly as showing that he had the wit to detect a hypocrite. At the inspection, the adjutant showed a fair roll of services, but, too clever by half, he showed also

a testimony to his piety, which he had contrived to get signed by an Archbishop. "This is too much!" exclaimed the keen-eyed General; and the double-dealer found that he had spoilt his chances.

It must not be forgotten that the strong-souled warrior was in a bodily condition for which the doctors ordered him every winter to the Pyrenees. The first year, 1874, Sonis started all hopeful, full of a plan which he wisely did not make public. On the way—this sounds very like a Sunday story-book—he fell in with a naval captain, Victor Sarlat by name, who declared that a word spoken by Sonis, on his frigate lying off Algiers, had been the turning-point of his life. He had been decorated for his services in the Crimea, Syria, Mexico, in the late war, and against the Communists; but he had lost his young wife after being only three months on shore with her; and now, sick of the world, he was about to enter a monastery. In him Sonis found a congenial soul, to whom he could confide his heart's desire, to try the waters of Lourdes.

If ever a man ought to have been faith-healed, it was our hero. And yet, alas! this was all he had to write afterwards to his brother:—

We arrived about 5 P.M. and went at once to pray before the Grotto. I felt almost sure I should be cured. My orderly and Sarlat plunged me overhead in the blessed waters. I repeated the prescribed invocation, "Our Lady of Lourdes, heal us!" and added, "May God's will be done!" That prayer has been heard, and in God's own way. As at Loigny, I have obtained a perfect and blissful submission to that adorable Will. I have no doubt that it is better for my soul that I have not received the instantaneous cure for which I so longed and hoped.

The next letter, December 3, from Amélie-les-Bains, touches upon a prosaic ordinary treatment:—

I am trundled every morning to the baths, and on the way I stop to hear Mass and receive the Holy Eucharist. While I am there, I forget my body's ills and wish I could stay always. For otherwise, it is not lively to be perched up in one chair by the fire-side from morn to eve. . . . It is just four years to-day since I was carried to the priest's house at Loigny, after a night—thou knowest! *O bona Crux!* I received the Holy Communion to-day and yesterday, and shall do so to-morrow, first Friday, day of the Sacred Heart.

In 1875 matters seem more cheerful. "I am no great things on foot, but I trot and gallop for three hours. Somehow I always feel better in the month of Mary, and better still in the month of the Sacred Heart." [A phenomenon which may be explained rationally by those who know that these two months are May and June.] He continues: "Yesterday my heart was at Lourdes, joining in spirit with those few thousand pilgrims who are almost

the sole relic of old France. I trust that I share with them in the outpouring of divine grace." Next year he tried the Lourdes waters again, and was dipped three times in succession, beginning from the Sacred Heart feast. The result was as before.

Nothing new, save a deep-seated peace, and the conviction that I am not the stuff on which miracles are wrought. But having once marvellously felt the protecting hand of the Queen of Lourdes, so shall I again, in her own good time. . . . If Mary has not granted to me an instantaneous cure, as to so many more deserving, she has at least enabled soul and body to find new strength in these wholesome waters, which, combined with the natural action of the Barèges baths, will perhaps set my poor leg in a fit state to do its work in this world.

Some of the clerical compilers unjustifiably slur this passage in his history ; others, with whom all branches of the Church can agree, extol it as a miracle of grace, more admirable than any bodily succour.

The same spirit runs through all the letters, the same hope in the new treatment, sacred or profane, and the same after-resignation. For neither modern science nor mediæval faith score a point against each other. "I have tried every remedy, every bath, and I am invoking the whole roll of saints ; still I cannot move, and there is always some pain,—but that I must get accustomed to." When the canonised saints have been worked out, he has recourse to those, as it were, "on their promotion," the Venerables and the Beatified who may attain to full canonisation if they can show a posthumous miracle. It is in this way that we find mention of such minor personages as Father Eudes, founder in 1643 of the Congregation of the Hearts of Christ and Mary, and of Father de la Colombière, Marie Alacoque's confessor, the "wily Jesuit" of Protestant opponents, and certainly presenting the most typical and unprepossessing Jesuit countenance. The Anglican press of the seventies puzzles vainly over the problem of a religious revival in France, undoubtedly genuine, and yet so much in the line of "fooling round with little altars," and would probably have regarded as a non-sequitur the reply, "Because the leading religious influence is an invalided Algerian general." The warrior accepts everything in holy simplicity—yet, be it observed, this simplicity is true singleness of heart, free from the notion of any kind of "backstairs influence," and using these as other creature-comforts, subject to the disposal of the Creator. Parts of two letters thanking for a relic of La Colombière have been reproduced in the English *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (the organ for La Colombière's beatification), as being even more

beautiful as examples of faith and patience than unsatisfactory as advertisements for the efficacy of the relic.

I will begin, on Quinquagesima Sunday, a novena till February 15. Thanks to your pious aid, the Servant of God will perhaps deign to interest himself in my health. If not, it will be another proof that it is in God's design that I shall retain my infirmity, and all that God does is well done.

Feb. 19 [four days after the date fixed for the end of the novena].

You are right to bid me not lose heart. I will begin another novena next Sunday to the Servant of God, who has turned a deaf ear to me as yet, though I have prayed him with all the fervour of which I am capable.

If ever for a moment he wavers he promptly pulls himself up in the manner of (as the biographer puts it, in language difficult to render without irreverence)—of “*un ami de Dieu ingénieux à trouver des raisons de l'aimer.*”

I did wonder why, when so many prayers are made for me, I was no better. But now I understand it all. The Holy Virgin so ruled that on her Visitation day, July 2, the post brought me word that my two sons had passed their examination for Saint-Cyr. Then I understood that it was her Son's will to leave me crippled, and to bestow on Henri and Albert the graces which are asked for me. Be He blessed for ever!

And so the strange twofold life continues, passed between 'chair and saddle—or more often, as time goes on, between bed and saddle. Now, exultation over the result of the autumn manœuvres. “I am the *enfant gâté du bon Dieu*! I have kept my seat uphill and down dale, over hedges and ditches. Everything went off splendidly. I did not see a man drunk throughout the campaign.” And then a reminder of the sad side of the picture. “I went to the Pyrenees fairly well, and I had to come back in a *coupé-lit*. I was no sooner patched up than my wooden leg galled me, and made me as bad as ever.” Seldom indeed are we told so much, for the devout sufferer preserves a reticence on *ces petites misères* worthy of an Englishman. But one can read between the lines of this greeting: “I *will* come and see you, even if you are still on the second floor,” and of the subsequent message of sympathy to the correspondent's wife, herself disabled by an accident. Or this letter to a niece and godchild, Mlle. Gabrielle de Sonis, on the occasion of her first Communion. After invoking St. Gabriel's guidance for her, and referring her to her father for the names of those suffering ancestors it is her part to solace: “And for me, dear child, say this prayer, which a poor feeble voice has sent up to heaven during a night of anguish.” The words which follow are a petition solely for resignation, and strength to bear the Cross.

Two events of these years deserve record; first the death, in equal sanctity, of the surviving and best beloved of the nun sisters, the subject of the "telepathic communication" of Loigny. Her brother had sent her a letter, which arrived too late, telling her the exact words of the prayer he should say for her, in union with the day's patron, St. John of the Cross, and offering, as a sacrifice to Heaven, the cloistral rule, which debarred him from watching by her sick-bed. That she predeceased him is cause of grief to the biographer; for her latter years had been employed in arranging and fair-copying his letters for publication, and on her death Sonis demanded and destroyed them all. Thus not only were the devout deprived of a parallel to "General Gordon's Letters to his Sister," but also the curious lost the chance of additional lights on the Loigny incident.

The second was the visit to Europe, on purpose to see him again, of Sonis's old Algerine ally, the Agha Lakhdar-ben-Mohammed. This chieftain afterwards sent to Archbishop Baunard a poetic eulogy, in Cid ballad style, of Sonis's military qualities, his horsemanship, his public and his private virtues. The courtesy of a friend has supplied the writer with an English verse translation, of which a fragment is here given :—

Greatest and best, at Heaven's behest, arose the noble Chief,
With fearless hand, to guard the land, and give faint hearts relief.
So brave and true, each Arab knew, he was each Arab's friend,
Their lore he loved, their tongue he proved, their rights he would defend.
The Arab steed, of matchless speed, like Arab chief he rode,
Nor bridle drew, as on they flew, where Eastern sunshine glowed.

If Lakhdar rehearsed this to the disabled warrior, the contrast would be painful. The visit was rather a failure anyhow, for Sonis set his heart on Christianising his faithful follower, and pleaded his best, in the Arab's own tongue, with the aid of the Arabic Gospels and the crucifix. "The poor fellow is devoted to me, and yet will none of the religion that has made me what I am. It is very sad!"

Worse trials were in store for the Christian warrior than any which could come to him through Moslem infidelity.

Sonis had predicted, in terms suggestive of the *manège*, that Heaven would send to this sleeping nation "a great lash across the legs, which will make us jump." The lash came in the form of the new Government of 1879. In any case, Marshal MacMahon's resignation was a misfortune to Sonis, for MacMahon had been thinking of doing something for him, making him Governor of the Invalides, or giving him a command in Algiers—though Sonis him-

self was doubtful about venturing on this last. Now it became a question how long would he be allowed to keep his place—"and what are we all to live on, if not?" he wrote to his daughter—for the Radical Government would certainly not grant him his old-age pension a day before he was sixty. And how could he help clashing with a ministry which had Paul Bert for its chief? One day he had to maintain the rights of his officers to attend the Catholic clubs placed under the patronage of St. Maurice or of Our Lady of Armies. Another day he had to reply to the order about playing the *Marseillaise*, "that he would execute it, *if it was an order*." A third day, news came to him that a fellow-General had forbidden his officers to appear at church in uniform. "We are living in full heathendom. Let us be as the Theban Legion." And he held "very serious conversations" with his juniors, exhorting them to early Mass, frequent Communion, "without which we are as reeds," to diligence in their profession, and, while avoiding *jockey-club* airs, to a becoming smartness and old-world courtesy *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. He set the example by surpassing himself at the autumn manoeuvres. "Through the Holy Virgin's grace," he wrote, "I have been on horseback ten and twelve hours, at all paces. So they cannot depend on my wooden leg to turn me out of doors."

But, comments the Archbishop, what need had they to depend upon anything? The new War Minister was an anti-clerical, and he soon found that the territorial commands needed revision. In March, 1880, Sonis received news of his transfer to the 17th Division, quartered at Châteauroux. "*Autres temps, autres mœurs!*" he wrote. "Nowhere but *en république aimable* would a general have been separated from his troops without some previous consultation." Of course the move came at the most inconvenient time, when there was sickness and death in the household of his married son; and the change was, as he wrote (showing more feeling than is his wont with a temporal calamity), to "a horrid (*vilain*) town, a horrid street, a horrid house," too small for his family, and much out of repair, his predecessors having been absentees at Paris. Still, as compensation, there was, within easy reach, a chapel of Poor Clares, "a touching mark of Heaven's compassion on this road of thorns and briers." Another compensation was in the character of his Commandant, General the Marquis de Gallifet,¹ an old Algerian colleague, and well disposed to renew friendship. Sonis had written, putting the case clearly before him, that he could only march on horseback, and the Marquis's reply was "*en galant homme*"—"Do

¹ Retired from active service since 1896.

me the honour to have the same confidence in me that I have in you." Then the Marquis exerted himself to obtain for Sonis the cross of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, which Sonis, on principle, would not ask for; and moreover, the Marquis took care to get the nomination dated from July 12, and not, as was usual, from the Bastille fête, July 14, a day hateful to the Legitimist. This was well, but still Sonis had a forboding that "behind this badge may be hidden my passport, as has been the case with other generals." He had for the first time been seized, in the middle of the inspections, with one of his terrible fits of neuralgia, which hitherto he had contrived to stave off to the slack season; and moreover, the notorious "Ferry decrees" for the expulsion of the Religious Orders were being executed all over the country, and, "shame of shames," not only were officers and soldiers voluntarily joining the assailants, but the troops had been officially called out to effect the expulsions. "All this is Satanic. I am much perplexed as to what to do if such a thing should be proposed here."

The autumn manœuvres came as a diversion, and again himself and his horse Richelieu were the wonder of beholders, for swiftness, for staying power, and (the rider at least) for living upon nothing; a roll and coffee before the march, and a hastily swallowed dinner when it was over. "No one knows better than he how to command and how to obey," said General de Gallifet. This was almost his last earthly triumph.

On the evening of Nov. 3, 1880, Sonis arrived at the Hôtel de l'Univers, Tours, having been summoned by General de Gallifet for a professional conference to take place on the morrow. Here he learned from his fellow-generals, that the very day of his absence had been planned for the execution of the "Decrees," and that the troops had been ordered to hold themselves at the disposal of the Prefect.

I need not say what a night I passed. After my prayer, it was borne in upon me that, in a matter of military honour, I must judge for myself, and not be influenced even by my spiritual director, who had urged my remaining at my post at all costs.

Early next morning, the Christian warrior sought General de Gallifet, and demanded to be relieved from his command. In vain M. de Gallifet, "with his usual kindness and courtesy," pointed out that he had carefully arranged so that Sonis should incur no responsibility, should have no order to give, by word or by letter. "General," were his last words, on renewing the subject after the Conference, "you are the honour of the army; I cannot carry out

your request." Nevertheless, in the railway carriage going home, Sonis gave over the command to the general of brigade under him, and on his return told his wife and children that Heaven had demanded of him the sacrifice of his living, and henceforth they must espouse holy Poverty.

Then I learned the horrors which had taken place in my absence. The civil workmen rejected the sacrilegious task, and the Commissary of Police gave in his resignation. Upon this the Prefect applied for troops, and a renegade commandant was found to superintend the breaking open of the doors of the Redemptorist Fathers. When I heard this, how I thanked Heaven for inspiring me at once to retire!

I have counted the cost, and am ready to appear before a court-martial.

These last words were no mere rhetorical defiance of a non-practical danger. At the present time (November 1902) two officers, Colonel de Saint Rémy and Major Le Roy Laduric, have undergone trial and dismissal for their refusal to act against the religious orders, while a third, General Frater, is suspended from his command, apparently for the crime of having attempted to shield his subordinate accused for acting according to conscience.

General de Sonis's fate was to be placed *en disponibilité*—for, as he proudly explained, he had not broken his sword, nor had it been broken in his hands, he had merely sheathed it. Indeed, he exerted his whole influence to dissuade all the "well-thinking" officers from at once following his example. "No; that would be playing into the hands of the enemy. Remain, and be the salt of the earth. The principle is simply this. When a soldier receives an order to act contrary to God's will, he must reply, 'Relieve me from my command, for I cannot disobey God. Disgrace me, slay me if you will, but I cannot do otherwise.' That moment came for me: it has not come for you."

The pressing question was, how to live. Poor Sonis, with his "great charge of children," had never been able to save a penny. He was reduced to quoting *Cupio dissolvi*, and wishing, were it not for the children, that he could be thrown to the lions and have done with it. Still he was convinced that some way of escape would be shown. "Heaven has delivered me by miracle before now, and will again." Deliverance came, and if it was through a saint, it must surely have been through one with a touch of French humour.

At this same time, Sonis's ex-naval friend, Victor Sarlat, was himself undergoing expulsion as one of the Benedictines of Solesmes Abbey, near Saumur, the scene of Sonis's youthful religious impressions, now memories to sustain him in the present strait. Dom Sarlat was considered to have scored a great point by saying to the gendarmes,

“Hands off! An officer of the Legion of Honour!” and marching out majestically with all his decorations a-row upon the breast of his monk’s gown. The mothers and sisters of the Brethren attended in a body, and, with a view to drawing on the State the odium of a war against women, managed to get their skirts torn and their wrists dislocated by the gendarmes; while the Sous-Préfet superintended the expulsion, “with his hat on his head and a cigarette in his mouth.” So far the ungodly triumphed; but retribution was at hand. This contemptuous Sous-Préfet was all amazed to find himself under ban of excommunication, and, as it happened, at the most inconvenient time, for he was just about to be married; and the helpless situation of the bridegroom, while his family and that of his bride were moving heaven and earth to get the sentence reversed, formed a joke for the Clerical party in the Chamber to the end of the Session. Thus, it will be understood that when the Brethren began to creep quietly back to their cells, the Prefectorial eye was disposed to wink at them; and Dom Sarlat, feeling his position as secure as most things on earth, proceeded with the work of disposing of his property, of which, by the law of 1825, he was forbidden to bestow more than one-fourth upon his Order. He now wrote to Sonis, requesting him to accept a donation.

The General’s reply is cited as a model for a gentleman in distress. He admitted that he was in sore straits, that Heaven had, as before, sent him aid, but that it had come through friends whom it was his daily prayer to be able to reimburse and yet leave something for his widow and daughters; as for the sons, their swords might keep them, as his had done. “So, dear and reverend Father, in your offer I recognise the Providence which has followed me all the days of my life. If, as you say, you mean to ‘cast all overboard,’ do as your heart bids you.”

Archbishop Baunard is judiciously vague as to the extent of the assistance. It tided over the evil day, though it “removed neither the honour nor the weight of the cross of poverty.” Meanwhile another good friend, the Marquis de Gallifet, was protesting in high places that the whole army would mutiny if the Loigny hero was allowed to die of hunger merely because he abode by his own national Church. Thanks to these efforts, Sonis received, on May 2, 1881—the close of the half-year after which, if still unemployed, he must have passed to the half-pay list—a new appointment as cavalry inspector-general at Limoges. “The Holy Virgin has granted my prayer on the very first day of her month!” he wrote exultantly. Almost renewing his vigour in the prospect of seeing again his first

garrison town and the friends of his youth, he plunged anew into the reading of the latest lights upon cavalry tactics, passed from town to town upon those refreshing inspection-visits "in which you always meet some of your brethren in Christ and can pour out all that is in your heart;" and, discerning in the air "the smell of powder and also of petroleum," he reiterated his instances that, in case of war, he might be sent at once to the frontier.

None of these hopes were to be realised. There was no war, and no opportunity for him to live in history as a parallel to the Blind King of Bohemia. Then the two old schoolfellows whom he was expecting to meet at Limoges both died before his arrival. Count Louis de Sèze had long been failing, and the General had been writing "letters of divine comfort" to him, and, remembering that he was a grandson of the De Sèze who had defended Louis XVI. before the Convention, had, on January 21, invoked the "Martyr-Prince" to "relieve his sufferings and present them as a sweet-savoured offering to the King of Heaven." Henri de la Chapelle, who was godfather to Sonis's second son, and who had been practically maintaining him at St. Cyr, was carried off by a sudden stroke—in an auspicious moment, on the return from a visit to Lourdes. Sonis's first care, on arriving at Limoges, was to renew the nightly watch in the Cathedral where he, with these friends, had first established it, but his meditations, as recorded in a letter of next morning, are much in the spirit of the hymn containing the line, "Change and decay in all around I see."

"I have indeed need of the Holy Virgin's assistance," he wrote while taking part in the autumn manœuvres of 1881. "Were there ever such hedges and ditches!" A foreboding of evil, for on September 6 a too-mettlesome charger bucked him off. Nothing was broken this time save the wooden leg, and he reappeared on the field after one day's rest. But thenceforth the sad conviction grew on him that his grip of the saddle was not what it had been. "The work is getting too hard for a poor creature without a leg to stand upon. I am wearied of these perpetual journeyings, this endless paper-work; and yet I would bear it all for duty's sake and the children, but that, since my last fall, I am no sooner on horse-back than I feel as if I should be off again. This exercise, which was second nature, is now an object of dread and dislike. Our Lord grant me a valiant heart to bear my burden!"

In May 1882, Sonis wrote to put forward his claim to a retiring pension. General de Gallifet strove to dissuade him, assuring him that his was only a temporary loss of nerve, but after a renewed

trial, Sonis pleaded anew to be allowed to retreat with honour, and not risk a breakdown before his fellows. In July 1882 he was lifted off his horse for the last time; and in February of the next year he took his departure for Auteuil, in the outskirts of Paris, where his family had found an apartment combining the two indispensables of being on the ground-floor and next to a monastery chapel. This much his protectors were able to do, that they obtained for him a seat on a Military Committee—a sinecure, and such, he said, as was known in the slang of his youth as “a first-class funeral.” Practically, it was a retirement on full pension, and so far a fulfilment of the hope he had expressed while still lying at Loigny, “to live and die in the skin of a soldier.”

The last chapter would be too painful, save for the picture it gives, in the awe-stricken words of Captain Derély, of “the ascension of a soul into light while the body was slowly worn down by suffering.” At first, rejoicings in the relief from labour, plans for the complete home education of the youngest son, interest in the new books, Taine’s “*Révolution*,” in which he discerns sad cause for the present chastenings; M. Rousset’s “*Comte de Gisors*,” with Marshal Belle-Isle’s counsels, which he wishes to see in the hands of every young officer. He reads the Fathers, and wonders how people can say the Church does not feed the mind; he reads Montalembert’s “*Monks of the West*,” and sighs for the ages of faith; he reads Dom Guéranger’s “*Liturgical Year*,” fifteen thick volumes, arranged on the plan of Dean Hook’s “*Christian taught by the Church Services*,” and he reads some pious biographies by Archbishop Baunard—usually about people so much less interesting than himself as to set the English reader regretting, “Pity that the noble Athelstane cannot banquet at his own funeral.” Then he has his regular work of corresponding spiritual director-general to the French army. A manual of “*Advice to a Christian Officer*” might be compiled from his letters, which are by no means invariably what La Vallière called “*conseils d’eau douce*.” One specimen may be given. Some misguided inquirer has apparently hoped, as the vulgar phrase has it, “to get to heaven on a feather-bed.” Really it is to the credit of the inquirer that he should have allowed himself, even anonymously, to go down to posterity as the recipient of such a scolding: “Accept this small cross, and thank Heaven it is no worse. If it were, it would still be your duty to bear it. Do you think I have always found life made smooth for me? . . . What are you saying to me about resigning the service, on the advice of your wife?” And the stern warrior intimates—in gentleman-like

language, of course—that he should tell the wife to mind her own business.

But soon the letters of inquiry become less intimate, because the replies must be dictated to wife or daughters. The record is almost wholly of aches and pains, “in my poor leg and everywhere,” in the frozen foot, in the Loigny stump, chronic cough, weary nights with sleepless eyes turned towards the lamp which marks the place of the Sacred Heart image, long seasons when the pain of wearing his wooden leg forced him to lay it aside. “And that means absence from holy Mass. I almost feel as if I had ceased to be a Christian.” A sharper fit, in which he deemed the end was come. “I had four doctors around me,” he writes, with the invalid’s last dreary satisfaction in being an interesting case. “I made my farewells to my family,” and, as Mme. de Sonis gratefully records, he invoked blessings on her, and thanked her for their long years of happiness together. Then a revival: “Congratulate me; I got out on my wooden leg to the Ascension feast. I can again drink long draughts at the Fountain of life.”—“Yet a little while, and then the eternal Alleluia!”—“A man with literally one foot in the grave should be the lighter to rise heavenward!”

Would that all had been devout rapture! But there were sharp and depressing griefs yet to come. First, the death of “King Henry,” and the downfall of cherished hopes. Sonis had joined with heart and soul in the prayers to the Sacred Heart and St. Louis, in the fast on the eve of St. Henry, and in the Communion of thanksgiving for a supposed amendment. “Now all is over. I am stricken to the heart. I trusted, perhaps presumptuously, that Heaven might have work for me in restoring the true line. This prince was held in reserve, to *instaurare omnia in Christo*. But we would not repent, and what shall be the judgment?”

In 1885 “Heaven sent a new cross for *étrennes*.” The fifth son, Jean, returned from St. Cyr with an injury to his knee which disabled him for military service, and thus rendered vain all the care and expense which had been bestowed upon his education. In one thing, writes the Archbishop, Heaven was merciful. Sonis did not live to know that his son would resemble him in losing a limb, and then—perhaps happily—would die “in the flower of his years.”

The final trial, though perhaps less in itself, brought with it the additional sting of man’s ingratitude. The veteran had still found occupation and interest in attending the meetings of his Committee, where, it was unanimously agreed, the clearest head was that which

surmounted, in the owner's sad phrase, "*un tronçon d'homme.*" But with 1886 came a new War Minister, and he must needs revise the Committee and exclude the General's name. His military protectors again raised an outcry, and obtained for him a continuance of pay, under the fancy title of Honorary Member of the Committee of Cavalry. "As it were," said he, "a crust flung to a beggar to get rid of him! 'Honorary' means that they will send for me when they choose to want me. Well, we must again say '*Fiat!*'"

Sonis's death might entitle him to be called the Lord Chatham of French Catholicism. In November 1885 he had one of his now frequent tumbles when trying to stand, and was laid up for six weeks. He had but just regained his chair, when his visitors brought the news that two fellow-generals were sick unto death. Neither of them was a pious character. The "apostle's heart" of yore was stirred. The invalid had himself conveyed to each house in succession, and in each—no one knew how—he dragged himself up the stairs, and groped his way along the wall till he reached the bedside. Of the first visit nothing is recorded, so we may judge that all that was needed was soothing and encouragement; but in the second case "the effort was killing, and he was ill-received at the door." One would fain know more; was the sick man himself hostile, or had his chamber been invaded by anti-clericals, and if so, did the broken-down champion, with death-like face and faltering figure, strike terror into them, as of yore St. Columba with the heathen desecrators of Iona?

Hushed was the revellers' sound,
They were struck as mute as the dead.

But all that is told is that Sonis was conveyed home nearly fainting, and with every ache renewed, but refusing to accept commiseration. "Never mind all that. My comrade has received the Sacraments, and is now in constant prayer. A soul snatched from the very brink of hell! I must make a novena of thanks for this crowning mercy!"

Life after this was nothing but a gradual wearing away, weariness of "all that is called the world," and yet clinging to life for the sake of "*ce cher monde,*" his family, who will be the poorer for his decease. "Pray for me, for I am borne down towards my tomb. Pray that I may quit the world freed from this haunting care for those I leave behind." Every morning when he could rise at all, he was to be seen making his way to the daily Mass, on his best days walking, leaning on the arm of one of his daughters, on his worst,

drawn in a chair or carried on a stretcher; and daily he said the whole priest's breviary, and pondered over the "Life of Christ," by Ludolf of Saxony, the same book that, together with the "Acts of the Saints," wrought the conversion of Ignatius Loyola, and his mind dwelt with special attraction upon the parable of the halt and the maimed. Now, too, it is thought that he composed for his daily use the prayer which was found in his handwriting after his death—an act of resignation which has been paralleled with the celebrated *Fiat* of Madame Elizabeth, or, to take an example more familiar to English readers, almost a French equivalent to our own hymn—

O teach me from my heart to say, Thy Will be done !

He retained his interest in politics, followed eagerly the career of Admiral Courbet, predicted (so it is said) the rise and fall of General Boulanger, expressed high esteem of the present Pope, and had a gleam of joy over the Papal decree of 1885, dedicating the month of October to the Queen of the Rosary. "Now I feel sure that she has guided the October elections!" Young officers whom he had trained would come to tell their beads with him, and reiterate their promises so to live as to win back the favour of "the Christ who loves the Franks"; and would thus disperse for a while "the fiend of sadness" which had settled on him since "my country has forsaken her God and worships Satan." He heard the voice of Divine wrath in the earthquakes which even pious circles made a pretext for charity balls—a combination which was not in accordance with his seriousness—and he had the last distress of beholding, from his house near the Arc de Triomphe, the funeral procession of Victor Hugo. "A regular fair-day, worthy of the poor fool himself, and of those fools who make an idol of him! You can well believe that my windows remained closed, and that the day was spent in prayer and humiliation for the scandal." And shall we uplift hands in Protestant horror, or shall we bow in reverence before the most sublime height of self-devotion? This man, who, in his own words, was being "crucified" daily, attempted, with his enfeebled arm, to scourge himself for the benefit of the souls of the unbelieving.

On Monday, August 8, 1887, Madame de Sonis's watchful eye detected a change for the worse, but not enough to debar him from getting out to Mass that day and all through the week, though the doctors marvelled afterwards how he could have borne it. On Sunday, the 14th, he rose, but consented to have the Host brought to him; and with the dawn of Monday, Assumption Day, came a difficulty of breathing, which was a signal to demand the Sacraments

and to telegraph for the sons, who arrived too late. He received the Viaticum "in full possession of his faculties," and then, while his wife clasped his hand and held the crucifix before him, he passed away, in a long and painful death-struggle, distressing to witness, but with a countenance so lighted with joy and peace, that it was the conviction of all present that the Loigny vision was repeated.

"Heaven has granted me grace to think only of the blessed change for him," wrote Mme. de Sonis to her cloistered daughter; and such was the leading idea of the "touching message" which General de Charette telegraphed to his former Zouaves:—

Comrades,—General de Sonis has gone to receive the reward of his long martyrdom.

He wrote to me a few days before Patay, "Let all be in common between us—joys, pains, and sacrifices."

To him belongs the glory of unfurling the Sacred Heart banner on the same field where of yore floated the banner of Joan of Arc.

All his life can be summed up in two words: honour and sacrifice.

CHARETTE.

Even after death a sacrifice remained to be made. Indignant at the decree of 1883, which forbade the troops to "*assister en corps*" at a religious service, he had made it his last request that no military escort should accompany his body, since they must part from it at the door of the church. This being so, the funeral, in the parish church of St. Honoré, was purely civilian, but the building was filled, as if with a regiment, by officers of the highest grade in full-dress uniform, and among the family mourners were his brother Theobald in general's cocked hat, and four out of six sons in uniform. On the threshold of the church—so far, and no further, would anti-clerical regulations permit—General Lhotte, *représentant* of the War Minister, pronounced a short panegyric, in which he compared the deceased to Bayard, and addressed to him a farewell, or, as he ventured to add, in Christian hope, an *Au revoir*. But all this was merely preliminary. It was arranged to hold the Loigny *fête* that year on September 22, the feast of St. Maurice and his companions of the Theban Legion, and to make it the occasion of the transfer of the remains of General de Sonis to the vault which General de Charette had retained for himself in the church which he had helped to restore. "*Non sum dignus*," Charette wrote, with an application of Scripture which sounds somewhat profane to the English mind, "to rest beside that saint—unless he will bear me heavenward, as he bore me along with him on the charge at

Loigny." It was Sonis's desire that he should have no fulsome epitaph, and no title save that of the Zouaves, "Miles Christi," and accordingly the tombstone bears only the simple inscription, with date :—

In spem vitæ
Hic depositus est et requiescit
MILES CHRISTI

—and after this, in the vernacular, the name and military rank, with dates of birth and death, and the usual invocation, "*Priez pour lui.*" The church, lately restored, with chandeliers formed of gun-metal and fragments of shells, and with windows commemorating the Sacred Heart and the patron saints of France and of the Loigny leaders, was draped for the occasion with black, and adorned with trophies of flags, each bearing an escutcheon of the Sonis arms, with the names and dates of his successful actions. After Mass had been said by the same Abbé Theuré who had been in residence at the time of the battle, Bishop Freppel, of Angers, pronounced what is universally accepted as the best of his funeral sermons, on a text taken from the panegyric of King David in Ecclesiasticus xlvii.: *De omni corde suo dilexit Deum qui dedit illi contra inimicos potentiam.* Now, for the first time, a hint was given of that precious secret, so carefully guarded by the favoured one during his lifetime, that the mental vision (*l'image, présente à son esprit*) of the Lourdes Madonna had been the consolation of his sufferings on the battlefield. Thus was excited a curiosity which was gratified by the publication, in 1890, of the full biography by Archbishop Baunard. In this is given the General's own account, and, appended to it, a note by his confessor, where, in the midst of flowing phrases from the Canticles, occurs a sentence which is sometimes quoted without the context :—

His soul was more deeply pierced by the dart of Divine Love, than his body by that of the enemy. . . . Through this the mysteries of Heaven were revealed to him. *In that night the Holy Virgin presented herself to her faithful servant and beloved son, and poured into his soul ineffable consolations.*

Sonis had at the time expressed a wish that he could afford to place a memorial cross on the spot where he had been so favoured. Mindful of this, Archbishop Baunard, in 1891, erected a stone cross, sculptured with a Sacred Heart flag, from the folds of which peeps a palm. On each side of the pedestal is a Latin verse, the "Martyr's Litany," where the "manifestation" is indicated in terms judiciously vague :—

Heic pro Deo et patria sub Christi signo cecidit magnanimus miles Christi.
Heic Dei in oratione pernoctans coeli delicias pleno corde hausit miles Christi.
Heic Immaculatam habuit sibi praesentissimam miles Christi.
Heic se Cordi Christi Ssmo hostiam dicavit acceptissimam miles Christi.

Colonel Thibouville, ever hostile, says that the monument is not in the right place ; however, the site is that identified by Sonis himself on his first visit to the field in 1871.

So far as we know, the earliest attempt to make out a literal vision is in a popular compilation published by the ecclesiastical firm of Lefort, at Lille, in 1893. The next is in the little two-sou biography of the *Propagande Catholique* at Abbeville, where, among the quaint little woodcuts, with modern dress treated in mediæval style, against a black background adorned with stars and crosses, appears an adaptation of Richer's picture of the battlefield, with the addition of the figure of the Lourdes Madonna descending upon clouds towards the wounded General de Sonis. What really brought the idea into prominence was the publication, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of 1894, of two successive articles by M. Art. Roë. The first, "Au Polygone," describes a pilgrimage to the church and battlefield, written in the character of an admiring but hopelessly *fin-de-siècle* soldier, "without faith, without hope, if not without reverence and charity."

Happy Sonis ! He could rise to Paradise through the assumption of suffering.

The second article, which provoked Colonel Thibouville's somewhat querulous rejoinder, is "L'Assaut de Loigny," a picturesque sketch of the night march, the morning's Communion, the charge, and the battlefield.

In the midst of the clouds, a dazzling light, a woman's form, beauteous in maiden grace and maternal dignity.

"Holy Virgin, is it you ?" he [Sonis] asked. . . . She came, as of yore to Calvary ; she came, the Gate of Heaven, a single bright speck in the darkness of night ; she came, the Star of the Sea, shining through the tempest that had shipwrecked an army.

Then has sceptical France possessed, within the last twenty years, a parallel to the departed Colonel Gardiner of our own island ? Two explanations are tenable : one that Sonis himself believed in a literal apparition, though he had the discretion to keep quiet about it ; the other, that knowing it to have been a subjective, or rather what his Church calls an "intellectual" vision¹—heaven-sent, as we

¹ The psychological inquirer may perhaps be grateful for being directed to a long passage in the *Life of Marie-Eustelle* (Vol. II. of Burns & Oates's "Library of Catholic Biography") to the effect that an "intellectual vision"—which seems to be simply what ordinary people call "seeing in the mind's eye"—is less liable

may all believe—he had the veracity and the firmness to guard against its being magnified into an objective one.

Setting miracle apart, it is marvel enough, that a French officer of the Second Empire should have talked and written so like a Captain Hedley Vicars (that Evangelical worthy of Crimean days) ; that this same man should have interchanged and combined the rôles of active fighter and passive sufferer ; that, himself a physical wreck, he should have borne his part in the restoration of a wrecked army ; and that he, a layman, a soldier living on his pay, without personal ambition, without political influence, without even the *éclat* of a striking conversion (Sonis is one of the few saints who have absolutely no past), should, by his sanctity alone, have set on foot a great religious movement. Who, asks an English Roman Catholic magazine, ever saw a Sacred Heart or a Lourdes image before 1870 ? And now, the dome of Montmartre towers aloft, where once the dying warrior was dragged in an invalid's chair to feast his eyes, as a last joy, on the sight of the foundations laid and the walls really rising. The Loigny banner figures annually at the Montmartre and Paray-le-Monial processions, and has even crossed the Channel, for the funeral of the Count of Paris. The tricolor charged with the Sacred Heart has become the badge of all the political-religious associations, and the clerical press reiterates its prophecy (hardly warranted by experience), that when this is adopted as the national flag, then shall France recover her losses. In our own country there is not a shabby little "mass-house" in an obscure back street that has not its Sacred Heart picture or image, and probably its Lady of Lourdes. Current religious literature assures the faithful that the facsimile of the Zouave badge is daily turning aside bullets from their brethren in South Africa and protecting those at home from toothache, from bad debts, from being plucked at examinations, and especially from bicycle accidents. Hymns to the Sacred Heart have made their way into Anglican hymnals, while a Protestant divine has felt it necessary to put forth a special warning against the subtle heresy of "cardiolatry," which inevitably leads to Montanism, and even so far as Priscianism. And one of the latest movements at the Vatican has been the consecration of the Twentieth Century to the Sacred Heart.

Thus, with reason, has the title of "General of the Sacred Heart "

to Satanic delusion than one presented to the physical senses. Also to a footnote to Dr. Doddridge's account of Colonel Gardiner's conversion (not given in the extract in *Waverley*), from which it appears that Gardiner himself was not certain whether the vision was "to his Bodily Eyes, or to those of his Mind."

been bestowed on Gaston de Sonis in popular compilations ; and another name, equally warranted, is that of "Saint of the Army." The tradition of soldierly orthodoxy has survived him. In the illustrated tracts published from month to month by the *Propagande Catholique*, it is always the military who are depicted with arms round a comrade's neck, inducing him to come to the Communion Table, crossing themselves and keeping the fasts at a *table d'hôte* of miscellaneous company, confuting sceptical commercial travellers in railway carriages, kneeling in prayer, a whole barrack-room at once, with angels hovering over them. There is said to be another side to the picture: we will not touch upon it here ; Sonis did not live to take part in the Dreyfus case. Finally — borrowing the terms in which Pisistratus Caxton exhorted Churchman, dissenter, and every obscure heretic, to read and mark the "Life of Robert Hall," the then contemporary example of "triumph over pain," so say we, let every creed and no creed study, either in the original, dedicated to Messieurs the French officers, or in the translation dedicated to General Lord Ralph Kerr and his English military co-religionists, this happy compound of "hussar gaiety and Carmelite fervour, brilliant horsemanship and monastic ascetism, firmness in command and suavity in daily intercourse," and all this, modifying into, or blending with, the character of the patient sufferer, who "could not be irritated, save by an insult to his God." Some Anglican divine might review the work of the French Archbishop, and do justice to passages which we, in very reverence, have toned down or omitted, but which would effectually refute the charge of devotion to the minor saints exclusively. Sonis's military ardour has received homage from such divers quarters as the *Revue de Cavalerie*, published by the Protestant firm of Berger-Levrault ; the *Armée de la Loire*, by the avowedly infidel Grenest ; while even the *Sous-Officier* who censures his tactics has, as if relenting, appended the surgeon's account of the wounded man's fortitude, and an eulogy from the *Soleil*, of the fascinating aspect of, so to speak, a Red-Cross knight cast upon modern days. "But where shall Sonis's triumph end?" asks Captain Derély. And he summons the vision of a future pilgrimage, as to Paray, the cradle of the Sacred Heart devotion, so to Loigny, "its glorious Epiphany, where cannon pealed in the place of organs, muskets flashed for altar-lights, and war-cries re-echoed the *Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth*. Yes, and the pilgrimage shall be twofold." Then he cites the words of the Archbishop on planting the memorial cross. "Here, we may trust, shall one day rise a sanctuary dedicated to

a glorious name ; here shall we kneel, and kiss, as a relic, the earth which has drunk holy blood ; here the French army shall keep the feast of a saint sprung from its ranks, and having honoured him as model on earth, shall hail and invoke him as patron in heaven.'"

Well, and if it should be so, and if a future "Saint Gaston de Sonis," with sword, and chaplet, and wooden leg, and cocked hat encircled by a halo, should preside over side-altars, such honours have been bestowed on less worthy objects than "this good Christian and gallant man," who was French enough to love his country while hating its government, to be patriotic after he had written "Our *Patrie* is in heaven," and to whom, regard as we will his relations with the supernatural, we may still apply the terms of Scott's characterisation of Colonel Gardiner : "Though some mentioned the proselyte as an enthusiast, none hinted at his being a hypocrite."

E. PERRONET THOMPSON.

THE FEEDING OF THE SOLDIER: THE LESSON OF THE GREAT BOER WAR.

AS long as humanity is what it is, so long must wars be waged and the destinies of nations be decided, as they have been from time immemorial, by the sword. But a greater factor than the sword, terrible as it is, in the conduct and success of war, is the health and well-being of the soldier who uses it.

It would be out of place for me, a dietitian, to enter into questions of strategy, weapons of destruction, or the movements of vast bodies of men ; but in the matter of the food of the soldier of the present day, and the food of the soldier in the past, I wish to have something to say. No improvement in weapons of destruction, no system in strategy, no generalship, would be of any avail, if the health, strength, and condition as a fighting machine, upon whom all these factors depends—that is, the soldier—is not made the first consideration. Everything depends upon it. In this respect, during war at all events, economy should be cast to the winds, and no cheese-paring policy as to whether the soldier's food should cost a shilling or eighteenpence a day ought to be entertained. This kind of economy has no place in the dealings of great railway contractors with their employés, as the following well-known fact will illustrate. Some years ago, in constructing a large railway in France, it was found necessary to employ some hundreds of French and English navvies. It was found that the French navvy, on the food he lived on, could only do half the work of the English navvy. The contractor being a shrewd man, thereupon put the French navvies on the same food as the English ones, after which both did the same amount of work. I may particularly remark here that, from this difference in feeding, the French soldier will never be able to stand a campaign against the English or German soldier—that is, unless he is allowed more of the food of *energy* than he is now.

It is an incontrovertible fact that the success of a campaign depends almost entirely upon the feeding of the soldier during the

operations of war, the conservation of his health, his condition, and his ability to march long distances and to bear great fatigue without deterioration. It has been repeatedly shown, both in ancient and modern history, that disaster after disaster, and disease after disease, dog the steps of an army when the food supply fails, and when it fails, as a rule, it is not the fault of the general in the field, but of the authorities at home, for in these days it is easy to preserve animal food for any length of time, and therefore a large supply should always be available. To illustrate the grave danger of failure of food supply and the attendant disaster, take the case of the greatest general of all time, Napoleon Bonaparte. During the campaign in Poland in 1806-7, the catastrophe and the loss of so many thousands of brave men was due to the breakdown in his transport and the consequent lack of food supply. Indeed, the crowning disaster of his career was due to the same cause, as the campaign in Russia in 1812, which occasioned the loss of 400,000 men, was accountable for all that subsequently occurred.¹ Soldiers cannot be born and bred in three years, or called back from the grave, even by the greatest warrior of all time. Truly, the loss from cold and hunger of the flower of the French Army in the terrible retreat from Moscow was the indirect cause of Napoleon's subsequent downfall. The terrible depletion of French manhood in this awful campaign, the loss of those veterans who had carried the Eagle to victory on so many bloody fields, could not be repaired; so his star set for ever on that fatal Sunday on the plains of Waterloo.

It would, of course, take too long to go into all the disasters that have been due to want of a proper food supply in war in ancient and modern times, but a very casual review of historical facts will show that the food supply is the backbone of an army in the field; indeed, the mighty military genius to whom I have just referred held that the soldier marched on his stomach, fought on his stomach (I do not mean in the sense that the British and Boers did in the recent war), and conquered on his stomach.

On one point all military men to whom I have spoken are unanimous, and that is, that the difficulties of the commissariat are a serious factor to contend with in any war. Also that anything that increases the mobility of the soldier in the field, and lessens these difficulties, is of paramount importance in the field. This has been particularly exemplified in the case of the Boer War. Those who have been engaged in it tell me that the mobility of the Boers was in a great measure due to their simple habits, and to their

¹ The subject of clothing does not come within the scope of this article, though it is of vast importance. Nor do I propose touching on hygiene.

custom of carrying a supply of food, in the shape of "biltong," with them, that was always available, and which enabled them, to make long raids without suffering from the loss of strength that would have been entailed by their being deprived of food even for a few days. When the Boers were too much hustled about to have time to prepare their biltong even the genius of Botha, the strategy of De la Rey, and the dash and bravery of De Wet were of no avail.

How history repeats itself; for the method of the Boers was absolutely the method of the Scots in their wars in the fourteenth century. Froissart, the historian, gives the following description of the Scottish soldier of that date; and if you substitute for the word "Scots" the word "Boer," the passage might be taken for the one or the other in the fourteenth or the twentieth centuries respectively. It is thus he writes: "The Scotsmen have a very good manner to live in time of war; for first of all they do carry no provision of bread and wine with them. Moreover, they content themselves long time so that they may have flesh but half sodden, which they do eat very well without bread, and drink water. And, moreover, they are not troubled with the carrying of kettles and pans, because they do sew the flesh in the skins of beasts when they have flayed them, nor have no care to carry provision with them, because they are sure to find it in the country where they do pretend to make war. One thing they have care of, that is, to carry a plate of iron and a bag of meal, to the intent that when they feel their stomachs weak and feeble with the eating of too much raw flesh, they might comfort them with cakes, which they do make after this manner. They temper a little meal in a dish, and cast their plate into the fire, and when the plate is hot enough they do make little cakes of their paste and bake them upon the said plate, and by this means they do make great journeys to surprise their neighbours, without rumour of their enterprises, and without any great cost." The last paragraph applies absolutely to the Boers in the recent war.

Having devoted the last twenty years of my life entirely to diet—and thousands of individuals come under my care for dietetic purposes—the quantities of food required under different conditions of work and rest, the effects of food both in states of health and in deviations from health, are matters of everyday experience with me, and this experience, with all the advantages that science has of late years given in the preservation of food, &c., I wish to place at the service of the country, if it may be considered of value. Perhaps, also, childish remembrances may influence me, for I can well remember listening to accounts of the horrors of the retreat to Corunna, and the later days of the campaign, ending eventually on

the plains of Waterloo, in which two very near relatives indeed of mine took part. The retreat to Corunna proved that hunger will demoralise the finest army in the world ; and the dreadful excesses of this retreat were due to this. But to return to the subject. The proper nourishing of the soldier being of such importance in peace and war, I should like to point out a curious factor that my experience in scientific dieting has taught me, which I should like to bring to the notice of those who have the feeding of the soldier in their hands, and it is this. The soldier's food at present consists of too much bread and too little meat. Now very many constitutions do not assimilate starches—we live by what we assimilate, not by what we eat—the granules pass through the alimentary canal as if they were so much shot, the result being that, as the man has too little of the food he does assimilate, he is really being starved, though he is eating too great a bulk of food. Though men of this constitution may count as soldiers in time of peace, they are useless to bear the fatigues of long marches. They soon fall out and become an easy prey to any disease that may be rife, such as general feebleness, cholera, typhoid, dysentery, &c.

In civil life, in such constitutions, sooner or later the nervous system fails. They become the victims of dyspepsia, insomnia, irritability of temper (hysteria in females) ; they suffer from nervous debility, incapacity for work, they lack stamina, with other indications of low nervous vitality—all of which symptoms disappear when they are put on a diet they assimilate. I have explained this more fully in a work of mine on diet.¹

With our system of government it is very difficult to make those in power move with the times ; and the War Office, of all other public departments, is the most conservative of all. Possibly this is due to the fact that England is governed by two parties, and if one party suggests any innovation involving expense the other immediately cries for more economy, and thus great questions, involving almost the existence of the Empire, are put off until it is too late. I can remember, even in the Crimean War, in my boyhood, the disasters the War Office of that day brought about. Stores of food and boots were rotting in Balaklava Harbour while the soldiers were starving in the trenches, and without shoes to their feet. In other countries in such matters the opinion of the expert is more sought, and as in these days the resources of science are constantly extended, and the ability to differentiate between foods of one sort and another are so well known, at least to some, this matter of feeding the soldier in war should be of

¹ *Health and Condition in the Active and the Sedentary.* London : Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

supreme importance. The opinion of every military man with whom I have spoken, who has taken part in the recent campaign, is that the cause of its duration was the difficulty found in moving supplies and the rations for the soldiers as rapidly from place to place as the movements of the enemy demanded, and that any system by which a complete food ration in a portable form could be carried with the columns sufficient to last for a number of days, thus enabling them to be independent of the labouring Commissariat, would have saved many valuable lives and many millions of money. *Tinned beef alone does not answer this purpose.* Dr. Parkes, in regard to failure of food supply—and no greater authority has written on the subject—says: “The effect of this upon strength, endurance, and even courage is remarkable. Some instances have been related by officers in which failure resulted entirely from the exhaustion of men produced by want of food. Surely,” he continues, “it is useless to supply the ammunition for guns if the men who have to work them have no supply of energy issued also to them.” If this is so—and it is and has been—such a lamentable state of affairs should never occur again. An extra few million pounds spent yearly would not be a loss, but a gain, if spent in being prepared for war in the way indicated, as when war did come it would be over in half the time and with less than half the expense in blood and money. I shall never forget what the late Sir William Lockhart told me relating to this factor in the Tirah campaign, and this decided me to commence experiments in condensing food for Army purposes. I was travelling with him just before he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, and he was explaining to me the terrible difficulties of the Tirah campaign, and mourning the fact that in England his operations were considered so slow. But when he explained to me how he had to feed and maintain through the awful defiles of India seventy thousand soldiers and camp followers it was perfectly plain the difficulties he had to contend with. I told him then my experience in food, taking into consideration the recent inventions in the matter of preserving foods and condensing them, and that I had been able to compress into a pound weight a thoroughly efficient few days’ complete ration for the soldier, ready cooked, moist and palatable, most of it being meat, and that it would keep in any climate for any required length of time. A pound tin of this would be about the size of the ordinary shilling tin of sardines. His observation on this was that had he had such a food in his Tirah campaign it would have shortened it by one-half. He urged me to try and get such a food into the Army. I then took a vast amount of trouble in the matter, and a ration was made by a celebrated army contractor for my purposes. It

was done up in one pound tins so that a soldier could easily carry five or six days' supply. It was a pleasant and palatable food, requiring nothing else with it but water to drink. But, alas, for War Office routine ! Although the ration was independently approved of by the present Commander-in-Chief and by military men of the highest rank, and was recommended by high authorities and by generals who have commanded armies in recent wars, and in the late campaign, my opinions were not entirely shared by the technical advisers to the Army, and the War Office did not adopt it. However, all this is a thing of the past. About a year ago, at a meeting at which were present some distinguished military authorities, the subject was thoroughly thrashed out. Again a ration on these lines was submitted to the War Office, which, I believe, met with sufficient approval as to elicit a recommendation for it to be given a trial. So far I am not aware that it has been tried by, or issued to, soldiers in the field and under circumstances for which I recommend it.

The lessons of the war have been told by men of all grades and from all ranks, and the absolute necessity of such a ration has been endorsed by all. Of course I am aware that there are "emergency" rations of this kind in existence ; but do they meet this want ? Some that I have heard of are either too bulky or not sufficiently sustaining ; while others, consisting mainly of finely powdered meat, are too unpalatable as well as too dry, and can only be used if supplemented with other food. Military commanders have told me that a complete day's ration, condensed into a pound in weight, and of which a soldier could on emergency carry five or six days' supply and be independent of the Commissariat, would be of untold service in war ; it should be done up in one pound tins. Larger tins are inconvenient. The six pound tins of meat supplied at first for the front in South Africa were thrown away in thousands as the men could not carry them. The climate would not allow of the tins being opened and the meat cut up in portions for each man to take his share. This by aid of the resources of modern science has been carried out. I hope I may not be thought egotistical in this matter, but unfortunately I am compelled to be. The ration called Carnyl¹ is a complete food in every respect, and contains all the elements necessary to maintain life, and health, and condition, independently ; as in the case of sieges, &c. I believe I am correct in saying that no other army ration will do this. It is not meant to

¹ A large quantity of this ration was given to the Imperial Yeomanry under Lord Chesham's command on their departure for the seat of war. I have never been able to gather what became of it, and should any officer or soldier have had any of it, I should be very glad if he would write me and let me know.

be the *ordinary* food of the soldier, but simply to take its place when that cannot be procured. I am told that a ration of this kind would be of great service after a march when an engagement is imminent, when it would be impossible to cook raw food.

In my humble opinion, the soldier in war time, and in fact at all times, more particularly in war time, should be fed on the principle that the horse is fed on when he is wanted for hunting, and other purposes entailing prolonged hard work. In fact he should be kept in fighting condition, able to bear long and continued fatigue. He should not carry one pound of *unnecessary* fat, which would only impede his heart's action, add to his weight, and prevent him carrying food and ammunition and the other impedimenta absolutely essential on the march. Let me illustrate this in this way. We all know that when the horse is wanted for purposes entailing severe strain and exertion, he is brought in from grass, put on corn and hay, and regularly exercised. What is the result? He parts rapidly with fat, and gains in stamina and muscular power as a consequence. The same thing can be done for the soldier; and in my opinion had it been done before starting for the recent war, and during the voyage to South Africa, the army would have arrived in the acme of muscular condition, as it should have done. I was simply horrified when I read the dietary allowed the soldier on board the transports. It was palpable that such a diet, with enforced idleness, would land him in South Africa very much fatter and in much less fit condition than when he left England, and therefore he would be incapable of meeting on equal terms the wiry Boer living largely on meat food, and seldom carrying unnecessary fat.

It seems to be the opinion of those who have the feeding of the soldiers and sailors, that if they have a food on which they lose weight, they must necessarily lose strength. I have noticed the same in the feeding of convicts, whom they fatten up until they become unwieldy. I went over Dartmoor prison a few weeks ago, and I quite envied the convict his happy, peaceful home there. So much food do they get (of the wrong kind for strength and energy), that they do not walk, they waddle; and this is not to be wondered at as they get 32 ozs. of farinaceous food a day—six times more than really necessary. Then the nice cells, good bed, plenty of magazines and books, soap, yes, and even tooth-brushes. I hope my description of this peaceful earthly paradise won't make the mouths of the poor soldiers, after two years of hardship in South Africa, water. Their lot is often to die in the workhouse, the street, or to starve, or commit suicide, as the daily papers testify.

That the loss of excess of fat is a bar to constitutional stamina, or

the ability to stand excessive fatigue, is the greatest possible fallacy ; and the sooner it is known as such the better for the country, as far as the health and stamina of the soldier is concerned. I speak in this matter from an experience of thousands and thousands of cases. Let me illustrate this. A person will come under my care, say, of thirty to forty years of age, weighing 14 or 15 stone. He may part with 3 or 4 stone of this in three or four months, and from the very starting-point, when he begins to lose fat, he is able to take more exercise and continues to be able to do so with greater and greater ease as his weight goes down, while at the same time he becomes constitutionally stronger and better able to stand fatigue. It does not matter what the age of the person (or sex) may be, whether it be twenty or seventy, the result of proper dieting is the same ; and dieting for the reduction of weight may be extended, even a year or more, with continued good results, although the farinaceous food inclusive may be limited to 2 ozs. a day. There are plenty of officers of high position who have served in the late war who know this from having been under my care for this very purpose, and I could name many very well-known men who have distinguished themselves in South Africa, who, when they read this, will endorse every line of it.¹

Let me explain : unnecessary fat is a useless burden that not only by its absolute weight fatigues the sufferer, but, worse than this, by its impeding the heart's action, is more injurious than the same weight carried as food or ammunition on the back. The corollary is plain : if by improper feeding a soldier is burdened by 10 to 20 lbs. or more of adipose tissue than he ought to be, it hampers him with a weight which is useless, and worse than useless. If he is fed to part with this, he is enabled to carry in its place a stock of food which would be of real service to him instead.

It may be remarked that railways have done much to aid in feeding the soldier within the last fifty or sixty years, as in the Franco-German war ; but there are countries—and more especially countries that affect England—where the difficulty of transport is as difficult to-day as it was in the time of the Romans. Indeed, in conversations that I have had with military men such as Sir Harry Prendergast, the late Sir William Lockhart, Sir Thomas Galway, and others too numerous to mention, the opinion is always expressed that the difficulties in feeding an army are still much greater than they should be, taking into consideration the fact that animal food may be hermetically sealed and made to keep for years. In the days of Wellington and Napoleon meat could only be kept by salting it, and this gave rise to scurvy

¹ In civil life I reduced the weight of one man 15 stone (210 lbs.) ; after this he married, and is now a strong, healthy active business man.

and other diseases. Lord Anson in his journey round the world, being three years at sea, lost three times the number of his crew. This could not happen in these days, or at least ought not.

The human body is to all intents and purposes a machine—like a machine it has to be fed according to the work it has to do, and the endurance that has to be undergone while doing it. We all know that if a railway engine has to do great speed, it has to be fed with coal differently to an engine drawing heavy loads slowly. Again, if a horse is trained for racing purposes, he has to be fed differently to a horse who has to plough. If a horse is required for great endurance, as in hunting, he has to be fed differently to a horse doing leisurely work daily.¹ This is the crux of the whole matter if applied to feeding the soldier for his business—war. The growing soldier or youth requires more food than the adult, more particularly animal food, if he is to stand the strain of war.²

It may be interesting to dive a little here into the records of the past, and to learn how the soldier was fed, and what strides have been made, if any, since then with the resources that science has brought to light. In former times it was the custom that the soldier in war should be supported by the countries in which the war was being waged. The imperfect and inadequate transports of an invading army, especially on protracted expeditions, were supplemented by the action of sutlers—more or less under the control, by contract or otherwise, of the military commanders—who placed the country far and near under contribution, and by local markets, offered to the soldiers frequented by them, and by local plunder; or the supplies of a friendly army were largely reinforced by provisions sent from the homes it was engaged in defending.

The practice lingered sporadically even to the time of the first Napoleon, who, on moving away from his magazines and on the breakdown of his transport, suffered so severely from the failure of his principle of "warfare feeding itself." There is little trace therefore of rations proper in the administration of ancient armies, and still less of hygienic discrimination of the food of the soldier from the ordinary provisions of their peaceful neighbours. Thus it happens that there is scarcely an author of antiquity who throws any light upon the history, or the quality of distinctively military diet,

¹ The Arabs when they require their horses to be tireless for hunting the ostrich feed them on meat.

² In 1813 and 1814 the despatches of Napoleon were filled with the complaints of the "boys" that were sent him. He said: "I must have grown-up men; boys serve only to encumber the hospitals or roadsides."

and the search for these in classical historians and other writers, and of any *regimen* of athletes as suggestive of a treatment or training analogous to that of the soldier, has been as nearly as possible resultless, yielding scarcely a phrase or reference salient enough for quotation.

The case of the Jews might be taken as typical, amongst whom the maintenance and equipment of the soldiers at the public expense dates from the establishment of a standing army ; before which each soldier armed himself and obtained his food either by voluntary offerings (2 Sam. xvii. 28, 29) ; by forced exactions (1 Sam. xxv. 13) ; or by the natural resources of the country (1 Sam. xiv. 27). On one occasion only do we hear of any systematic arrangement for provisioning the host (Judges xx. 10) ; it is doubtful whether the soldier ever received pay even under the Kings.

The Spartan fare of the Greeks of plain meats and little else in their wars, accounts for their success and hardihood in warfare. It may be mentioned that Homer never represents either fish or game as being put on the table ; he equally excludes fruit, notwithstanding its abundance. He passed over the use of vegetables, generally, and fish and birds, lest to mention them seemed like praising gluttony. He knew the use and advantages of wine, and he was acquainted with many different ways of mixing it. Vegetables were, however, set before the ancient heroes at the siege of Troy when they supped, and they used onions in the special sense of seasoning wine.

Athenæus again, in his "Deipnosophists," records that the meat of the Homeric heroes was all roasted, and chiefly beef ; and the poet never sets before them anything but such dishes as these either at a sacred festival or at a marriage feast, or at any other convivial meeting. And this, too, though he often represents Agamemnon as feasting the chiefs. When Telemachus comes to Menelaus :—

The table groaned beneath a chine of beef,
With which the hungry soldiers quelled their grief.

Thus Plato discourses in his "Republic" :—

"Homer, you know, feeds his heroes at their feasts, when they are campaigning on soldiers' fare ; they have no fish although they are on the shores of the Hellespont, and they are not allowed boiled meats, but only roast, which is the food most convenient for soldiers, requiring only that they should light a fire, and not involving the trouble of carrying about pots and pans. . . . And, I can hardly be mistaken in saying that sweet sauces are nowhere mentioned in

Homer. In proscribing them, however, he is not singular; all professional athletes are well aware that a man who is to be in good condition should take nothing of the kind."

Homer never speaks of broth; as Antiphanes says:—

He never boiled the legs or haunches,
But roasted brains and roasted paunches,
As did his sires of old.

And Eubulus asks:—

I pray you where in Homer is the chief,
Whoe'er ate fish, or anything but beef?
And though so much of liberty they boasted,
Their meat was never anything but roasted.

A writer on the feeding of the soldier in the fifteenth century remarks:—

"The ancient chiefs were not careful for wine, for when the wine failed them they drank water mingled with a little vinegar to give it colour and savour. Among their provisions for their legions there is no mention made of wine, but only to have water and vinegar. Moreover, the ancient soldiers had not their bread baked in ovens, as we have at this instant everywhere; but baked cakes themselves of a certain quantity of meal that was delivered unto them day by day, out of the store, and besides that a certain quantity of lard—and this was all; so that the victuals whereof the ancient chiefs made their provisions for the sustenance of a camp was only meal, vinegar, and lard for the soldiers, and barley for the horses; they had moreover a great number of cattle, both great and small, that followed their camps, which cattle (for that it needed not to be carried, nor likewise was fed with anything that was carried), was not chargeable nor troublesome unto an army, which was the occasion in times past, that their armies went many journeys through deserts and solitary places, without lack of victuals, so they lived of victuals that might easily follow a camp."¹ It does not appear from this that the officers fed better than the men, and this seems to point to the fact that, in the early ages, meat formed nearly the entire diet of the soldier, and vegetable food, cereals, &c. took, as they ought to do, a very subordinate place.

One would like to know what Homer would have thought of a vegetarian. The following quotation will be interesting in connection with this subject:—

"The Romans were a frugal people, till their successful wars

¹ Seigneur de Langry: *Instructions for the Wars, Method of Militarie Discipline*, 1589.

made their City the treasure-house of the world's riches. For three hundred years after the foundation of Rome the horsemen served on their own charges, the expeditions being short, either on a victory or a rout, they hastened back to the city. But after the Senate began to look far beyond their ancient limits, wages were allowed out of the public treasury for both horse and foot.

"The Romans gave all their proviants to their armies in corn, and did not trouble themselves to make it either into meal or bread ; and in their strict discipline, bakers were all banished from their camps, and the soldiers ordered to grind their corn themselves (hand mills and quorns being allowed them for that purpose) and thereafter to bake their own bread. Many times they took not the pains to do either the one nor the other, but boiled their wheat with a little salt and so ate it up for pottage. They used to carry with them lard, or bacon, or some other fat, wherewith they smeared their bread. A little bottle also with vinegar they also took about with them, with a very small quantity whereof they gave a relish to their water, which was their ordinary drink, though wine was not forbidden them, and was drunk when it could be conveniently got ; but drunkenness was a crime seldom heard of among them. There were also sometimes oxen, sheep and beeves divided among them, for preparing and making ready whereof, in the strictest time of their discipline, the soldiers were permitted to carry a brass pot, a spit and a drinking cup ; but I suppose one of every kind of these utensils was not allowed to every one of the soldiers, but to a contubernium, or tent-company of ten or twelve. Tribunes, centurions, and common soldiers went to dinner or supped at the same time at the sound of the trumpet."

Polybius, writing about the third century, in his "Histories" represents the military characteristics of the world of his time, and remarks that the "pay of the foot-soldier is $5\frac{1}{3}$ asses a day ; of the centurion $10\frac{1}{3}$; of the cavalry 16. The infantry receive a ration of wheat equal to about $\frac{2}{3}$ of an Attic medimnus a month, and the cavalry seven medimni of barley and two of wheat. Of the allies the infantry receive the same, the cavalry $1\frac{1}{3}$ medimnus of wheat and 5 of barley. This is a free gift to the allies, but in the cases of the Romans, the Quæstor stops out of their pay the prices of their corn and clothes, or any additional arms they may require at a fixed rate."

The same authority¹ gives the dietary of Turkish soldiers in these days (about 1590). It will be noticed that the soldiers carried powdered meat as an emergency ration. Our military authorities have not learnt much the last three hundred years, for the present

¹ Seigneur de Langry.

emergency ration is a mixture of powdered meat and fat, and military men tell me it is most unpalatable and unsuitable for the purpose ; and in this I quite agree, having tasted it. A soldier would have to be dying of hunger to eat it, and then he could not, as it is as dry as snuff ; and *water* to wash it down is not always procurable on the field of battle.

This writer continues : “The Turkish soldiers needed no wine because that their law doth forbid them to drink it, and also they go long without eating bread, if so be that they may have rice and water, and seldom it is that they do suffer want: for they carry ordinarily sacks full of powdered flesh, minced so fine that it seemeth to be a powder, and of this powdered flesh they take but a little at a meal and temper it with warm water, and afterwards sup it up. So do the Turks live.” He continues, and I think soldiers hard driven for food might take a hint from the following :—

“If they have great want of victual, the said flesh being spent, they do let their horses’ blood ; for they are almost all horsemen and do live certain days on this blood. And if so be that the famine do too much oppress them they do then kill their horses and eat them before they do forsake to do their prince loyal service and the uttermost of their power, which our delicate soldiers [the French] will not do, for they will hardly serve one day without they be in wine up to the ears, or full crammed ready to burst ; but when I say our soldiers I mean those that are at this instant, but not those that might be levied in France: for that they might easily be made temperate enough, if so that the chiefs themselves would give them example, and that they themselves were not so much given to inordinate eating and drinking as they are.”

In England, in the days of “Good Queen Bess,” a General-Commissary seemed to have the feeding of the troops in his hands :—

“His charge was to provide victuals, corn, flask-wine, bread and beef ; he had the inspection of them and should see them equally and proportionately provided to the regiments, according to their several strengths. He had no power to sell any proviant under any pretence soever without the General’s express warrant. All mills where the army comes are under his protection, and he is obliged to protect them. He has the ordering of all the magazines for victuals, and to him belongs the care of seeing the garrisons and fortified places sufficiently provided with such meats and drinks as are most fit to preserve. These are corn, grain and meal of several kinds. Stock-fish, herrings, and all other salted fishes, salted and hung fleshies, especially beef and bacon, cheeses, butter, almonds, chestnuts

and hazel-nuts. Vinegar, honey, oyl, wine, beer, malt, tobacco, wood and coal for firing, and as many living oxen, cows, sheep and swine, hens and turkies as can be." Evidently in those days beef was salted and dried as bacon and ham is now; indeed, in Wales, even now, legs of mutton are salted in the same way for keeping.

When Edward III., with the Prince of Wales, in October 1359, invaded France, war was indeed terrible and the hardships of the troops great. Clinton says: "In mediæval warfare there was no commissariat. The subsidies were usually spent in getting together and equipping the army, and when it was placed in the enemy's country it had to maintain itself by plunder. Warfare was necessarily of a far more terrible character than in modern times, to the population, the country being given up to military execution. But such was the desolate condition of France at this period, that there was no hope of the army drawing food from it, and for the first time commissariat arrangements were made, and on a great scale. A vast number of waggons were collected and small fishing boats were taken across to provide the troops with an indispensable article of food, on fast days and in Lent. As the campaign was likely to be long the appliances for the sports of the field were not forgotten. The king was provided with his hawks and hounds, as Wellington's officers in the Peninsula were supplied with their packs."¹

The diet of the soldiers during the Wars of the Roses was excellent as a fighting food, far better in fact than it is now. It then consisted, according to Froissart, of 2 lbs. of meat and 1 lb. of bread, and a pint of wine; no doubt he supplemented this in those lawless times with plunder. On such a diet no wonder the soldier was hardy and muscularly powerful enough to carry the armour he wore. No wonder—on such a diet—that soldiers fought like Kilkenny cats. The fallacy of giving soldiers and sailors in these days an excessively farinaceous diet leads to loading the system with useless fat, and making his condition much like that of a horse out at grass—lazy, fat, and incapable of sustained exertion. More than this, farinaceous food does not conduce to physical and mental power, and for the matter of that to courage. Wild animals grow fat and lethargic on such food, and a bear becomes tame and harmless if fed on bread and slops, and fierce and pugnacious when fed on meat.

We learn from history that in ancient times an army lived on the country it was at war with, and that wherever it went it left behind desolation and a starving peasantry. A standing army was

¹ Sir James Turner, *Grecian, Roman and Modern Art of War*, 1660-1671.

first instituted in England since the Romans left the island in Richard II.'s time, who raised 4,000 archers in Cheshire and suffered them to plunder, live upon free quarter, beat, wound, ravish and kill wherever they went. A nice lot truly! King Henry VII. constituted the Yeomen of the Guard. Armies raised for service abroad were disbanded as soon as action was over. War was then war, and the more brutally it was carried out the quicker it was over. Concentration camps and feeding the families of the enemy were unknown, and thus wars were soon ended. In those barbarous and semi-barbarous days the soldier lived mostly on whatever he could capture, and the commissariat of an army was very primitive indeed.

"In the middle of the fifteenth century, King Charles VII. of France established the first standing army in Europe. Other continental nations gradually followed the example of the Kings of France in the establishment of a permanent armed force; but no counterbalancing movement appears to have taken place in England. The insular position of this country was, probably, in a great degree the cause of this delay.

"The only permanent forces were the garrisons kept up in Ireland. The first force established was in Edward IV.'s time, and afterwards in Henry VIII.'s time; in the year 1535, the army in Ireland was 300, and in 1540 they were increased to 380 horse and 150 foot, which was the establishment then. I speak this in times of peace, for when the Irish were in rebellion, which was very frequent, the armies were much more considerable."¹

Elizabeth's expeditions necessitated a constant supply of troops. "Eminent statesmen, like Burleigh and Walsingham, were often at their wits' ends to extract wherewithal to keep the soldiers from starving. (They—the soldiers—perish for want of victuals and clothing, in great numbers.)"—Note from Leicester to Burleigh and Walsingham, 1586.

"The first and only standing forces employed by our kings until the Restoration were their personal body-guards."

Thacker states that at Tangiers (1660-80) the private soldiers (of the garrison) lived there better than in any part of the world, "for they have fresh and wholesome quarters with small gardens, coals for cooking their provisions, which they have out of the king's stores at the king's charge. Every Monday morning each man receives one piece of beef, one piece of pork, 7 lbs. of bread, a quart of pease, a pint of oatmeal, besides butter and cheese for his week's allowance."

¹ Trenchard's *History of Standing Armies*.

In 1670 the ordinary allowance to a soldier in the field was 2 lbs. of bread and $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of meat, or an equal weight of cheese, and one bottle of wine or two of beer. "It is enough," cry the soldiers, "we desire no more ; it is enough in conscience."

In the Duke of Wellington's despatches, referring to the feeding of the troops in Portugal, 1808, there are the following passages : "The rations of the troops will consist each day of 1 lb. of bread or biscuit, and 1 lb. of meat; salt or fresh. If the soldiers should have fresh meat they are not entitled to spirits or wine ; if they should have salt meat, and upon all occasions when it can be got for them, they shall have each one quarter of a pint of spirits, or a pint of wine. The troops are also entitled in camp to 3 lbs. of wood each man. The women (entitled to rations) will receive half a ration per diem and the children a quarter, but no spirits or wine will be issued to women or children.

"When bread cannot be delivered to the troops, they must have 2 lbs. of beef for their ration. It is to be understood by soldiers that wine forms no part of their ration ; it is given to them at the pleasure and the responsibility of the commanders of the forces, and must be discontinued when circumstances prevent its being procured. The ration is to be increased to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. by order of the officers commanding brigades."

My experience in studying the diets of the different armies of the world is that far and away the best for the making of physically powerful soldiers is that given in the army of the United States of America. Here the allowance is 20 ozs. of meat, 18 ozs. of bread, 16 ozs. of potato, the remainder being made up of peas, rice, sugar, coffee, and salt. Even this diet contains too much farinaceous food, but contrasts favourably with the diet of the English soldier, who receives 12 ozs. of meat (of which one-fifth is bone), 24 ozs. of bread, and 16 ozs. of potato, with other little &cs., which do not account for much, and which the individual has to pay for out of his own pocket. The next best fighting food is that allowed to the Russian soldier. He is allowed more meat and less bread than the Englishman ; then, in order of merit, come the German, the French and the Italian.

As far as my experience goes as a fighting food, and therefore the food to maintain the soldier in the highest state of efficiency, the American soldier is much the best off, the Russian next, the English next, the German fourth, and the French a bad fifth. It is a most extraordinary fact that the food of the soldier in the time of Henry VI. should be better than the food of the soldier, regarding him as a fighting machine, in these days. The army authorities

seem to have improved in the matter of weapons of destruction enormously from that date to this, but they have not improved in the feeding for war purposes the soldier from then till now ; in fact, they have retrograded, and I say this without fear of contradiction. My opinion is that the soldier, more especially the growing soldier, should have a pound of meat a day during peace and during a campaign an extra quarter of a pound when possible.

To sum up, the lesson of recent wars, and especially the recent Boer war, if the experiences of those who took part in it and whom I have interviewed on the subject are of any value, is, that there is absolute necessity for a palatable, portable ration, that will keep for any length of time, that a soldier can live on, with no other food, for a week without deterioration in strength, and that can be compressed into from 16 to 20 ozs. weight for a day's complete ration, and which would enable the soldier to carry a few days' supply, requiring nothing else but water to drink ; that such a food, being complete in itself, would enable one when necessity arose to be independent of the Commissariat for a week or longer ; that such a ration could be carried in a small compass and be available on the field of battle when it would be impossible to cook food. Such a ration does not now exist. As we have always some war or other in hand, such a food would meet a want, and would also tend to shorten the campaign enormously ; would decrease the cost of transport and the difficulties attendant on carrying a large and varied assortment of food through difficult countries on rapid warlike expeditions. That the food of the soldier during warfare is at present not sufficient in meat and the food of energy may be instanced, I presume, from the fact that in the recent campaign the ratio of deaths among the private soldiers as compared with the officers was four times as great from disease as it was from deaths occurring in action or from wounds. Is it not probable that this was due to the officers being better fed than the soldiers, and therefore in better condition to resist the onslaught of disease ?

We have seen the spectacle of a small nation who by constant practice in modern arms, and by using the simplest and most concentrated food in the shape of meat, by the simple habits of life conducive to hardiness and tireless energy, and the courage that is born and bred of the people who live largely on animal food, for two years holding at bay the forces of the greatest empire on which the sun ever shone—forces in the field outnumbering their own to the extent of three or four to one.

NATHANIEL EDWARD YORKE-DAVIES.

TABLE TALK.

A SANCTUARY FOR THE OWL.

DWELLING upon the advantage to the farmer, and the cultivator generally, from the destruction of rodents effected by the owl, a writer in "The Nineteenth Century and After" urges the establishment in England of "owl sanctuaries"—in trees, barns, or belfries. "Let the owl," he says, "be regarded and protected in England as the stork is regarded and protected in Holland and other countries on the Continent." I am surprised at finding such counsel in such a quarter, not because I impute any exceptional lack of humanity to the management of the periodical, but because our more important reviews are, like the Laird o' Cockpen, so "tae'n up wi' affairs o' the State" and with "wars and rumours of wars," that time is wanting for the "still, sad music of humanity" to make itself heard. I am glad of support, howsoever and whencesoever derived, for those schemes of humanity towards animals the growth of which I regard as the most hopeful sign of the times. Most eagerly, then, do I support the plan that is advocated, wishing only to enlarge its application so that the owl be not the only bird to profit by sanctuary. I am not very sanguine, however, as to the possibility of carrying out a scheme of the kind. We are less destructive than southern nations, wherein almost every bird is regarded as edible; but in this country, even, fondness for animals is supposed to include fondness for killing them. In the minds of not a few humanitarians the very word "naturalist" has become a term of reproach.

LOVE OF ANIMALS AND THEIR DESTRUCTION.

CURIOS proof how deep-rooted is in this country the conviction I mention—that affection for animals is demonstrated by slaughtering them—is furnished in the very last quarter in which I should have looked for it. In the "Humane Review" for October, wherein surely one might expect to find the lesson preached of mercy, since it is started for that very purpose, I find a favourable

review of a work on the "Beasts of the Field." This is said to be another "admirable collection of stories dealing with wild animal life in North America, by an author who has not only a very intimate experience of the forest, but a style that is excellently adapted to his purpose—clear, vivid, and picturesque." Again, I read that the various animals—in which are included, besides larger quadrupeds, the squirrel, the rabbit, and the wood-mouse—are "set before the reader with rare descriptive power, and the *still rarer insight that only sympathy can bestow.*" The italics are mine. Now, the man thus described is a professed sportsman and hunter, and describes with gusto the best way of following "bunny." I am not maintaining, whatever I may think, that all sport is inhuman, and that every man who shoots a "bunny" or a squirrel or other "wood-folk" is cruel. I own, however, to experiencing some surprise at finding a writer in the "Humane Review" heartily commending the utterances of such a man to "the notice of humanitarian readers." Instances are said to be found in the writings so commended in which the sportsman's impulse was conquered, and "the quarry was spared at the very moment of *victory.*" Here again the italics are mine. Victory in killing "wood-folk" is surely a strange term to be used in the periodical in question. Victory over a squirrel, or a "bunny," or possibly a wood-mouse! These things at least establish my assertion that in the public mind the lover of animals is the destroyer. What would Thoreau have said to such doctrine?

MR. MERIVALE'S "BAR, STAGE AND PLATFORM."¹

MR. HERMAN MERIVALE'S Memoirs, which are to a large extent autobiographical, constitute agreeable reading and supply an interesting picture of life in the later half of the past century. Himself a dramatist of repute, with imagination and literary knowledge in advance of most of his fellow-craftsmen, he has enjoyed the intimacy of many of the greatest or most popular men of the day. Son of a man of good social position—his father was Permanent Secretary at the Colonial Office and afterwards at the India Office, and enjoyed the intimacy of the principal statesmen and writers of his time—Mr. Merivale was brought up in association with those concerning whom the world is most curious; and the recollections, which extend to Matthew Arnold, begin with Lord Palmerston and proceed through Lord Robert Cecil (now Lord Salisbury) and William Makepeace Thackeray. In the drama the

¹ *Bar, Stage, and Platform.* By Herman C. Merivale. (Chatto & Windus.)

author of "Forget Me Not," "The White Pilgrim," and a dozen other pieces takes an honourable and an elevated place. During recent days he has contributed little to the stage, and circumstances have, through no fault of his own, arrested to some extent his labours. These reminiscences bring his name pleasantly before his admirers. His observations concerning men are wise and as a rule genial. His profound friendship for Charles Kean makes him a little severe—I do not say unjust—to Douglas Jerrold. The only instance in which he seems chargeable with injustice is that of Buckle, the Historian of Civilization, whom he offers up at the shrine of Macaulay.

STORIES OF PALMERSTON, WESTBURY, AND MERRYWETHER.

FROM Mr. Merivale's revelations I can extract but one or two stories to add to nineteenth-century stores. His opening passage is delightful. Merivale *père* was, as I have said, the Permanent Secretary to the Colonies. As such he was greeted, with customary jauntiness, by Lord Palmerston—then making his first official visit to the office—with the words, "In the first place, Mr. Merivale, where *are* the Colonies?" One can almost hear the question propounded, and cannot but marvel at the supreme ignorance it debonairly exhibited—ignorance that had already cost us the American colonies, and seemed likely enough in subsequent days to involve us in further calamities. My mission at present is, however, to amuse and not to preach; or were it otherwise I should have a text to my mind. It was at his father's table, Mr. Merivale says, that Lord Westbury made a savage comment when he heard of the appointment of a judge over the head of another candidate: "Really, he had a pimple, but I never knew it came to a head." Max O'Rell, applied to for his terms to teach French and German, demanded ten times more for the latter language than for the former. Asked for a reason for this discrepancy, he said he should have to learn German before he could teach it. Merrywether, a well-known counsel, was rebuked by the Lord Chancellor for being as fat as a porpoise, whereon he bowed and said: "The nearer, my lord, to the Great Seal." These are fair specimens of legal wit half a century ago, and give a happy taste of the good things with which Mr. Merivale supplies his readers. I could quote many more, did space permit.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00629 9081

